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# COMFORT

*Mid-Summer Short-Story Number*  
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*in over a Million and a Quarter Homes*  
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See story "Neath Mid-Summer Moonlight" on page 12

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# COMFORT

## EDITORIAL

THOUGHTS THAT BREATHE AND WORDS THAT BURN

### With the Collapse of De Valera's Insurrection a Brighter Era Is Dawning for Ireland

**T**HE recently announced triumph of the constitutional government of the Irish Free State in crushing the murderous insurrection which instigated and directed by Eamonn De Valera, for the past year and a half has been the scourge of that distressed country, is welcomed with joyful acclaim by all true friends of Ireland, for in it they see the removal of the last obstacle to permanent peace throughout the island and the beginning of an era of hopeful promise for the progress and prosperity of its people.

It is amazing that De Valera should have been able to enlist any considerable following among the Irish in Ireland and the people of Irish ancestry in America in support of his armed rebellion against, and attempted forcible overthrow of the government instituted by the Irish people through their chosen representatives elected for that purpose by a large popular majority. This man, who poses as the most uncompromising of Irish patriots, was born in New York City in 1889. He bears the surname of his Spanish father, and his only claim to Irish lineage is through his mother. After his father's death, which occurred when the boy was very young, his mother took him to Ireland where he was reared by her relations from whom he absorbed intense anti-British prejudices. He rounded out his education with the regular college course at the Royal University of Ireland. He took an active part in the Sinn Fein movement for the freedom of Ireland and when that organization in January, 1919, proclaimed the so-called "Republic of Ireland," he assumed the title of President, and from that time even to the present day has claimed the authority and attempted to exercise the functions of that pretended office.

It should be clearly understood, however, that the sentiment of the Irish people was far from unanimous on the aims and purposes of the Sinn Feiners. In the northern counties constituting Ulster District a large majority of the people was bitterly opposed not only to secession from the British Empire but also to the compromise proposal to institute an Irish Parliament for the government of all Ireland. This was because of the age-old feud between the North and South of Ireland, due to religious and racial differences and conflicting commercial and industrial interests. Ulster being much the smaller and weaker feared oppression by the South. Even in the South, where the Sinn Feiners were largely in the majority there was a considerable element opposed to secession.

Invoking in their own behalf the principle of "self-determination of small nations" (promulgated by President Wilson as one of his "fourteen points" for the settlement of the World War problems but abandoned by him at the Paris Peace Conference) the Sinn Feiners demanded independence for the "Republic of Ireland" which they had proclaimed, but, inconsistently denying Ulster this right, insisted on forcing the northern counties to join the "Republic" against their will. After two years of bloody and destructive civil war aimed at forcing the British government to recognize the independence of the "Republic of Ireland", and at compelling Ulster to join the "Republic", a truce was arranged between Sinn Fein and the British government for the purpose of holding a conference in the hope of reaching an agreement to end the war on mutually acceptable terms.

But by act of the British Parliament, prior to the truce loyal Ulster, at her own request, had been set off from the rest of Ireland and constituted a separate member of the United Kingdom with full powers of local self-government exercised through a district parliament of her own choosing. With her bitterness against the "South" intensified by the raids of the "Republican" army and spies, from which she had suffered severely, Ulster took no part in the peace negotiations except to insist that in any event no change should be

made in her status, declaring that she would never submit to having her destiny linked with and controlled by the rest of Ireland.

#### Birth of the Irish Free State

**T**HE happy outcome of the conference was a treaty of peace based on honorable terms of mutual concessions. Although the British absolutely refused to recognize the independence of the "Republic of Ireland" or to consider any proposal that involved secession, they conceded to all Ireland, except Ulster (which was excluded at its own request), the largest measure of national freedom and self-government consistent with loyal membership in that great commonwealth of nations associated for mutual benefit and common welfare, known as the British Empire. In accepting this compromise offer the Sinn Fein representatives secured for their countrymen in substance, though not in precisely the same form, the liberty for which they had fought, yielding on their part only the non-essential points of secession and the inclusion of Ulster.

The treaty agreed upon by the conference was to become effective if and when ratified by the British Parliament and by an Irish Parliament to be elected by the Irish people for the purpose of deciding the question of its final acceptance on their behalf. In terms it provided that all, except Ulster, should constitute the Irish Free State, having a status in its relation to the Empire similar to that of Canada, with an administrative government and legislative parliament of its own vested with full power to make its own laws and regulate its internal affairs including all forms of taxation and the expenditure of its revenues, and even to maintain an army for its protection. The powers of government conferred on the Irish Free State exceed those possessed by a State under the U. S. Constitution. As a member of the British Empire its relations with foreign countries are necessarily handled by the diplomatic and consular representatives of the Imperial Government.

The treaty was ratified by the British Parliament and by the Irish Parliament backed by the approval of a substantial majority of the Irish people expressed at the polls. Thus the Irish Free State came into existence some year and a half ago as the legitimate, constitutional government of all Ireland except Ulster. Although ably and conscientiously conducted by men of high character and devoted patriotism, all of whom have risked and some of whom have sacrificed their lives in its service, it has struggled through a difficult, stormy and perilous career because of De Valera's rebellion waged with a barbarous and sneaking ferocity that would shame Villa or any other of the notorious Mexican insurrecto chiefs.

#### "President" De Valera Turns Insurrecto

**M**OST of the Sinn Fein leaders, including the best and bravest of those who had served in the "Republican" army fighting the British, loyally supported the Irish Free State government. But De Valera, who had strenuously opposed the acceptance of the treaty, was loth to lose his fat job of "President" of the defunct "Republic of Ireland," as America could still be tapped for millions of dollars to carry on the cause of independent Ireland. So he kept up the mockery of pretending to exercise the authority of "President," and as soon as the Free State government had been installed and the British troops withdrawn from the island he started an insurrection for the avowed purpose of overthrowing the Free State government and reinstating himself in power. With a small but pestiferous following of malcontents and fanatics, and plentifully supplied with American cash, he succeeded until very recently in making Ireland very unsafe and uncomfortable by the guerrilla warfare of assassination, bombing and burning which he directed from some place of comparative safety so not to risk his own precious skin.

Bear in mind that the government measures up to as expressed in his fat job for it is the government of the Irish people, for the Irish government established and will of the majority of the Irish people; some, and De Valera, many even of the Irish Free State as a conferred complete independence of reasonable prospect of. Whatever their national process of reasoning led they did, for substantial State compromise rather the British in the forlorn ance from the Empire, th for themselves, and it w the minority to submit t as that decision was for

After peace had been had withdrawn, leaving selves, it was sheer wick plunge war-weary Irela this case fratricidal, civil minority of his countrymen own State government. cusable because the ad State government was in ers of unquestionable pa the British in the late w cluding such notable Griffith and Michael Colli at their posts of duty by

De Valera and his method of fighting war, of murderers and spies never fought in the open from ambush, and spread through the land by bu vate as well as public pr ands in the hills or snea cities in disguise to per. Theirs was guerrilla warf kind to meet and overc hunt down these raiders of the infant Free State sistent pursuit has gradu bers and restricted their with the holding-up of finally induced them to sistance, as futile.

This decision on the came to light through the cation, late in June, of De day" addressed to the o so-called "Republican ar resistance against the au State to be useless and h ing them to lay down the ing. This information is the failure of De Valera terms with the Free S was taken to indicate th his rope. The Free Sta refusing to consider any p on the ground that the agreement of any sort w tion from crime. Unco all that was left open to government, and that it sense of honor, for it wou ting himself in the power he will find means to snea

The general opinion, is that the collapse of De V the stability of the Irish E the end of political distu and it is confidently prec Ireland will make a rapid

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COMFORT, PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY W. H. GANNETT, PUB. INC., AT AUGUSTA, MAINE

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Please write only on one side of the paper, and recipes on a separate sheet.

Always give your correct and full name and address, very plainly written; otherwise your letter will receive no attention.

Address Mrs. WHEELER WILKINSON, CARE COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

**A**UGUST weather is not conducive to serious thought, so the subject as outlined in Mrs. Adams's letter will, be left, no doubt, until cooler days for consideration. It is a new subject for us—just what constitutes the duty of the parent to the child and the child to the parent, and should bring forth some good letters. I always look forward with pleasure to the opinions of the Comfort readers on any subject under discussion, or not, but feel selfish because I read so many clever letters and share so few. However, it isn't my fault, and the readers have the satisfaction of knowing that their letters were enjoyed by my humble self, even if they weren't printed.—Ed.

Scio, Ohio.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I am a lover of this old Comfort and have been a reader for a long time. I want to talk on a subject I have never seen discussed in our corner. It is, "The Real Debt, How Much Do We Owe Our Children?" Should we "scrimp" to give them advantages they do not appreciate and cannot use? I feel this is a problem all parents will have to solve sooner or later. Sometimes I wonder how much our children really owe us, anyhow, and where we got the idea that they owe us anything.

There's the commandment, "Honor thy father and mother," but it seems inadequate to cover the question and is too often misused. I fear, as a sort of refuge to flee to in justifying ourselves when we have failed to make a success of life. An amazing number of us don't worry about the far future while our children are growing up. We sort of take it for granted that they will take care of us when they are grown, after all we've done for them. We somehow feel we have the right to expect them to do it because they "owe it to us." But do they? We brought these children into the world without consulting them as to whether they wanted to live or not. We thrust life and its perplexities, sorrows and burdens on them, willynilly. It seems to me, then, that just because we have made them face these very problems and difficulties that we are the ones who owe a lot to them and that first and foremost we owe them a sporting chance at a fair start in life without puzzling their great inexperience with further handicaps. We cannot give this to them unless we see to it that they start out in life unburdened with elderly, crochety, disillusioned people who simply can't fit into new homes or new lives. True, we care for our children lovingly and tenderly throughout their helpless, dependent years, toil and sorrow for them and struggle to "bring them up" but didn't we rather invite all this when we had them? And why should they be any obligations to us for looking after them those years? They couldn't help being helpless any more than they could help being here and it was only just that we look after them when they couldn't look after themselves. Surely it is taking a mean advantage, just because of this, to expect them to burden themselves with us, to expect them to be already overburdened with learning to live and when they need to be free to meet the difficulties without added complications. I'm far from saying children shouldn't take care of their parents in their old age if it is necessary. They should. Nobody can help misfortunes that come late in life, upset plans and makes this dependence obligatory. The child who fails to provide for his parents in old age deserves nothing, though, even then, he should be providing because he loves his parents and not because he "owes" it to them through the accident of having been their child.

I am only saying that parents should see to it in their young days that they provide for their old age even at the risk of making their children go without something when they are little. A chance to strike out alone will mean far more to them than anything else we can give them and we shouldn't lose sight of the fact that anything else but going alone is asking them to give up the right to found their own lives, live their own ways and be a free individual, and this right is not selfishness, but only fair to the dependence of old people on young people should never have been, cases when it could have been avoided. The old folks lived their lives, got all they could out of it, squandered their youth, capacities, even health, foolishly, refused to be far sighted and wise and are making their children pay for it. Many kinds of foolishness, but the most often it is due to a misguided conception of what they really owed their children, or vanity in wanting to give them advantages equal to, or above, someone else's. The children didn't want these "advantages," had no aptitude for them and forgot them as soon as they were actually grown up. Music lessons, dancing lessons, vocal lessons, special courses and college educations have been saved for old age, and have caused more unhappiness and injustice than almost anything else. All of these things are excellent in their place if they can be afforded and enough left over, but they are absolutely nonessential except in the cases of outstanding talent, and often cause tremendous sacrifices at the time and later. Unless we are wealthy, why keep Susie thumping at a piano or gurgling vocal lessons for years when she isn't gifted and gets little out of it and gives it all up when her first baby comes. Why war with Willie to give him advantages he scorns and that will come to naught as soon as he gets his first job and settles down. Why dress and live and have beyond one's means for the children's sake? Often we are building up a false pride that will make them discontented in their own lives because they can't keep up with what they have been accustomed to. Why beggar ourselves and our future, in which lies old age, in order to give the children a college education. College educations they should have by all means if they really want them, but there's nothing to hinder their working their way through college if it must be a choice between that or giving them money that stands for our own independence in later years. Working won't hurt them and even if they think us stingy at the time, the day will come when they will see our wisdom and call us blessed.—the day when they want to marry and are free to do so without anxiety as to what is to become of the old folks. The old folks had gumption enough to look out for themselves at the proper time. Any child of parents in moderate circumstances will take care of himself, given a chance, and he will work twice as hard to educate himself for what he wants to be and be all the better for it. If it is the most that can be afforded, then give him a good comfortable home, full of honest love and faith and the right sort of principles and a simple education and let it go at that. He can get the rest for himself and when he faces life unshackled by us because of that frugality, we will be giving him his first real chance and all debts between us will be squared. His youth is as honestly his, you know, as ever ours was ours. His adult life is as absolutely his own as our old age

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 14.)

## Comfort Sisters' Recipes

**T**HE recipe sent by Mrs. J. I. Salter, McKenzie, Alabama, for Chocolate Layer Cake, wins the Comfort Sisters' Pin for this month. To be sure, economical souls like mine, will shudder at the thought of using six eggs for one cake, but she gives such accurate measurements and such explicit directions for combining the different ingredients that she deserves the prize.—Ed.

**CHOCOLATE LAYER CAKE.**—One cup butter, two cups sugar, six eggs, three cups flour, one cup water, two heaping teaspoons baking powder, and two teaspoons vanilla. Cream butter and sugar and beat well, then add the eggs, one at a time, beating well after each one is added. Add baking powder to well-sifted flour, then add the flour and water alternately, a little flour then a little water and so on until all is used. Lastly add flavoring and beat well. Bake in four layers and fill before cold. A good chocolate filling which I sometimes use is made as follows: Two cups sugar, one cup sweet milk, three level tablespoons cocoa, lump of butter size of egg and two teaspoons vanilla. Mix the sugar and cocoa well, add milk and butter. Put over fire and boil several minutes, not too fast. Try, by putting a little in a saucer and beating it. If it seems creamy remove it from fire and add flavoring and beat for a while with egg beater, as this makes it of a smooth consistency. When creamy spread between and on top of layers. Nuts may be added if desired.

Mrs. J. I. Salter, McKenzie, Alabama.

**VEGETABLE SOUP.**—One medium-sized cabbage head, three potatoes, four or five pods of okra, two green and two ripe peppers, two large onions and five large tomatoes, all carefully cleaned and chopped together. Cover with water and put on to boil, adding boiling water as it boils away. Cook until all are tender. Season with four level tablespoons of meat drippings, two teaspoons salt and one teaspoon pepper.

Ora Wells, Granbury, Texas.

**SUMMER SWEETS.**—By making a cooked fondant, a basis for a variety of sweets is obtained. Put together five cups of sugar, one and one-half cup of boiling water and one-fourth teaspoon of cream of tartar. Stir and bring to a boil, then cook without stirring until a little dropped in cold water will just hold together in a soft ball. The boiling mixture must be watched, and as soon as the sugar begins to adhere to the sides of the pan, it must be wiped off with the fingers. To do this, first wet the hand in cold water,



SUMMER SWEETS.

quickly remove a portion of the sugar and again dip the fingers in cold water. Continue until all the sugar is removed. Pour onto platters that have been wiped with a lightly oiled cloth. Before the edges begin to harden, begin working the fondant with a broad-bladed knife, a spatula, or the best. Continue until smooth and creamy. Put into a covered dish and over it place a cloth. Let stand until the following day. Fondant is much more satisfactory when made on a clear, dry day. Take a portion of the fondant and work in raisins that have been scalded, rinsed through several waters and spread to dry without hardening. Nuts are worked in the same way, the fondant rolled, and then dipped into melted unsweetened chocolate. The fondant can be mixed with peanut butter and used as a date filling.

**SWEET CORN.**—Leave on the inner husks. Put in a kettle of water and see that the water covers every bit of the corn. Add one tablespoon of sugar to the water, but no salt, as salt hardens the corn. Boil rapidly, twelve minutes. If you wish to have a very delicious dish, strip the boiled corn from the cob, pour over it a generous supply of cream and butter and another tablespoon of sugar, add a little salt and turn it into an earthen baking dish and put in oven long enough to brown top.

Mrs. Minnie O. Mackintosh, San Diego, 3932 Cleveland Ave., Cal.

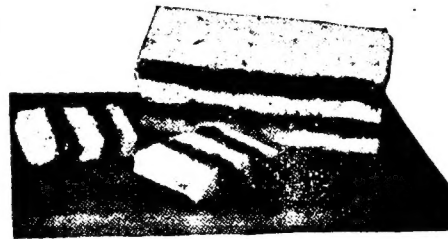
**LETTUCE SALAD.**—Three bunches of lettuce, or size according to family, two cups shredded celery, one-half cup onion chopped fine, one green pepper, if preferred, and three slices fried bacon cut in squares. If thoroughly mixed and put in dish, then pour over following dressing, heated to boiling point. One-half cup vinegar diluted with water, one tablespoon butter and one-half cup sugar.—Mrs. W. C. Dorsett, Danville, Ind.

**CHICKEN SALAD.**—One quart cold boiled chicken, cut into small cubes, one pint finely cut celery, one teaspoon salt, one-eighth teaspoon pepper, two hard-boiled eggs, two cups mayonnaise dressing, and six olives. Mix chicken, which should be very tender, with celery, seasoning and one egg cut into small pieces; marinate with a little French dressing and let stand in cold place one hour. Spread mayonnaise over top, garnish with olives and remaining egg cut in slices. Dust with paprika.

Miss Claudye Lee Steem, Swiftdown, Miss.

**PEAR DUMPLINGS.**—Peel, core and chop six ripe pears, add one-half teaspoon grated nutmeg, four tablespoons butter, four beaten eggs and four tablespoons of sugar. Mix well and to this mixture add enough fine bread-crumbs to make stiff and smooth. Mold into egg-shaped balls with the bowl of a large spoon, drop into boiling water and simmer thirty minutes. Drain and sprinkle with cinnamon and sugar. Serve with sweet sauce.—(No name given.)

**PICNIC LOAF.**—Slice a loaf of bread lengthwise, first evening the top and squaring the ends. Cream one-half brown bread but not quite so thick. Cream one-half cup of butter until light and stir into it four tablespoons of grated cheese, or use one-third cup of butter



PICNIC LOAF.

and one cream cheese. Add one cup of minced ham, season with salt and paprika and stir until well blended. Spread the mixture between each layer of bread, wrap closely in a napkin until ready to use and then cut in slices. Serve with some kind of fruit, such as pears, apples, or peaches.

**DATE BARS.**—Take one cup each of dates cut in halves, nut meats broken, sugar and flour, two eggs, one-half teaspoon salt and one-half teaspoon baking powder. Beat the eggs, add the dates, nuts and sugar, then the flour sifted with the salt and baking powder. If more moisture is needed, add a little milk. Bake in a sheet and cut in strips.

Blanche Maresch, Manitowoc, Wis.

**COOKED SALAD DRESSING.**—Two egg yolks, three-fourths cup milk, one-fourth cup vinegar, two and one-half tablespoons butter, one teaspoon salt, three-fourths tablespoons of flour and one teaspoon mustard. Mix all the dry ingredients with the egg yolks, beat until light and add the melted butter, cold milk, and hot vinegar. Cook in double boiler until the mixture coats the spoon. If it curdles, place the boiler at once into a pan containing cold water and beat until smooth. One whole egg may be used in place of two yolks.

**MAYONNAISE DRESSING.**—One egg yolk, one teaspoon salt, one-half teaspoon mustard, one-eighth teaspoon cayenne, one tablespoon sugar, one cup salad oil (olive, cottonseed, peanut, or other), two tablespoons lemon juice and vinegar. Put the egg yolk into a cold bowl; add the seasonings and mix until smooth; then add the oil, one drop at a time, stirring constantly. As it thickens, thin with vinegar and lemon juice.

## JELLO Ice Cream Powder



Jell-O Ice Cream Powder contains all the ingredients of ice cream except the milk. The sugar, flavoring and everything else are in the powder. All there is to do is to stir the powder in milk and freeze it.

To make everything perfectly plain, the following recipe is given:

### To Make Ice Cream

Stir a package of Jell-O Ice Cream Powder, of any flavor, into a quart of milk, or milk and cream mixed, and freeze it.

Ice cream made in this cheap and easy way is the best kind of ice cream—as good as any made by professional cooks or experienced caterers. The amount saved depends, of course, upon the price of milk. With milk at 12 cents a quart the cost of a quart of ice cream made of Jell-O Ice Cream Powder is somewhere between 18 and 20 cents—for a package of the powder and a quart of milk make about two quarts of ice cream.

Condensed or evaporated milk, thinned with water, can be used instead of fresh milk, if necessary, and the ice cream made from it will be entirely satisfactory.

### THE FLAVORS

The different flavors of Jell-O Ice Cream Powder are as follows: Vanilla, Strawberry, Lemon, Chocolate, Unflavored.

Sold in all groceries and general stores at 2 packages for 25 cents.

### Puddings, Sherbets and Ices

Other dainties besides ice creams are made of Jell-O Ice Cream Powder. All are so delightful that the recipes are given here.

### CREAM RICE PUDDING

Cook one-half cup of rice until soft, then add one quart milk, one package Lemon Jell-O Ice Cream Powder, a little nutmeg, a stick of cinnamon and a pinch of salt. Cook in a double boiler until creamy. Can be served hot or cold. If desired add half a cup of raisins.

### ORANGE SHERBET

Three-quarters of a cup of orange juice and juice of one lemon, two cups of sugar, five cups of water. Grate the rind of two oranges and rub into the sugar. Add the water and boil three minutes. Strain through a cheese cloth. Dissolve in the sugar and water one package of Lemon or Unflavored Jell-O Ice Cream Powder. Add the juice of orange and lemon, and when perfectly cold, freeze. Makes three quarts.

### LEMON SHERBET

Three-quarters of a cup of lemon juice, two cups of sugar, five cups of water. Grate the rind of two lemons and rub into the sugar. Add the water and boil three minutes. Strain through a cheese cloth. Dissolve in the sugar and water one package of Lemon or Unflavored Jell-O Ice Cream Powder. Add the lemon juice, and when perfectly cold, freeze. This makes about three quarts of delicious sherbet.

### STRAWBERRY ICE CREAM

Dissolve a package of Strawberry Jell-O Ice Cream Powder in a pint of cold milk. Crush one-half box of fresh strawberries with one-half cup sugar and add to milk and partially freeze. Have whipped one cup of heavy cream. Open freezer, add cream and finish freezing. Any kind of fresh or canned fruit can be used in place of strawberries.

Plain strawberry ice cream is made of Strawberry Jell-O Ice Cream Powder without the addition of strawberries.

### RASPBERRY ICE

To a box or a pint can of raspberries add one-half cup of sugar, crush and rub through a sieve to remove seeds. Add juice of two lemons. Measure, and add enough water to make five cups. Dissolve one package of Strawberry Jell-O Ice Cream Powder in this liquid and freeze.



THE GENESEE PURE FOOD COMPANY, Le Roy, New York







# DINNERS FOR THE THRESHERS AND HARVESTERS



MINT JULEP.

By Violet Marsh

HAVING something on hand from which a cool, refreshing drink can be quickly made is more gratifying to a guest on a hot summer day than any other thing a hostess may serve. It requires no accompaniment, but if convenient a plain cake is acceptable.

The above illustration gives an idea of how this simple service may appear, and what can be done in berry and fruit juices, a few sprigs of mint, sugar and water. A plate of small thin sandwiches are added and a tiny bowl of panades.

The principal subject at I wish to talk about is what the separation of dinners on special occasions, such as refreshing and harvesting means to the housewife on the farm. Uppermost in her mind is the desire to provide food that is appetizing and substantial, and plenty of it for she expects large appetites and the more that is eaten the better is the proof of the pudding.

Do not undertake a great variety of food unless you have an abundance of trained assistance is my advice. But even with plenty of help, the simple well-balanced meal that is well cooked and simple is preferred by most men. Select dishes that can be largely prepared the day before and the early morning.

Last month I gave recipes for cooking ham and emphasized the usefulness of a cold baked or boiled ham in hot weather. As this can be prepared in advance and is generally liked, it becomes an important dish where large numbers are to be served. Cold boiled leg of mutton is another excellent summer meat, and is cooked the day before serving. Both these meats should be served with a relish of crisp cabbage salad or kohi slaw, and hot vegetables. Still another dish that hearty appetites always appreciate is a beef stew with dumplings. It can be made the day before using, and really improves with standing over night. It should be reheated with care so to guard against scorching or mashing the vegetables.

Veal may be made into an appetizing loaf and served cold. Do not use veal unless you are sure of its age and time of killing. Veal taken from a calf less than eight weeks old is very unwholesome. Unlike other meat, veal does not improve by long hanging and should be eaten soon after being dressed. Hot stewed tomatoes well seasoned with butter, pepper and salt make a delicious relish with cold meat.

Hot scalloped salmon for the housewife who is far from market, and depends on canned meats and fish is a very dependable dish. Where it is the main dish, it should be made extra rich with butter and cream. New England baked beans and brown bread are a "stand-by" when serving out-of-door workers and will combine well with the salmon scallop.

With the addition of raw tomatoes or cucumbers an excellent meal is made. A well scalloped dish of potatoes is "icing" when served with cold meats. At the start they require a little more preparation, but when baked you have a dish that requires no additional butter or gravy and is very satisfying. Shallow pans can be used for baking the scallop which does not require immediate serving the same as baked or mashed potatoes do.

One substantial vegetable besides potato, such as corn on the cob, string beans or new boiled cabbage will be ample. Lettuce, tomatoes and cucumbers always help to round out a good dinner, but they add to the work materially, and their place can be entirely filled by having fresh ripe fruit on the table, or cooled melons.

It has been said that "every man has a sweet tooth" and the best way of gratifying this is with chocolate or lemon pie. The work of making these is nearly completed the day before using. Serve tea or coffee, hot or cold, but reserve the lemonade to drink between meals, for it disagrees with many people when taken with food.

## Recipes for Above Named Dishes

**BOILED LEG OF MUTTON.**—After wiping the meat thoroughly with a damp cloth, remove the thin outer skin which gives cooked mutton a strong flavor. Cover with boiling water, quickly bring to the boiling point, boil from five to ten minutes and skim. Set on the back of stove and simmer until tender which will take at least 15 minutes to the pound. When the meat is two-thirds done, add one scant tablespoon of salt to each leg of mutton. Remove from liquor as soon as cooked. When cold the fat may be removed and vegetables and rice cooked in the liquor.

**KOHL SLAW.**—Select small hard cabbages, remove outer leaves, cut into quarters, and with a sharp long-bladed knife cut as thinly as possible. Cover with cold water and set in the coolest place available several hours before using. Make the cream dressing the day before as follows: Beat one

egg just enough to break it up well, and then beat in one tablespoon of sugar, one-fourth teaspoon of salt and one scant half-teaspoon of mustard previously mixed together. To this add three tablespoons of melted butter and two-thirds cup of medium weight cream. Beat one minute with the egg beater and then add one-fourth cup of vinegar, a very little at a time, while beating. Cook in double boiler until the mixture thickens. Just before serving, drain the cabbage and pour over the dressing which should also be very cold.

**BEAN STEW WITH DUMPLINGS.**—The aitchbone lies between the back of rump and the round and is used for stews because the meat is juicy and the bone is rich in marrow. After wiping with a wet cloth, cut all the meat from the bone, and saw the bone into pieces. Trim off the fat, cut into small pieces and try out in frying-pan. Cut the lean meat into two-inch pieces, roll in flour and quickly sear in the hot fat. Do only a few pieces at a time so that the fat will not become cool nor the meat remain after it is seared which takes but a few seconds. As the meat is seared, dish it into the stew-kettle. Pour boiling water into the

frying-pan and boil until the remaining fat and flour is in the water, then pour it over the meat. Add the bone, cover with boiling water and quickly bring to a boil, then set back where it will simmer about three and one-half hours. If it boils the meat will be stringy and tasteless. To six pounds of meat and bone use four cups of sliced potato, one cup of celery cut fine, one-half cup of sliced onion, one cup of carrot, and one cup of turnip, each cut into inch pieces. Add all but the potato after the meat has been simmering two hours, and the potatoes one-half hour before the stew is done. When the vegetables are added bring the kettle forward on the stove and add a handful at a time so not to lower the temperature, then set back as soon as simmering commences again. Add pepper and salt one hour before removing from fire. If dumplings are not to be added, use one-third cup of rice, adding it with the vegetables. It is well to start the rice cooking in a separate dish and add it, boiling hard, to the stew-kettle. The dumplings are added to the stew as late as possible before serving. Where the stew is made the day before, pour off as much of the broth as possible in which to cook the dumplings, as in this way the stew will not be injured by the rapid boiling required to cook dumplings.

**DUMPLINGS.**—Two cups of sifted flour, four teaspoons of baking powder and one-half teaspoon of salt sifted together. Moisten with seven-eighths cup of rich milk, stirring as little as possible. Drop by small spoonfuls into the hard boiling liquor, cover tightly and cook twelve minutes without lifting the cover. Add to stew and serve.

**VEAL LOAF.**—Seven pounds of lean veal and one pound of salt fat pork ground through the meat chopper. To this add ten common crackers rolled fine, four tablespoons of lemon juice, two level tablespoons of salt, half a teaspoon of scraped onion, one level teaspoon of white pepper, and about one-half

teaspoon of poultry dressing if desired. Stir and work one-half cup of cream into the mixture. Press into loaf bread tins and bake three and one-half hours in a slow oven. Brush pork fat over the tops occasionally.

**STEWED TOMATOES.**—Select those that are well ripened, cover one minute with boiling water, peel, cut into slices and rapidly stew until done, but not long enough to change color. Season with plenty of butter, salt and pepper and add a very little sugar if desired.

**SALMON ESCALLOP.**—Use three cups of cold flaked salmon and five cups of freshly boiled and mashed potato. The success of this dish depends very much on being well seasoned. Melt two tablespoons of butter in a sauce pan and add two tablespoons of dry flour. When smooth and bubbling add one cup of hot milk very gradually while stirring. Now add the prepared fish to the hot sauce, season to taste with salt and a few grains of pepper, and set on the back of stove to slowly heat while preparing the potatoes. After mashing set on hot cover and gradually beat in hot thin cream until the potato is white and fluffy. Add salt to taste. In a hot baking dish put a layer of potato, then a layer of the creamed salmon, and repeat until all is used. Moisten one cup of rolled cracker crumbs with melted butter and spread over the top. Bake 20 minutes in a hot oven or until the crumbs are brown. Serve at once.

**NEW ENGLAND BAKED BEANS.**—Soak one quart of pea, yellow-eyed or kidney beans over night in a quantity of cold water. Change to fresh cold water in the morning and parboil until the skins will crack when exposed to the air out of the boiling water. In the bottom of a crock that will hold about two and a half quarts place one-half pound of fat salt pork and then add the drained beans. Sweeten with two tablespoons of molasses and three tablespoons of sugar. Add boiling water to just cover, and bake ten hours in an oven hot enough to simmer. When the beans have cooked six hours add one and one-half teaspoons of salt. Many like a whole onion placed in the bottom with the pork.

**BROWN BREAD.**—One cup of Graham flour, one

cup of rye meal, one cup of granulated meal, one teaspoon of salt, and three-fourths tablespoon of soda thoroughly mixed together. An excellent way to do this is to sift and return the bran. Add three-fourths cup of molasses and two cups of well soured milk. Stir until smooth, and pour into a pan which should not be more than half full to give room for rising. Cover tightly and steam three hours, then bake half an hour. One cup of raisins can be added to the mixture.

**ESCALLOPED POTATOES.**—Pare, cut into fairly thin slices and soak in cold water the required number of potatoes. Butter a baking dish, put in a layer of potato, dredge with a light sifting of flour, dot with butter and lightly salt. Pepper may be added sparingly. Repeat until all the potato is used. The dish should not be more than three-fourths full. Pour over scalding hot milk until it just reaches the top. Bake in a moderate oven two hours. Do not allow the potato to boil.

**STRING BEANS.**—The sooner they are cooked after picking the better they will be. If kept over night, cover with cold water one hour then drain and put in a cool place. Snap off the ends and break into short lengths. Have the water boiling hard with a good fire and drop in a small handful of the beans. When the water again boils add a few more and continue until all are in the kettle. This method requires a little more care but the beans will cook in half the time.

**BOILED CORN.**—Pour boiling water over the corn and cook until when the kernels are pried with a fork they will appear to have slightly shrunken from the cob. Do not cook too long as after a certain point the corn begins to lose flavor.

**CHOCOLATE PIE.**—Cover the bottom of a deep tin with good pastry. Prick every inch or two that the steam may escape; otherwise the crust will bulge. Bake in a quick oven and remove the crust from plate.

**FILLING.**—Mix one-third cup of cocoa with one-fourth cup of cornstarch and one-fourth cup of sugar. To three well-beaten egg yolks add one-fourth cup of sugar, one-quarter teaspoon of salt and stir the two mixtures together. Now stir in two cups of whole milk and cook in double boiler until it thickens, stirring constantly, as it thickens first on the bottom and then all over. Add three teaspoons of vanilla and set away to cool. Both the crust and filling can be made the day before, providing the crust is kept in a covered tin box or other dry place. Pour filling into crust the next forenoon, beat the egg whites very dry and stiff and gradually add three tablespoons of granulated or powdered sugar and spread over the pie. Place in a moderate oven until the meringue is well puffed and brown.

**LEMON PIE.**—Proceed the same as for chocolate pie.

**FILLING.**—Beat the yolks of two eggs and stir in one cup of sugar mixed with two slightly rounded tablespoons of cornstarch. Add the juice of one large lemon and the grated yellow from the rind. Add one cup of boiling water, place on a hot stove and stir until the filling thickens then cook one minute longer. Stir constantly while it cools.

**MINT JULEP.**—Boil one quart of water with one pint of sugar fifteen minutes. At the same time soak ten sprigs of mint, broken into short pieces, in one pint of boiling water for five minutes. Strain and add to syrup when it is taken from fire. Now add three cups of grape juice, two cups of orange juice, and lemon juice to taste. Dilute when serving.

**CANNED CORN.**—Select corn that is in full milk and young. Cut from cob lengthwise, only taking off about two-thirds of the kernel. With a strong knife scrape the cob lengthwise so as to get all the pulp and milk. What is left is the hard end of hull which is useless. Fill sterilized jars two-thirds full, add one teaspoon of sugar to a pint jar, fill with boiling water and cook three hours in hot water both partly sealed. Finish seal and gradually cool out of drafts.

**CAKE WITH RASPBERRY FILLING.**—Measure three cups of flour, add one-fourth teaspoon of salt and six even teaspoons of baking powder and sift twice again. Cream one-third cup of butter and gradually add one cup of sugar, then add two well-beaten eggs. Beat very light with the egg beater and then add the flour alternately with one cup of milk. Beat until smooth. Flavor with a teaspoon of vanilla or lemon juice, adding it just before final beating. Bake in layers.

**FILLING.**—Beat one cup of heavy cream. Beat the white of one egg until stiff, gradually add one-half cup of sugar and then add the whipped cream. Reserve enough to cover the top of cake, and to the remainder add one cup of lightly mashed raspberries. Spread between layers, use plain on top and garnish with whole berries.

## Brownie's Triumph

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4.)

"She was ill-treated and insulted—in fact, was accused of taking that which did not belong to her." "Enough, sir! No person with any such record can ever become allied to my family!" burst forth Lord Dunforth, rising from his chair in wrath.

"But, sir, let me explain: 'not another word!' I am astonished and disappointed in you, Adrian, that you could so demean yourself as to desire to marry any one so far beneath you!"

"She is not beneath me," began the indignant lover, hotly.

"Not another word, Adrian, if you please, on the subject, unless you wish to incur my stern displeasure. You, the future Earl of Dunforth, marry a person accused of theft! Never!" and he paced the floor, with angry strides.

Suddenly he wheeled upon his grandson, and demanded:

"May I ask, have you made proposals to this very estimable person?"

"I have, my lord." The manly eyes blazed dangerously at this almost insulting question, while his hands worked nervously at the biting sarcasm of his grandfather's words.

"Fool!"

"Sir?"

"You're a fool, I say!"

The two men glanced at each other furiously for a moment. Then Adrian, growing very pale, moved a step or two back, and said in a quiet, though concentrated, voice:

"Then I am to understand that you refuse your consent to my marrying?"

"I do, most emphatically refuse to allow you to marry any such doubtful person as Lady Ruxley's companion appears to be. Shame upon you for stooping so low!"

"Now, my Lord Dunforth, listen to me," Adrian said, flushing angrily, and drawing his proud form to its fullest height. "I love this gentle girl with my whole heart; I have told her so, and I have asked her to be my wife. I am of age, and, sir, I shall marry her!"

Lord Dunforth suddenly wheeled about, and came forward with rapid strides.

The two proud men stood looking steadfastly into each other's eyes for a moment, and each read there a determination never to yield.

"Then you are no longer a child of mine!" whispered the irate lord, hoarsely, his whole frame shaking with anger, disappointment, and mortification.

"Grandfather," returned Adrian, sadly, "you know I love you, and would gladly do anything in reason to please you; but the happiness of two lives is at stake, and in this matter I must choose for myself."

There was a note of quiet determination in his voice, albeit it was so sad, which told the other that he meant every word he uttered.

"Then choose for yourself," he cried, almost beside himself with grief and mortified pride, "and choose beggary with your wife, for not one shilling from the Dunforth coffers shall you ever touch!"

"But I am not a beggar quite yet, my lord; I have my own income," returned Adrian, proudly, yet smiling, in spite of himself for his income was no mean one.

"Then leave me—begone!"

"Not another word, unless you will yield to me!" shouted the earl.

"I cannot!"

"Then go! Marry your plebeian beggar, and never darken Dunforth doors again!"



## GIVE THEM Baker's Cocoa TO DRINK

THE almost unceasing activity with which children work off their surplus energy makes good and nutritious food a continual necessity. Of all

the food drinks Baker's Cocoa is the most perfect, supplying as it does much valuable material for the upbuilding of their growing bodies. Just as good for older people. It is delicious, too, of fine flavor and aroma.

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"Is that your ultimatum? Have you no sympathy nor mercy?" asked Adrian, growing very white about the mouth, though his eyes gleamed with a lurid light.

His lordship caught his breath hard at these questions. Who should have sympathy if not he? But he would not yield.

"It is my ultimatum. I have no sympathy with anything like that," he said, yet the face of his own lost love arose before him at that moment like a phantom.

With an inclination of his haughty head, Adrian turned and left the room without another word.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

"HOW CAME YOU HERE?"

Lady Ruxley had said truly that Vallingham Hall was full of company, and as Brownie, who sat reading to her ladyship the next morning after their arrival, caught the sound of fresh young voices and silvery laughter, as they floated up through those lofty halls, she felt her own heart grow warm and light, and she found herself longing to mingle with the gay company. Lady Ruxley had tried to prevail upon her to go down the evening previous and enjoy the music and dancing, but the thought of meeting the Coolidges was so repugnant to her that she preferred remaining quietly in her own room, although it was quite a trial, knowing that Viola and Alma were in the same house, and yet not be able to see them.

Just before noon Lady Randal came bustling in in great haste, bearing a great box in her hands.

"Auntie," she began, affably, "I want to borrow Miss Dundas for a little while."

"What for?" demanded the old lady, sharply, and eying the box suspiciously.

"She had no idea of having the young girl imposed upon, or made to perform any disagreeable tasks for her exacting niece."

"I can't find an operetta which I had set my heart upon having performed at the soiree. I thought I could put my hand upon it at once, but I have mislaid it, and thought it might be among these papers. Charles wants me immediately to arrange the programme, so that I have not time to look for it myself, and I thought perhaps Miss Dundas might be willing to hunt it for me. Will you?" she demanded, turning to Brownie.

Certainly, if Lady Ruxley has no objections," she answered, quietly.

"Well, well, child, you'd never refuse, no matter what anybody asked of you. Put down the box Helen and she shall look as soon as she has finished the article she is reading," Lady Ruxley replied.

Lady Randal obeyed.

"While you see about it, you may as well arrange the papers orderly; they have been turned over so many times that they are, all in a muss," she said, and then left the room.

Half an hour after, her reading finished, she took the box to a large table standing in the bay window, and began her work.

It was no easy task to put that promiscuous assortment in order.

There were bills of all kinds, letters and notes, and memoranda, all mixed with loose papers and envelopes.

She at length succeeded in finding the operetta, and then proceeded to arrange and tie up the letters, bills and other documents so that they need not get mixed again.

She had nearly finished her task, and the bundles were all neatly arranged in the box, when, taking up a small package, the wrapper suddenly gave way, and several little notes and papers fell scattering into her lap.

They were directed to different persons, and all in different handwriting, and Brownie could not help wondering how they happened to be in Lady Randal's possession.

She began to gather them up, pondering upon the singular circumstance, yet too honorable to take advantage of her opportunity and gratify her curiosity, when her eye fell upon a note, the corner of which had been doubled back, revealing the writing within.

The writing, though irregular, as if a trembling hand had traced it, had a strangely familiar look as she glanced at it.

It had been written with a pencil, and was not very distinct. Bending closer, Brownie discovered the words "repentant Meta."

A thrill of intense pain ran through every nerve, and, without stopping to consider that she had no moral right to do so, she unfolded the paper; it was yellow and old, and only folded once—and began to read.

Scarce had her eye swept over the few words written within, when every vestige of color faded from her cheeks and lips, while her eyes burned with a fierce, vengeful light.

She had heard of that little note before.

How well she remembered the pain in that dear old face, the quivering of those sweet, pale lips,

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 27.)



CHOCOLATE PIE.



SALMON ESCALLOP.



CANNED CORN.



# Cubby Bear and the Traps

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**F**EAR and suspicion were abroad in the Pleasant Forest. Who had been there, and what were the strange things which the forest people were finding here and there?

Cubby Bear had started out that morning for a pleasant walk, thinking he might go as far as the river. But before he had gone twenty paces along the forest path, something just ahead of him caught his attention.

"Now what can that be?" he asked himself wonderingly. "Right here in the path—that stuff sprinkled over it smells good, but I will not taste it. I cannot tell why, but I do not dare."

He sniffed, and walked around, looking at the thing from all sides.

He found a stout stake driven into the ground, and fastened to it was an iron chain, partly covered over with leaves and dirt. Poking cautiously with a little stick, he found the chain led to the queer thing in the path. What could it be for?

"I was just going to your house, Cubby Bear," said Minnie Mink, coming along the path toward him. "I wanted to ask you if you knew—'Why what is this?' she asked, amazed. 'Another—but this is much larger! Cubby Bear,' she went on solemnly, 'I do not like this! Right in my way, as I climbed the bank of the Big Brook this morning, was some nice looking food, oh, very nice! But it did not smell right, and the dirt had been disturbed. I could not make out what kind of marks were in the damp earth, but they were footprints of something, I am sure. And through the food, I caught a glimpse of rusty black iron. What do you make of it?'

"I do not know," answered Cubby. "Would Wise Owl know, do you think?"

"We will try to find him," said Minnie. "Come." Together they went to Wise Owl's hollow tree, but he did not answer when they called.

"There comes Wollie Woodchuck, running this way," said Cubby. "Something must have happened, to make Wollie hurry! He looks scared."

"Someone has been at the very door of my house, and filled up the doorway with an ill-smelling thing which I did not dare to touch!" complained Wollie. "It was lucky I had a back door, too, or I should not have been able to get out. I wish you would come with me, and move it away, Cubby Bear! You are so brave, you would not be afraid, I am sure."

Cubby was pleased with this compliment, but was in no hurry to do as Wollie asked.

"You are not the only one who has found something strange this morning," Minnie Mink said. "I do not know what to make of it. Listen—I hear wheels. Yes, there is Bunny Rabbit, out giving his Baby Bunnies a ride."

"Good morning," called Bunny Rabbit; and, "Good morning," echoed the Baby Bunnies.

"Why look you all so sober?" asked Bunny. "One should be happy this fine morning."

"You had best be careful where you step," Minnie Mink warned him dully, "and above all things, do not feed your Bunny Babies anything you find lying on the ground."

While they were telling Bunny of what they had found, Robbie Reddie flew down to the ground close by. As he listened, he nodded his head, as if he too, knew something of the kind.

"I have just come from Busy Beaver's place," said Robbie. "He and Brother Binney Beaver are starting to build a platform of little logs over a strange thing they have found on their landing-place on the bank of the Big Brook. They did not want to touch it, and they have been planning to build a platform there, anyway. You see, the logs will cover it up."

"Let us go around to other places, and see if any more of the things are in the forest," proposed Cubby. "But be careful, all of you, and not run into one."

They had not gone far when they heard a voice crying, "Help, help!"

"Hush! What is that?" asked Bunny, ready to run away.

"It sounds to me like Wollie Weasel's voice," answered Robbie Reddie. "Yes, it is Wollie—I can see him now."

Wollie was scampering at full speed, head down, along a little side-path, and ran head first against the Bunny Babies' little cart before he saw that it was in his way.

Over it went, and out spilled the cartful of wriggling white fur, mixed up with long pink ears and little waving paws.

"Now see what you've done!" cried Bunny shrilly, in an agony of distress. "Who knows how many of them are killed?"

Cubby was gently picking up the spilled Baby Bunnies, while Wollie and Minnie righted up the cart.

"All safe," declared Cubby. "Wollie has hurt himself more than the Bunny Babies."

For Wollie stood rubbing his head, on which a lump was swelling.

"What were you crying 'Help' for?" asked Minnie Mink.

"Oh, yes," said Wollie slowly. "My head aches so I was quite forgetting poor Foxy Reynard. His paw is caught in something that holds it fast. I do not know what the thing is but Foxy stepped into it right in his own dooryard!"

As Wollie saw the looks which passed between the others, he added:

"If any of you have been playing bad tricks like that on Foxy, it will go hard with you!"

"Oh, no," denied Cubby, but Wollie was angry. "All right!" he flared. "If you think we did it, by good luck I had my stout boots on this morning. But I am held fast, and that my proud spirit cannot bear! I want to be free—to be free!"

"Just pull your paw out of the boot," advised Bunny Rabbit. "That is easily done!"

"Stupid!" snapped Foxy. "Would I stay here, a prisoner, and send for help, if I could move my paw? I tell you it is held tight, and it pinches!"

"You have and, anyway, and not you keeping a sharp look up, to see angry."

As they were talking, the owl flew out last night, of fear it was thrown, with a sleepy look.

"Let me know who is out last night, prowling and they were their way, ferent plan the farm."

By this time among them, "I can tell them. 'I know not think I to fool me. These things well for Foxy stout boots."

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"You can just go back and get Foxy out of his troubles yourself! It would serve him right anyway, to pay him for all the bad tricks he has tried on the rest of us."

"If poor Foxy's paw is caught, we must do what we can to help him," said Cubby Bear. "We will go with you, Wollie."

Wollie Woodchuck went with the others, but he lagged behind, grumbling all the way.

They found Foxy Reynard moaning and wringing his paws.

"Poor Foxy," said Cubby, "does it hurt so bad?"

"No," answered Foxy, "it pinches a little, but Help me get free, Cubby Bear!" And with his forepaws Foxy pulled savagely at the thing which held him.

"This has a chain, fastened to a stake, driven into the ground, like the one I found," said Cubby. He was afraid to touch it, but he worked up his courage by thinking, "If I were caught like that, I would want someone to help me!"

By dint of much pulling and twisting, and howls from Foxy that they were pulling off his paw, they at last got him free. But the boot was left, caught fast.

"Dear, dear! I shall never have such another pair of boots," he sighed.

"You have and, anyway, and not you keeping a sharp look up, to see angry."

As they were talking, the owl flew out last night, of fear it was thrown, with a sleepy look.

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"If poor Foxy's paw is caught, we must do what we can to help him," said Cubby Bear. "We will go with you, Wollie."

Wollie Woodchuck went with the others, but he lagged behind, grumbling all the way.

They found Foxy Reynard moaning and wringing his paws.

"Poor Foxy," said Cubby, "does it hurt so bad?"

"No," answered Foxy, "it pinches a little, but Help me get free, Cubby Bear!" And with his forepaws Foxy pulled savagely at the thing which held him.

"This has a chain, fastened to a stake, driven into the ground, like the one I found," said Cubby. He was afraid to touch it, but he worked up his courage by thinking, "If I were caught like that, I would want someone to help me!"

By dint of much pulling and twisting, and howls from Foxy that they were pulling off his paw, they at last got him free. But the boot was left, caught fast.

"Dear, dear! I shall never have such another pair of boots," he sighed.

"You have and, anyway, and not you keeping a sharp look up, to see angry."

As they were talking, the owl flew out last night, of fear it was thrown, with a sleepy look.

"Let me know who is out last night, prowling and they were their way, ferent plan the farm."

By this time among them, "I can tell them. 'I know not think I to fool me. These things well for Foxy stout boots."

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# Come and Join the Happiest Family in the World



## COMFORT'S League of Cousins

### LEAGUE RULES

To be a comfort to one's parents.  
To protect the weak and aged.

To be kind to dumb animals.  
To love our country and protect its flag.

### CONDUCTED BY UNCLE LISHA

COMFORT for one year and admittance to the League of Cousins for only 55 cents. Join at once. Everybody welcome.  
ADDRESS all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. See instructions at the close of this Department.

**A**UGUST is my vacation month, and soon I will be away from gasoline-choked streets to spend happy free-breathed weeks in the little mountain town where Billy and I become for a time trail-wanderers under spruce and pine, sprawling in high, sunny hill pastures, and now and then frequenters of the village street whose noontide of quietude will be soaked in peace and the shade of maples. I view all this in anticipation, and my mind about the prospect; I dream of it, and remember it as I wake in the morning, the honk of an auto or the rumble of a trolley.

My vacation is coming! I shall soon be off to sorb barrels of rest and peace to be drawn upon merrily when the happy weeks are over and I am again a part of the pushing throngs and a motored city life, machine-paced and machine-driven.

When I shall look upon that quiet village street, view broad and thinly-settled valleys from the top of some mountain that shelters them, I know will be hard for me to recall the huddled places have left behind me and in which men have crowded to lead cluttered lives. The New York, which Bill and I contribute two inhabitants and six legs has now a population of 5,620,048 persons! It is the largest city in the world—a certain but doubtful glory—and its myriad bulk accounts the 4,483,249 of London and the 3,803,770 of Berlin. Our country, so the statistic shreds tell us, has now no less than sixty-eight large cities, twelve of which have more than a half-million each of inhabitants. There is room among these many vacations—and there is need of them, need of vacations for lungs poisoned with carbon monoxide, vacations for ears vibrated continuously by varied clangor, vacations for eyes whose green fields and trees must be occasionally sought in artificially-spaced parks worn by many feet.

The speeding-up of industry to answer the demands of the Great War, the lure of high wages and short hours, has hastened, during the past decade, the rather constant cityward tread. Rural counties and small towns were drained increasingly; the last census, which began during Roosevelt's term in the White House and which had been worthily exploited, died when the war was born and has had no rebirth since. Yet the great background of the land is always there; its call is as constant as the opportunities it offers. It spreads too unneeded its chances of normal existence while our cities increase their crowded competitiveness and their methods of hasty unnatural living and dying.

No country more than our own offers such possibilities of a vacation, not of weeks, but of a lifetime. We are not like the swarming, bounded European nations who must send their surplus humanity to spread over colonial possessions, rested from weaker races. Here in our many-limbed, ocean-bordered sweep of continent we have millions of acres ready for the touch of man's hand, the magic of toil and the aid of science-purged tillage. Fifty years ago our Federal-owned land totalled 1,160,000,000 acres. Although this huge domain has been undergoing reduction at the rate of 10,000,000 acres a year, yet 182,000,000 remain today. And this does not take into account the 375,000,000 unsurveyed Alaskan acres! Dwellers in the West, through experience and otherwise, have long been familiar with homesteading and our country's store of vacant public lands, but in the East, I think, few people realize the extent of Uncle Sam's empire of open spaces. At present, our public domain stands reduced to lands in twenty-four States—the largest acreage being in Nevada (32,429,745), and the smallest in Kansas (2,944). Utah offers over 26,000,000 acres and California over 18,000,000. Wyoming and New Mexico have more than 16,000,000 acres each, and Arizona, Idaho, Colorado and Montana string along not far behind. Just think of what even one million acres of land means! Imagine standing alone in the center of such an expanse and looking toward the horizon. At trying times I have been tempted to think of Billy in such a lonely situation and myself safely separated on the next vacationing—God's own summer resort. If ever the little mountain paradise that Bill and I know becomes too crowded, it is sure that Bill and I will turn our eyes and suitcases westward, with tourist tickets tucked in our Panama hats. Yes, we will become happy homesteaders—and perhaps raise goats!

All our many cities are like fast-growing mushrooms—or should I say toadstools?—springing up in the wide midst of the yet great fields and forests of our country. There is more than room for all the crowded inhabitants of big towns to stretch and vacationize, for one or many summers. Room for them to go where sunlight is not filtered through soft coal smoke, or the south wind blows flavored with soap, glue and gasoline. Here in New York, skyscraper after skyscraper rises, shouldering anew into the murky horizon, patiently girdled by new altitudes by antlike humans of the building trades. And as they are built, they are filled with other antlike humans chained to desk and telephone, making strange motions and noises which they translate into terms of existence. But Bill and I will soon be surrounded by more ancient, more imperishable, more mighty skyscrapers, and the mark of the tools upon their granite towers and cornerstones will be from the hand of God, the Master Builder, who offers homes and vacations to the prodigal sons of men.

And now for the letters:

REXBURY, 76 SOUTH 2ND WEST, IDAHO.  
DEAR UNCLE LISHA AND COUSINS:  
This is a blast of hot air from a cousin from the Snake River valley. Naturally you all praise your state, but listen! Idaho could make most any state in the Union look like the cat's meow beside her. I am sixteen years of age, five feet, four inches tall, weigh 110 pounds and have golden brown hair and blue eyes. There is almost a dimple in my left cheek. In the summer I live on a 1,500 acre dry farm, eleven miles east of Rexbury. We have two cars, so I come to town quite often. I am chief cook. I like the farm 'cause I can ride horses, fish—yes, there's a creek called Moody—kill snakes, swim, and do most anything that appeals to one who loves the beauties of nature.

I ride horses every day and always wear a big brown sombrero, ring pants, boy's shirt, boots, and sometimes a pair of angora chaps. I haven't a horse and outfit of my own yet, but I use my brother's horse, saddle, bridle, spurs and martingale. I like cowboys—think they're grand. I try to look like one myself, but, you see, being a dry farm cook it's rather hard to be a cowpuncher, too.

Quite often we have a dust storm that would knock you on your ear. Rocks that would almost bang your eye out blow with them. Don't visit me while one of these is on, Uncle.

Uncle Lisha, besides coyotes and rattlesnakes, there's something here much more weird and mysterious.

This is a headless woman. She lives in a cave up in a cliff in one of the canyons. She rides a white horse. I thought I saw her once, but that night I didn't stop for a second glance. I suppose most of you don't believe this. Well, I don't really believe it myself. That Golden artist from New Mexico hasn't anything on me, 'cause I'm an artist, too—and a poet besides. I can play a ukelele, harmonica, and I can whistle and play cards. Hot dog!

That is only half of me, Uncle. The other half is that I like town and refinement. In the winter I live at our home in Rexbury and go to the Ricks Normal College. I am a junior, and secretary and treasurer of the student body. Also I'm reporter of my class. I greatly enjoy dancing and we have some wonderful dancing parties at our school.

Love to everybody, GLADYS WOOD.

Gosh all rattlesnakes, Gladys, but a letter like yours will make all the girl cousins in the East sit up and take notice once or twice! Careful statistical calculation has convinced me that out of every 1000 of my eastern nieces, exactly 997 want to be girl cowpunchers. Or anyhow be able to ride a horse and wear a big brown sombrero. And then to think of having a pair of angora chaps always hanging around! Many of the eastern girls have plenty of chaps, but these are always the plain.

safety-razored type of fellows, and most of 'em couldn't raise a whisker if they tried. What a lovely long mustache an Idaho angora chap must have! It must be great for you to be able to ride out with one of these handsome fellows on each side of your saddle.

I should think it would be hard to be a dry farm cook, Gladys. It takes water even to boil potatoes. Yet you do not complain about your duties. I certainly am surprised your angora cowpunchers do not get tired of a constantly dehydrated (Billy supplied me with this last word!) diet. Of course there is some variety—you can have dried apples, dried codfish, beans, cornflakes and saratoga chips, for instance. But if you keep your boarders moist and happy on such fare, you are some little chefess, I'll say.

Gladys, all the things you can do with either half of your bi-personality marks you as an accomplished cousin. I am proud of you, of both halves, the refined and the raw. You must not let that headless woman catch you while you are out riding some night with those angora chaps, and you are listening to the martingale sing high up on the cliffs of the canyon.

PARKERSBURG, R. F. D. 5, WEST VA.  
DEAR UNCLE LISHA AND COUSINS:  
Please let me in, now that there is plenty of grass for Billy to eat. My sister died a few days ago. She was nearly ten months old. I have three sisters and two brothers dead and one sister and a brother living. Everybody lived, especially around Arkansas. Have any of you heard of Frank Ford Rhodes—or he may call himself Frank Ford? If you have, please write to me.

I am going to be a lawyer when I grow up. I am studying law now. I have learned one thing: When you are a lawyer you must not get mad and say something that you ought not to say. We must keep calm. I am thirteen years old; five feet, four inches tall; have brown hair and eyes and a very freckled face. I wouldn't take any amount of money for my beautiful freckles. How about you, Uncle Lisha? In school I am in the eighth grade.

I would like the cousins to write to me, especially the boys that are to be lawyers. I am not going to be a criminal lawyer.

Is Dallas O. Goff listening in on my letter? If he is I hope he will write to me.

There are several Indian mounds on our farm. I am going to dig them open.

From your new cousin, HERMAN MATHENT.

Herman, you must miss your baby sister and you will have to love the sister you have left all the more. I'm glad you are studying law, if this has already taught you that you "must keep calm." However, Herman, I fear you have not much frequent law courts during your thirteen years of law study, otherwise you would have found out that lawyers, as a race, do not keep calm. Why they jump about as full of interruptions, objections and exceptions as if they were legal popcorn over a hot

griddle! They shake their fingers at the jury, they scare the witnesses, they suggest that the entire country will go to ruin and the heavens fall if their client does not win, and altogether they do not in any way maintain that serenity and calm which you hold up as a legal ideal. Although you may be a little mistaken on this calm question, Herman, I surely think you are right in not becoming a criminal lawyer. I have heard of a good-sized Texas town where a stranger stopped a citizen on Main Street and asked: "Can you tell me if you have a good criminal lawyer in this town, sir?" The native paused reflectively, and then replied: "Well, stranger, some of us thinks we have, but we have never been able to prove anything against him yet."

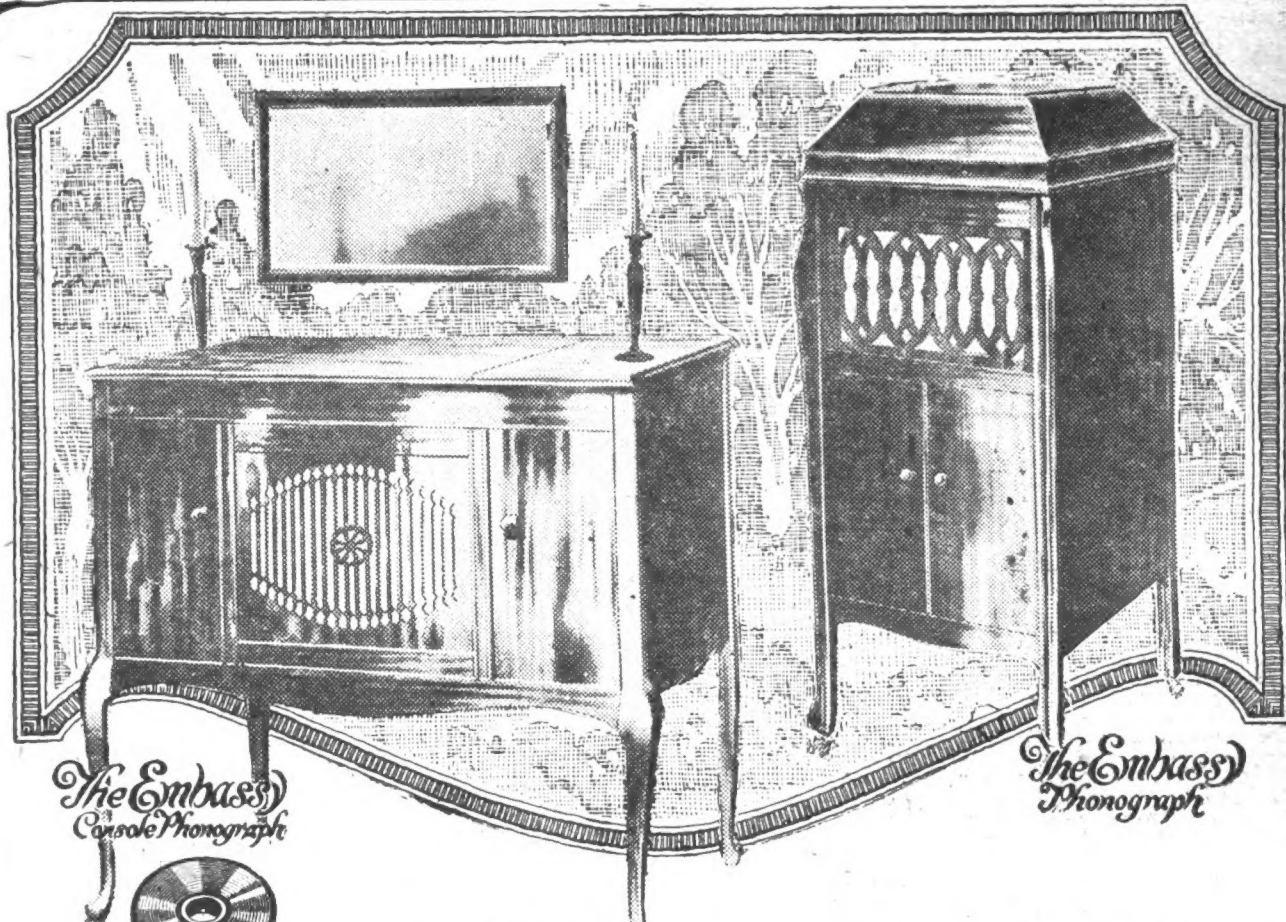
Lots of towns have lawyers like that. No, don't you be a criminal lawyer, Herman. Better sell your freckles to a rug factory or dig open those Indian mounds for a living.

SPOFFORD, TEXAS.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA:  
I have just finished reading the cousins' letters and I sure enjoyed them. I thought I would write you a few lines and let you know how I enjoy COMFORT from cover to cover—but I love the League of Cousins' department best of all. Some of the letters certainly amuse me—especially your answers to them. I love to read them for they are too funny for anything. I like to read letters that describe the writer's home town. I despise to hear people run down a place they live in, or to hear them always talking about someone—they wouldn't do this, or they wouldn't do that. It makes me sick to listen to such talk. It has always been a maxim of mine: If you can't say a good word of some one, don't say anything. Sometimes strangers come here and don't like it; they run the town down and say they are going back to "God's country." After all, I don't blame them so much if they came from a country which is green and pretty, for then this place must look awful bare to them. I have spent most of my life in Kinney county, but not always in the town of Spofford. Everybody that does not live in Spofford makes fun of it, but some of the best people on earth live here. I like Spofford and I don't like to hear things said against it. It is a small village where everybody knows everybody else's business. This makes it interesting. We have a nice Methodist church to which I belong, also a nice school. Our life is what we make it. Don't you think so, Uncle Lisha? We can be cheerful and happy and make those happy around us, or we can be unhappy and miserable, have an attack of the blues and wish we were somewhere else, etc. Don't ever think I have the blues, for I don't. Life is too short for that. What makes people have the blues anyway, Uncle? I think it is because we get to thinking too much of ourselves, or pitying ourselves. A good thing for the blues is to read the League of Cousins. I have thought of cutting out the letters and pasting them in a scrap book, but I have not done it yet.

Well, summer has rolled around to us, and I am glad of it. This country is very level and I have al-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 31.)



The Embassy  
Console Phonograph

Disc instruments which play  
all makes of disc records.

The Embassy  
Phonograph

**FREE** — Mirror—Candlesticks—  
Records, 20 Selections

**\$1.00 After Free Trial!**

This offer will remove all risk and doubt. It enables you to hear the wonderful tones of the Embassy and to inspect the beautiful design—your choice of upright or console models.

Either of these handsome instruments will be sent on FREE Trial. You are the sole judge. Get one of the beautiful outfits in your home and see the distinction it gives. The gracious lines of the cabinets will delight you. Both models are most attractively designed with graceful curved legs and carved grill work. They are dignified and aristocratic pieces of furniture as well as sweet toned musical instruments. Picture this beautiful outfit in your home, above the console, you hang the mahogany console mirror, and on either side, you stand the candlesticks. Twenty selections will be included absolutely FREE with either the console or upright model. Send the coupon. Let us tell you about our free trial offer on either of these instruments.

**Mail this Coupon!**

Write for full information about this remarkable phonograph offer. Let us tell you about the handsome mirror, and the pair of elegant polychrome candlesticks and the 20 selections which you get absolutely free. Just think! You can take your choice of these two beautiful models. Give the one you choose a free trial in YOUR OWN HOME. You keep the phonograph only if you like it. You don't send a penny until after the free trial and then only \$1.00. You pay the remainder in easy monthly installments. Besides, you receive the handsome mirror and pair of elegant polychrome candlesticks if you choose the console model; and 20 selections of music FREE with either the upright or console model. Check the instrument you desire. Send the coupon today!

**F. K. Babson,** 19th St. and Marshall Blvd., Dept. C-370, Chicago  
Canadian Office: 62 Albert St., Winnipeg, Man.

### FREE with Console Model

Popular Console Mirror: Of plate glass with green gold frame harmonizing in design with the Embassy console model.

Elegant Polychrome Candlesticks: Together with the mirror these candlesticks complete the console outfit, making it exceptionally attractive for the living room or hall.

20 Selections of Your Own Choice: We send a list from which you may choose 10 double-face records.

### FREE with Upright Model

10 Double-Face Records: 20 selections of your own choice are given you free with the Embassy upright. We send a list from which you may choose.

**F. K. BABSON, Dept. C-370**  
19th Street and Marshall Blvd., Chicago, Ill.  
Canadian Office: 62 Albert Street, Winnipeg, Man.  
Gentlemen: Please send me full particulars of your free trial offer on the Embassy Phonograph

☐ Console Model ☐ Upright Model

Name.....

Address.....

Be sure to check the model you are interested in.



# Molly's Ghost Materializes

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LOOKING at his case critically, Rodney Macavoy was satisfied that his decline and fall had begun on that May day, now four months past, when he and the little girl from Maine had defied the proprieties by going over together to Long Island. They had had a capital little lunch, and after the lunch they had taken a walk on a little beach, and had sat down quite close behind a boulder, and Rodney had looked at Molly, and Molly had looked at Rodney, and the inevitable had happened, which Molly enjoyed immensely, but which Rodney enjoyed more. Rodney knew all the while, of course, that they had not any business whatever to be off alone on a cruise of this nature; and this knowledge, perhaps, made him regard the cruise in the light of a lark of quite exceptional jollity. Molly, not having the faintest suspicion that she was anything less than a model of decorum, simply was in raptures. With a delightful frankness she repeatedly told Rodney what a wonderfully lovely time she was having.

Altogether, it had been an original sort of an experience for Rodney; and for this easy-going young artist, original experiences had an exceedingly great charm. Looking back, therefore, in the light of subsequent events, upon that particular day, he decided that it was the Long Island expedition that had sapped the foundations of his previously well-fortified heart. Anyhow, without regard to when it began, he felt satisfied in his own mind that he was in love now—head over heels!

Lee, whose studio was just across the way, happened to drop in upon him at the very moment that he had arrived at this, to him, astonishing conclusion. Lee was not a very promising specimen of a confidant, but Rodney was so full of his discovery that before he could check himself he had blurted out: "Old man, I've been and gone and done it! I'm in love!"

"No? Are you though, really?" asked Lee, in his funny little mincing way. "Why, that's very interesting. And who are you in love with?"

By this time Rodney had perceived the absurdity, not to say the stupidity, of taking Lee into his confidence. So he laughed and answered:

"With my own laziness, of course. I've been thinking what a precious ass I have been making of myself in working over a confounded picture. Now that it's finished, I don't know what to do with it, and I've wasted a solid month that I might have devoted to scientific loafing. And it's because I see my folly and am determined to be wise again that I've fallen in love with my own laziness once more."

"Oh!" said Lee, in a tone of disappointment. "I thought that you were in earnest; and I was ever so glad, for I really am in love, Rodney, in love awfully! And—and I thought that if you were in love too, you'd like to hear about it. Wouldn't you like to hear about it, anyway?"

"Of course I would, old man. Just wait till I fill my pipe—I can be more sympathetic over a pipe, you know. Now fire away, Rodney continued, as he settled himself comfortably in an armchair and pulled hard at his pipe to give it a good start. "Now fire away, my stricken deer. Though the herd all forsake thee, thy home is still here, you know. Rest on this manly bosom and tell your tale of sorrow. Are you very hard hit, Lee?"

"Oh, I am—indeed I am," groaned Lee. "You see, it's—Molly James."

"The hell it is!" exclaimed Rodney, suddenly sitting bolt upright in his chair, and glaring at Lee through the smoke.

"Don't—please don't look at me like that, Rodney. Surely, there's no reason why you should be angry with me."

"N—no," conceded Rodney, slowly. "I don't think there is." And then, as he sank back in the chair, and his ferocious expression gave place to a quiet grin, he added briskly, "No, I'm sure there's not. I was surprised, that's all. I always look like that when I'm a good deal surprised."

"Well, I must say I'm glad I don't surprise you often. You have no idea how savage you looked, old fellow. I'm not easily frightened, you know, and the little man put on a look of inoffensive defiance as he spoke, that gave him somewhat the air of a valorously disposed lamb—but I do assure you that the way you looked at me gave me the creeps. Just let me know, won't you, when you feel yourself beginning to be surprised the next time, so that I may be prepared for it?"

"I'll do better than that, Lee; I'll promise not to let you surprise me. And now go ahead with the love-story, old man; I'm sorry for having interrupted you so rudely."

"There isn't any more yet to tell," said Lee, dolefully. "I wish there was."

"Nonsense, man! Why, that isn't any love-story at all. There must be more of it. What have you said to her? What has she said to you?" "Nothing," answered Lee, dismally. "That's just it, you see. That's what makes me so low in my mind over it. I haven't said anything, and she hasn't said anything. If either of us had said anything, I'd know better where I was. But neither of us has spoken, and so I don't know where I am at all—not the least bit in the world." Lee hid his face in his hands and groaned.

Presently he went on again: "I've made efforts to speak, Rodney; I've made repeated efforts—but, somehow, they've none of them come to anything. Indeed, I've never had but one fair chance: for, every time, just as I've got to the point when I was ready to say something—something that really would have a meaning to it, you know—something has happened to stop me."

"And what stopped you that one time when something didn't happen to stop you?"

"You—you mustn't think me weak, Rodney, but—but the truth is that I was so dreadfully upset that what I wanted to say wouldn't come at all. We were sitting on the James veranda—the moon was shining—and—and all the rest were inside listening to Mrs. James wh—who was singing. I couldn't have had a better chance, you see."

"I should think not!" growled Rodney.

"B—but the more I tried, the—the more the right words wouldn't come at all—at all. And what do you suppose I ended by asking her?"

"If she didn't think you were an intolerable idiot. And, of course, she said Yes!"

"Don't be too hard on me, Rodney. You've no idea what a trying situation it was. No; what I ended by asking her was, 'What was the food most commonly eaten in Maine?' I didn't say it in just a commonplace way, you know. I threw a lot of feeling into my voice, and I looked at her beseechingly. And—and I think, old fellow, that she knew that my words meant more than they expressed, for there was a strange tremor in her own voice as she answered: 'Corn-meal mush'; and, as soon as she had uttered those brief words she got up and rushed into the parlor as though something were after her. This was a very extraordinary thing for her to do, and it shows to my mind that she did not dare to trust herself with me for a moment longer. And—and I am the more confirmed in this opinion by the fact that when I followed her, in a minute or two—for at first I was too much surprised by her sudden departure to move—I found her leaning upon her father's shoulder in hysterics—laughing and crying all at once. I solemnly assure you. Don't you think there's hope for me in all this Rodney? Don't you think that her saying 'Corn-meal mush' in that strange, tremulous tone, and then having hysterics after it, meant more than I could understand at the time?"

"Yes," answered Rodney, decidedly. "I think it did. To be quite frank with you, Lee, I don't think that you fully understand just what she meant even yet."

"Oh, thank you, thank you, Rodney. You don't know how much good you are doing me by your kind, encouraging words."

Rodney's conscience did prick him a little when Lee said this—but only a little, for the resentment of what he styled in his own mind Lee's confounded impudence in venturing to make love to the little

girl from Maine, was too keen for him to give the unlucky little man mercy in the least degree.

For a while there was silence. Rodney pulled away steadily at his pipe, and Lee stared gloomily into vacancy, and gently wrung his hands. At last he spoke:

"Rodney, do you believe that there is anything in—spiritualism?"

"There's dollars in it if only you can make it go. Why? Are you thinking of taking it up as a profession?"

"Oh, you don't understand me at all, Rodney. I don't want to be a medium. What I mean is, do you believe in the reality of spirit manifestations?"

Rodney was about to say "Spirit hell," but checked himself, and answered diplomatically: "Well, you see I have had no experience in that line, and so my opinion isn't worth having. Have you ever tackled the spirits yourself, Lee?"

"Ye—es," answered Lee, hesitatingly. "I have."

"And what sort of a time did you have with them?"

"Well—but you won't laugh at me, will you Rodney? I'm really in earnest, you know; and if you only want to make a joke of it, I won't go on."

"Don't you see how serious I am?"

"Yes, I believe in the spirits thoroughly, Rodney. Every action of my life for years past has been guided by them. And I believe that it is because I have not their guidance in this great matter of my love that I am going all wrong."

"What's the reason they won't guide you now? Have you had a row with them?"

"Rodney, I do wish that you wouldn't speak in that irreverent way. No, the trouble is that the medium whom I have been in the habit of consulting for years has—has gone away. In point of fact, Lee blushed a little. "He has been arrested for swindling. It is a great outrage, of course, and I am desperately sorry for him. But I am more sorry for myself. You see, getting a new medium is a very difficult matter. It is not only that he must be a good medium intrinsically, but he must possess a nature that easily becomes sympathetic with mine. When I began this conversation it was in the faint hope that you also might be a believer and might be able to help me in my quest; but I

it was that morning after this conference that Rodney dropped in upon Lee in his studio.

"Oh, I'm so glad to see you, Rodney," said Lee. "I was just wishing for you to come in and tell me that you've found a medium."

"That's just what I came to tell you, Lee."

"Goodness gracious! Rodney, you don't mean to say that you have—that you have found a medium?" exclaimed Lee in great excitement, springing up from his chair, and hopping all over the room, for all the world like a cricket.

"That's just what I do mean to say, old man; but I wish that you wouldn't jump around so. It disturbs the atmosphere, you know."

"Oh! I beg your pardon. But do tell me about him. Is he really a good medium? Have you tested him?"

"He isn't a 'he' at all; he's a she."

"A 'she'?"

"Yes, a woman medium, you know."

"Oh," said Lee, doubtfully, and with less brightness in his face, "I've never tried a woman medium. Who is she?"

"She's a theosophist."

"A theosophist—a member of that wonderful and mysterious Oriental Cult that Blavatsky has expounded so ably. But of course you know all about theosophism."

"I—I know about it in a general way, you know. It's something like animal magnetism, isn't it?"

"Yes, it's something of that general nature," Rodney found that he was getting into rather deep water himself, and he floundered a little in getting out of it. "Yes, it's like animal magnetism in a general sort of way. And having this magnetic basis, you see, of course, it affords a wonderfully perfect channel for communication with the spirit world."

"Of course," Lee assented.

"And this particular medium," Rodney continued, speaking with confidence again, now that the awkward turn in the conversation was safely past, "is without exception the most extraordinary medium that even theosophism has produced. She does everything that ordinary mediums do, and some most astonishing things that they don't. Of course you've seen materialization, Lee?"

"Oh, yes, repeatedly."



"It's a Nasty, Mean Trick!"

"But of people who were dead?"

"Of course."

"Well, this theosophist will show you—will actually show you, materializations of the living?"

"You don't say!" said Lee, greatly interested.

"It's a fact, I assure you. This has never been done before, and even she has been able to do it only recently—after twelve years of study among the oldest Pajamas of the Cult in India. It's wonderful!"

"Wonderful!—Wonderful!" exclaimed Lee.

"Right you are, my boy. She is the most wonderful medium that the world has ever known. She is—she is what you would call a regular daisy, and no mistake!"

"And when can I see her, and where? Oh, Rodney, my heart is beginning to brighten again. I'm sure that she will set me in the right way about—about Molly, you know."

It was with some difficulty that Rodney restrained his strong desire to kick Lee for this free use of Molly's name. But he did restrain himself, and answered: "You shall see her this very night, and in my studio. She is here in New York only for a day or two—she starts for India again at the end of this week—and has no regular place for her seances, so I have arranged with her to come to my studio this evening at eight o'clock. Will that suit you?"

"Yes, yes, and thank you a thousand times, Rodney. I shall be grateful to you all my life for what you have done for me."

"Will you, though? Don't be too sure about that," said Rodney, with a queer smile. "Good-by till eight o'clock."

Egyptian darkness reigned in Rodney's studio when Lee entered it at eight o'clock that evening. Lee did not more than half like this gloom and mystery. Rodney, leading him to a seat, felt that he was trembling. "Has the Indian lady come yet?" he asked in a shaky voice.

"The theosophist? Yes, here she is. Permit me to present to you, Madame, an earnest seeker after truth."

"It is well," was answered in a deep voice, that quavered as though with suppressed emotion. "What seeks this seeker?"

"Now fire away and ask about Molly," Rodney whispered.

"Mustn't I call up an advising spirit first? That's the usual way of beginning a seance, you know."

"No; with the theosophists the custom differs a little. Being more potent than ordinary mediums, they have no need of the advising spirit. Now just suppose you go right ahead and demand a materialization of Miss James and then have things out with her?"

"You don't mean to say that the medium can do that?"

"Indeed, theosophists don't seem to have any power to do it for you."

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# The Pretty Girls' Club

Conducted by Katherine Booth

## An Ankle or Two

**H**IGH heels have done considerable damage to feet, producing bunions because the feet have been pressed forward in a shoe thus made too short until the large toe has been pushed out of position at the joint, producing corns by too much pressure cutting into the top of the instep where the ligament of the pump often binds too tightly; and last but not least, teaching the foot to run over at the heel.

This latter condition means that the ankle has formed the habit of turning either outward or inward. Either position makes an ugly foot and an enlarged ankle, so we should begin to look our feet over with a careful eye and see if they are in need of attention.

They are? I thought so!

The first thing to do is to find out where our shoes are in error. A shoe should fit close under the instep, firmly across the instep whether buttoned or laced, and should have space beyond the toe so that the latter does not touch the end of the shoe. A medium heel is better than either one very low or very high. A high heel distorts the foot, a very low heel sometimes does not give sufficient support to the arch of a foot that has been accustomed to higher heels in the past. See that the arch is closely supported by the shoe.

If you buy, and that he heel, of whatever size, has an ample space. A heel which is very small at the bottom gives one nothing substantial to stand upon and inevitably becomes an over through the weight of the body centering and tottering upon it.

If you run your heel over, you should begin to strengthen your ankles at once. At the same time that you correct the height and size of your heels. If your ankle inclines to turn inward your shoe in that case will wear on the inside of the heel—you must practice pigeon-toe walking in your room. Walk back and forth in your room for five or ten minutes at a time, with your toes turned in. And be sure in ordinary walking thereafter, never to turn your toes out.

The best way to walk is with the toes pointed directly ahead in a straight line.

If your ankles incline to turn outward—in which case your heels will be worn on the outer edge—practice for five or ten minutes, standing with the feet apart about twelve or fifteen inches, turning the ankle inward until it almost touches the floor. Practice this with both feet at once and without altering otherwise the position of the feet as a whole.

A good exercise to strengthen the ankle and make it better able to keep upright and avoid turning in either direction is to stand with the heels together, toes at an angle, thus forming a triangle. Now raise the left heel and move it to the left until it forms an oblique angle with the toe; at the same time raise the right toe without raising the heel and move it to the left to meet the left toe. This will form another triangle, only the apex or point of the triangle will

be formed by the toes, where to begin with it was formed by the heels.

Now raise the left toe without raising the heel, and move it to the left again, while at the same time raising the right heel without raising the right toe, and bringing the heel over to meet the left heel, thus forming a triangle such as you started with. In other words, when you raise the left toe and move it left, you at the same time raise the right heel and move it left; when you raise the left heel and move it left, you raise the right toe and move it left. Practice this slowly at first, then more and more rapidly, until you can do it with some speed and cross your room with this exercise in very quick time. This strengthens the muscles of the ankles.

And speaking of ankles, girls, don't forget to take a last look at the stockings which cover them, before you leave your bedroom. There should not be a wrinkle to mar their smoothness, and the seam in the back of the stocking should be exactly in the middle of the back of the leg.

## Answers to Questions

**DANVILLE.**—You should deny yourself all sweets for a time, and be very sparing in the use of starchy foods. You say you are not a large eater, but you probably choose foods which make fat instead of muscle. So confine yourself for a time to lean meats, vegetables with little if any butter, with them, and fruits. Eat no cake, pie, cream on berries, preserves, candy, ice-cream, etc. And remember that potato and white bread are two of the most fattening of foods, so cut out both for a time. You will have plenty to eat with all the other vegetables at your command, fruits, and lean meats. Chew your food thoroughly, do not drink with your meals, and do not eat anything at all between meals. Under this regime you should lose a few pounds rather soon. Supplement the attention to diet by exercise. Here are two exercises which will do you good.

## Good Reducing Exercise

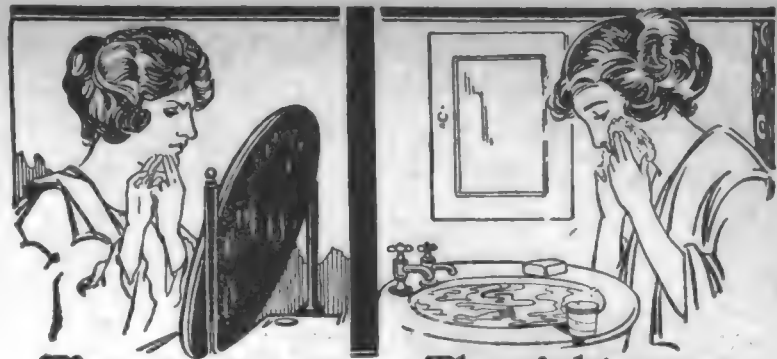
Standing with the feet about eighteen inches apart, back straight, chin slightly raised, chest thrown out and shoulders dropped, raise the arms above the head, palm facing palm, elbows rigid. Inhale as you raise the arms above your head. Now throw the arms, with palms together, out and down forcefully and back between the open legs. Do not bend the knees, but bend only at the waist. As you throw the arms down, exhale. Raise the arms again, inhaling, throw them down and back, exhaling. Repeat ten to fifteen times, but never if you begin to feel dizzy.

## Another Good Exercise

Standing with heels together, toes slightly pointed, back straight, head up, chest out, raise the arms above the head, palms facing out. Now throw the arms down and attempt to touch the floor in front of your toes. Keep the knees stiff. You will not be able to touch the floor at first, probably, and even may not for some time, but practice this daily, throwing the arms down with force and straining the finger-tips toward the floor.

**MICHIGAN.**—I should not brush my hair or scalp for some time. It is possible you irritate it, or have irritated it in this way or by using too vigorous a comb. Try giving it an oil treatment. Use warm olive oil and medicine dropper. Part the hair from forehead to nape of neck and run the medicine dropper filled with oil along this part. Now part the hair again about an inch to the left, and use the medicine dropper, continuing this until you have gone over the whole scalp. Tie the hair up in a towel and let it stay until you feel the hair in a towel and you will protect your pillow from grease, and go to bed. In the morning shampoo the hair, using warm water in which you have melted half a cake of shaved white household soap. Rinse the hair thoroughly and dry in the sun, tossing the hair and sunning the scalp. Do not brush the hair for a few weeks, and do not let the comb touch the scalp. If you could use oil on your scalp in this way and let it stay without shampooing for a few days, removing the oil each day, it would be a good thing for your scalp. Of course you will not look very attractive and you could only do this if you could stay in the house for that length of time. In the meantime, look after your general health. You say you are nervous, and that condition must have some cause. Get plenty of sleep, take hot baths at night, take a nap in the daytime if possible, eat simple foods and masticate them thoroughly, drink plenty of water, take a glass of milk before breakfast and lunch and before bed. Be very careful to keep warm, especially your ankles. Why don't you read the book "Outwitting Your Nerves"? Handle your hair as little as possible, oil it as often as possible, though only if you do not have to shampoo it each time, for you must not shampoo oftener than once in two weeks—and probably three or four weeks would be better. Wipe the dust from your hair instead of brushing it.

**DECATUR.**—Blackheads and pimples come from incorrect habits of diet and perhaps not quite enough at-



## The wrong way The right way~ To clear your skin

If your skin is red, rough, blotchy and clogged with dust and oil,—don't pinch it and press it. That increases the irritation and sometimes causes infection, should the sensitive skin become bruised by the finger nails.

What you need is a soap that will thoroughly but gently cleanse the skin,—to be followed by an ointment that will soften the dried particles

imbedded in the pores, making it easy to remove them without injury to the skin.

Resinol Soap and Ointment meet these requirements and they do more. They build healthy skins and bring out the natural beauty. With every package is a booklet on the care of the skin, and the treatment of its disorders. Try Resinol and see why it's different.

# Resinol

Your druggist sells the Resinol products (Ask for them)

probably use a little too much soap on both hands and face. About your face bathe it carefully, then when dry but still warm from the bathing, rub in a little cold cream. Never use powder without having first applied cold cream to the skin, wiping off all that the skin will not absorb with a bit of cotton. Perhaps your powder is not a very good brand. Note what I said to "Lassie" about blackheads. You seem to me to be over weight. I should get rid of ten or fifteen pounds if I were you by cutting out sweets, potatoes and white bread and butter.

**Mrs. A. M.**—No, removing adenoids earlier would not have caused a tendency to worry. Get rid of adenoids the moment you know they are there, and this holds true of children as well. Your big trouble is constipation. One's health is never good or body conditions satisfactory while this trouble exists. You should see that your bowels move three times a day, not with cathartics but naturally. Drink eight to ten glasses of water, eat fruits and plenty of them, also green vegetables. Do not eat many concentrated foods, such as meats. And for the time being cut out sweets. I approve of sweets, but only at meals and in moderate quantity, and when one has over-indulged oneself in sweets, there comes a time when one must cut them out altogether, to restore the proper balance. Later, it is possible to eat sweets again in moderate quantities and very occasionally. I do not think you are enough below weight for your height to bother about gaining from that standpoint, but I do believe you should concentrate on getting rid of constipation, for this piles up evils and ills from year to year. You could easily eat some bran cereal for breakfast, or sprinkle some table bran in with your oatmeal or other cereal. Eat prunes which have soaked all night and either start out by taking a three quart enema, then the next morning drink two glasses of hot water, one when you rise, sipping it, and one about fifteen minutes later. Drink water in the middle of the morning, another glass half an hour before lunch, water in the afternoon and another glass half an hour before dinner. Do make up your mind that you will not be satisfied until your bowels are in perfect condition—then keep them so. Where one is constipated, potatoes and white bread are apt to keep up the condition, so you might cut them out for a time. Hot bread and griddle cakes, etc., are always inclined to be constipating. Your throat probably gets some of its trouble from your constipated condition which keeps your body full of impurities. Use a salt water gargle as far down in the throat as possible.

**PENNSYLVANIA.**—For blackheads, see answer last month to "Lassie of the Prairies." For corns, the first thing is to alter the type of shoe you are wearing, and this is doubly true of bunions. Bunions are caused by wearing a shoe too short so that the great toe is pressed upon and pinched out of shape. You should wear a shoe one size and a half longer than your foot. This will bring the arch of the foot right over the arch of the shoe, where it will receive the proper support. And your toe will not be touched by the end of the shoe. Your toes should not feel any pressure from the shoe in length at all. It will help somewhat to cure your bunions, after you have bought shoes which are much longer, if you will insert a pad of cotton between the great toe and the next toe, to push the great toe into a straighter position. But nothing will do any good until you buy a much longer shoe and one that is well pointed. For corns, try rubbing them off gently with pumice stone, then keeping them softened with vaseline put on every night and well rubbed in. This is a good way to treat toes which have not any corns to prevent corns from coming.

**MILWAUKEE.**—Electrolysis is the best method of removing hair. But this requires a skilled operator, as the electric needle is inserted in the root of each hair, and a current of electricity turns on the root-kill. It costs five dollars an hour for treatment, but you can have quite a good many hairs removed in fifteen minutes even. The best home treatment of which I know is to dampen the hair one day with ammonia, and the next with peroxide, letting it dry on. The peroxide bleaches the hair and the ammonia in time kills the root. If the skin becomes irritated stop the treatment for a few days. This method requires considerable time, but is effective.

**BROWN EYES.**—Do not touch the "blood pimple" or the scar. Meddling with conditions like these sometimes brings about serious results. All you can do is to gently coat with cold cream, then dust over a little powder. In fact I should dislike using powder on either of them, for fear it might contain some ingredients which were injurious to them. I should let them alone unless on the advice of some very fine physician, for as I have said before, things of that kind can develop into most serious conditions if irritated. For the arm, one good way to develop the muscles where you do not want to develop the shoulder, is to clench the hand into a fist, then turn the fist outward as if trying to make a complete circle. This exercises one set of muscles very thoroughly. First turn the clenched hand outward and around as far as possible, then inward and under as far as possible, thus "wringing" the flesh of the arms.

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## The Height of Ambition

"What is your ambition?"  
"To be rich enough to own an automobile of my own."  
"But you already own a car."  
"I know that, but you don't know how tired I've grown of having to argue with the wife and the daughter and the son every time I want to use it."  
—Detroit Free Press.

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**G. J. MANLEY, 216-A, Mahler Park, PROVIDENCE, R. I.**



POINT THE TOE FORWARD IN WALKING.

tention to the skin. Bathe the entire body daily and thoroughly. Read what I said last month to "Lassie of the Prairies," and follow directions. As to the rough elbows, use a nail brush or a camel-hair complexion brush and scrub them each day with soapy water, then rinse in warm water. You could rub a little cold cream into them. Treat them this way each day. If your elbow looks larger than your arm it is up to you to exercise the rest of the arm and develop it or provide it with sufficient fat to make it right size. You do not give enough weight or height, but I think it possible you are somewhat below weight, how is that? If you are troubled with pimples, avoid sweets and greasy food, such as fat meats, gravy, pork, etc. Eat plenty of fruits. Be sure to include stewed prunes in your diet two or three times a week. Drink lots of water. Read my answers to Pretty Girls last month and this and follow the directions about general bodily health.

**GLADYS.**—See my answer to "Lassie of the Prairies" in last month's COMFORT for a good formula for hand lotion. Use a few drops of benzoin in the water in which you wash your hands, and be careful to dry them thoroughly, using a good hand lotion afterward. You



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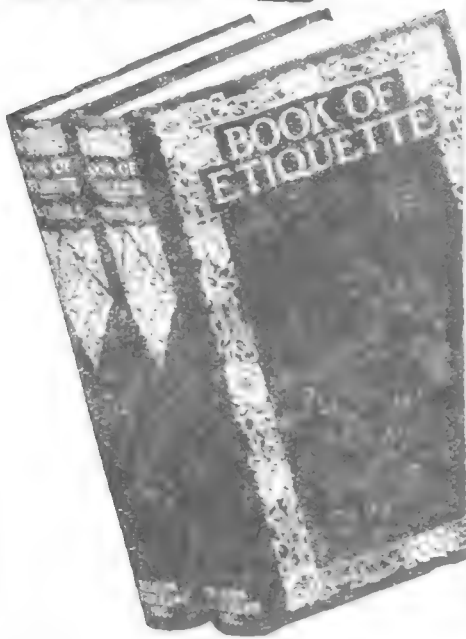
If so don't write a letter, but just mail us your name and address and enclose two stamps and we will send you free confidential information how to remove it at home in a simple, safe, quick way that will surprise you. Address L. L. ROOM 700, 2, 1465 BROADWAY, N. Y.

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# 'Neath Mid-Summer M

By Joseph F. Novak

See front cover illustration.

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**L**ANGDON, clad in white flannel trousers, white silk socks, white shoes and dark coat, lounged in a corner of the broad screened-in porch of the Van Oaks's beach cottage. He was just a silhouette, somewhat ghostly, and except for the glow of his chair, he was almost indiscernible.

The porch was illumined only with subdued lights, and these with the soft wash of the surf as it sobbed upon the beach made his little retreat the more lulling and restful.

Suddenly there came a mad burst of laughter from the house and a party of young people streamed out upon the porch. The lights were brightened, the phonograph set going in a merry, catchy little jazz, and the crowd began to chatter over the snatches of popular songs.

"O, look at Langdon, dreaming like a love-lorn swain!" exclaimed Bonnie Thompson. "I'll bet he's mooning over the thought of Sonia Gaylord's coming! When will it be, Hortense?"

"Very shortly, I hope," returned Mrs. Van Oaks, who was still "Hortense" to her big circle of friends. She was the hostess of the party, though she looked scarcely older than any of the young birds who were her guests, and it was her own beach-cottage which was her property.

"Hortense," called Miss Gaylord, "the outfit dish!"

"O, she had an affair with a Russian prince. He and she was married, his sister, the Princess Sonia."

"Does she look like a beauty?" continued Bonnie. "She looks like a beauty, but does she carry herself like a beauty?"

"No, she carries herself like a beauty," returned Mrs. Van Oaks, "and when she comes to the beach, there's no hope for you. So I'll be quiet."

"Well, she won't get any," returned Bonnie. "In the first place, I'm a poor sort of fish anyhow, and secondly, I'd be afraid of anybody who has as much red dirt in the family. So I'll be quiet."

"You're right," returned Hortense. "Langdon is a poor sort of fish anyhow, and secondly, I'd be afraid of anybody who has as much red dirt in the family. So I'll be quiet."

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so quiet that the soft wash of the waves upon the beach came as a mournful accompaniment.

Langdon's sympathetic heart went out to the woman who was trying, the best she knew how, to fight life's battle. He felt he would like to do something for her. How often would humanity hold out a helping hand but for the fear that its motive would be misconstrued? How often a most innocent matter is grossly pictured?

Thus, what Langdon felt he would like to do for "Marcia Ware" (for thus was the lady billed) would have caused convention to hold up its hands in horror—and yet his actions would have been Christ-like.

During the whole performance, he was aware of this feeling of sympathy, yet it was a troublesome feeling, and caused his breath to come short and seemed to have dissipated his usual equanimity.

At the conclusion of the performance, the coterie from the cottage waited about until all had gathered. In the meantime, Marcia had come from the stage, clad in street costume.

She greeted Hortense and the others with fine repression of manner and gentle dignity.

"I want to thank you all," she began, "because I know you were instrumental in our having a sold-out house tonight. It means so much to me, you know," and there was just a suspicion of tears in her voice.

Hortense then introduced Langdon to Marcia and from his very natural complimentary remarks upon her performance they got into quite a conversation, while the rest moved away leaving the couple alone. Apparently, though, when Marcia noted this, she terminated the conversation, and they parted.

Langdon walked through the star-lit night, wondering why and what it was that was thus affecting him. He had always believed himself fancy-free, and consequently was the more plagued by this outer who wished upon him every and any maid they thought becoming to his position and fortune.

Thus the first night—after that it became quite the thing for the occupants of the cottage to patronize the theater and they went several times the first week, then twice the second week, at the end of which time, the superb Sonia Gaylord was expected.

Now, Langdon had never gone to the theater except when the crowd had gone, and he was blissfully ignorant of the fact that the bunch were quite aware of what he thought they were blissfully ignorant of.

It happened that on the usual evening set aside for the guests of the Van Oaks's cottage to attend the theater, the motion to go was voted down for the following evening—the evening on which Sonia was to arrive.

So Langdon quickly stole away to the theater and sat through the show almost in a trance.

Now, this evening was ravishing. Never before had her beauty seemed so perfect—but then he always thought that when he beheld her. Never before, when did there seem to be such appeal in her eyes, and he felt a pang that was a real ache in the thought of the noble battle the girl was fighting.

Langdon had not, as yet, seen her child. The child of the youngster was a jarring note in his life. Marcia, all alone, he would love the child for the mother's sake—but ah, if Marcia had

But why should it make any difference to him? He was attending the performances to help Marcia—that was all. And he was attending the performances to help Marcia—that was all.

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# When Silas Went Camping

By J. Walter Briggs

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MRS. Bennett and her daughter Mary were just finishing clearing away the dinner dishes, one hot afternoon, when there came a knock at the kitchen door. "There mother," said Mary, "I told you, that the minute the men had gone to the field that tramp would be back again, if we had let him have something to eat when he was here before he would have gone on about his business. Well what are we going to do?"

Mrs. Bennett was a little frightened, it must be confessed; tramps were numerous in that section of the country and nearly every day stories were brought in by the neighbors, of the raids on their chicken coops and corn fields by these knights of the tomato can.

"I'll tell you what we can do mother," said Mary. "I'll get father's gun, and you open the door and get behind it; then if he tries to come in I'll shoot one barrel over his head and I guess that'll scare him away."

"Don't you do anything of the kind, Mary Jane Bennett, I'd be more afraid of you and the gun than I would of half-a-dozen tramps; let's wait a spell and maybe he will go away."

Thump, thump, thump—came a series of blows on the door.

"Goodness mother," exclaimed the girl in a frightened whisper, "I guess he wants to come in all right. We might just as well open the door before he knocks it down. Don't be afraid. You get that tea-kettle of hot water off the stove and I will take this poker, and I guess we can handle him."

So with many misgivings, Mrs. Bennett armed with a kettle of boiling water, and closely followed by her daughter who concealed the stove poker behind her, tip-toed to the door, and opened it about an inch.

"Well of all things!" exclaimed the older woman, when she saw who her visitor was, "Martha Ann Pettibone, why under the sun, didn't you say it was you who wanted to come in? Here you've got me and Mary scared pretty nigh into fits, thinking all the time that you was a tramp. I've got a good mind to throw this kettle of water all over you."

"Oh, I wouldn't do that Sarah," said the woman at the door, "I just run over to visit a spell. Silas has gone fishing this afternoon, tho the Lord knows he ought to be out in the lot a working. His corn is way behind everybody else's and the bugs are a eatin up his taters, but as long as there is any place for him to go a fishin he will let every thing go. Why, we only got back from that campin trip the day before yesterday, and I thought he had got all the fishin he wanted for a spell, but it seems that the more he goes, the more he wants to, and I am going to give up tryin to stop him, for I find it ain't any use. I'm a going to come in just the same, even if you do stand there with a lot of hot water," and Mrs. Pettibone came into the kitchen and sat down by the window.

"My, ain't it hot!" she said after a moment's vigorous fanning with an old newspaper. "But it ain't near so hot as it was over to West Pond where Si and me was. I'll bet it was a hundred and fifty above zero all the time, day and night. I don't never want to go campin agin in the summer time the next time we go it will be in the winter. I'd rather freeze than melt any time."

"Did you have a good time Mrs. Pettibone?" asked Mary.

"Well, that's rather hard to say," replied the other, "Si said we did, but I ain't allowed to express my opinion. Yes, Si said we had a fine time, and he told me if I said any different that he would not buy me that dress he promised to. So you see I am going to keep pretty mum about it, but I wanted to tell somebody all about it and that's the reason I came over here."

"You see, Silas has been talkin about going campin out for ever so long, until at last I got so tired of it that I made up my mind we would go, and see if that wouldn't put a stop to it for a while. So a week ago the day before yesterday we went over to West Pond and made up our minds to have a good time."

"I guess you have both been over there and you know about that little island covered with pines out in the middle. We had made up our minds to camp out there, but when we got down by the water we saw that about a hundred fellers were there before us. They had a lot of tents and a flag tied on to the top of a tree; so we decided that we had better not go over. Well, he hunted around for an hour or two and at last found a place to put up our tent. It was a pretty good tent if I do say it myself, for I made it and I know."

"Si wanted to send out to Chicago for a tent, but I told him I could do just as good a job, so I took a lot of sheets and fastened 'em together with strings, and got some rag carpets to hang up for doors, and it was just as nice as any tent you ever saw."

"You know that the pond is all surrounded by swamps and cranberry marshes, but we found a little spot of dry land out in the middle of one swampy piece, covered with white birches."

"By the time we got our tent up and some wood gathered for a fire it was almost dark, and I managed to talk Silas out of the notion of going fishing that night, but he wanted to mighty bad. I guess it wouldn't have done any good to talk to him if he had been able to find a boat, but, as it happened, the fellers over on the island had taken all the boats. Si said that it didn't matter, as he would make a raft in the morning, which would do just as well."

"We were both pretty tired, for we had done quite a little work that day; so we decided to go to bed early."

"Silas had cut a lot of hemlock bushes that afternoon, and he said that they made the best kind of a bed, as the smell was sure to produce slumber."

"Well, we layed down on 'em pretty early, and I was just a gettin in a doze when Si, he dug me in the ribs with his elbow and whispered, 'Say, Martha, jest you listen and tell me what that noise is.' I listened, and away off in the swamp I heard a low sort of humming like a swarm of bees."

"What be it Martha," said Si, but I didn't know, so we listened, and it kept a gettin louder and louder. I looked over at my man, and though it was pretty dark I could see that he was kinder white under his gills."

"It sounds like music, old woman," said he. "You know that a man got mired out in that swamp once, and they never found him. You don't suppose it's a ghost or anything do you?" said he. "I don't believe in no ghosts, and I jest told my man so right there, but he kept on a shakin and a tremblin, and all the time the humming kept a gettin louder."

"I got up and lit our lantern. I thought if we were going to be taken that I had better get ready as I didn't want something to seize upon us in the dark. But I guess it would have been better if I hadn't lit the light, for about fifty million mosquitoes, more or less, found their way inside and in less time than it takes to tell it, out went the lantern."

"We knew then what the noise was. I guess about all the bugs and mosquitoes in the swamp came after us; the tent was full of them, and more kept comin in. All we could do was to fight 'em away. At last an idea struck Si so hard it almost knocked him over."

"Gosh Martha," he said, "I have it." "What have you got, you tamed idiot?" says I. "Have you managed to catch a 'skeeter?" If you have execute him without trial, for I know he's guilty." "No, you Old Cat," says he, "I haven't cotched a hair of one, and what's more I can't, but I have jest thought of a way to discourage their advances, and with that my man heaved himself out of his heap of hemlock bushes and began to paw around on the ground."

"What on earth be you a goin to do?" says I to him.

"Never you mind, Martha," says he, 'you will soon see."

"Then he lit a match and set something afire. An awful smoke began to bile up, and pretty soon

the whole tent was full. I began to cough and sputter. I couldn't see my man but I could hear him a makin all kinds of noises on the other side of the tent. I stood it as long as I could, and then I made for the door. I managed to crawl through and had just got straightened up when I saw a little black and white animal in front of me. I knew what it was and tried my best to stop, but I had got such a send off coming out that, before I knew what I was a doin, I put my foot plum on top of it.

"Whew! Of all smells I ever smelt! The sulphur Si had sat fire to inside was nothing to compare to the smell I had set fire to outside. I didn't stop to make any farther acquaintance, but dove back head first into the tent. The smoke had pretty well thinned out by this time, but it smelled awful. Sulphur and skunk don't go very good together, but we had to make the best of it. Any way, the mosquitoes was gone and they didn't come back."

"We were jest a gettin ready to go to sleep again when a fight broke loose over on the island where the other camp was."

"That only lasted about two hours and we began to get used to it. But suddenly they stopped and somebody began to play on a banjo; then two or three began to sing, and pretty soon the whole lot of them joined in and it was worse than any daisy camp-meeting you ever went to."

"It was about midnight before they quit singing, and at last I got asleep. I didn't feel as if I had slept more than ten minutes when Silas woke me up. He was a sharpenin his ax with a piece of a slate stone and said I had better get up and get breakfast, as he was a going out in the swamp and cut some logs to make a raft. It wasn't anywhere near sun-up yet, but I crawled out and made some coffee and fried some bacon and eggs over a little fire Si made out side."

"The coffee was full of ashes and so were the rest, but Si said that charcoal was good for the stomach, and he managed to put down quite a lot of it before he went out inter the swamp."

"I heard him a choppin and a slashin around for a good while, so I went back into the tent and thought I would go to sleep again, but no sooner had I layed down than I heard an awful yelling in the swamp. So I started off through the bushes after my man."

"He kept right on a yellin, and at last I found him, or rather I found his head; the rest of him was out of sight in the mud. I could see that he had got a tree fast in an other, and had climbed up to chop it out. Well, he had slipped and fell, and to make matters worse, he had come down in the soft ground of the swamp, and there he was up to his neck in the mud."

"Well, I got a long branch and stuck it out to him, and by my pullin all I could he managed to crawl out on a bog. But what a looking sight he was! all mud and slime from neck to heels. His boots were still in the mud, for they had pulled off when I yanked him out. That didn't seem to worry him any, for he said that he always used to go barefoot when a boy, and he guessed he could go as well as ever. His ax was gone too, but he said he had long enough cut, he guessed; so he began to drag them to the camp."

"It was past noon before he got there, and it took until night to put the raft together. He forgot all about his dinner and as I wasn't hungry I didn't say anything about it. But when night came, and his work was all done, he began to think about eatin agin."

"I got as good a supper as I could under the circumstances, but I saw that he didn't eat as much as a man oughter, who hadn't had anything since breakfast. I asked him the reason, and he said that he had an awful hankerin for fish and was a goin that night and catch some."

"I had my own ideas about it, but I didn't say nothin. But we had hardly finished supper when it began to rain. It came gentle at first and Silas said it would stop as it never rained much when the moon was so near full, but I knew better, for I had noticed that the flies bit worse than usual, and sure enough I was right, for in an hour it had settled into a regular down-pour. Then, to make matters worse, it began to thunder and lighten and rain all the harder."

"It didn't take more than half an hour of such weather to soak our tent through, and after that we got it as bad as if our tent had been made of paper."

"Silas complained a good deal about the rain, but that was nothing new for him. He never did like water unless it had fish in it, but I did not mind it so much as it kept away the mosquitoes. It lasted all night anyway, but when the sun rose, the clouds disappeared and it bid fair to be better than ever."

"I knew it wouldn't be any use to try to keep Si from going fishing that day, so I decided to go along with him and kinder keep a watch over him. About eight o'clock he got his raft ready and I gave him my big sun umbrella to fasten up at one end. It had a couple of paddles and we started off across the pond."

"Silas felt pretty happy in spite of his wet clothes, and pretty soon he began singin 'A life on the Ocean Wave,' and wanted me to join him, but I had caught such a cold in my throat from the rain that I couldn't talk much above a whisper."

"There was a couple of fellows out fishing not far from us, and one of them yells out: 'Say, Old man, who trained your voice?' The other he yells, 'Say Grand Pop, why don't you get a job a makin talking machine records?'"

"Yew go ter Grass," yells Silas, a jumpin to his feet and stepping on my sore corn. "I'll let yew know that I can sing as good as any of yew fellers who howled all night over there on the island."

"Oh, go away old man," sings out one. "If I hadn't seen your mouth a goin I would have thought it was a bullfrog a croakin."

"This was too much for my man. If there is one thing he prides himself on it's his singing, so up he jumps again."

"Well by Gum," he yells, "if I can't sing I can fight and I'll lick both of you if yew will only give me the chance."

"Do be still Silas," says I ter him, 'yew will upset the raft, see how it's a shakin.' "Me be still!" he whoops, "me, Silas Joshua Pettibone, be still when two little whisp-snapper rats like that has insulted me! No, I guess not, I'll have their blood. Why the ghost of Abner Silas, my great granddaddy who died at Bunker Hill, would rise from his forgotten grave and haunt me. There isn't a coward in the family, and I am not going to be the first. Come here you measly little rats till I knock some sense inter you, and be pranced around and spat on his hands."

"I never knew just how it happened but all of a sudden the old raft flew all to pieces and in a minute we were struggling in the water. I suppose the way my man pranced around was the cause of it, but any way there we were. Well, I got hold of a log and Si another, and when we looked around we saw that the two fellers in the boat were a makin for us. They were good fellers all right, for they pulled us in and took us up on the island where we had a chance to dry our wet clothes. They told us that they were members of a secret society from the city and were campin out for a good time."

"I saw one of 'em get a bottle and hand it to Si, and he took a long pull and handed it back."

"Silas Pettibone," said I, 'what do yew suppose our parson would say if he saw you a doin that?'"

"O, that won't hurt him marm," said one of the fellers, "it's only some medicine we keep for snake bites and when we get wet. Here, old pal, have some more," and again my man swallowed some of it."

"Of course I didn't care as long as it was medicine, but I never saw any body who could take medicine like he did, it must have been awful powerful, too, for pretty soon Si tried to do a jig he knew when a boy. One of the fellers saw him and pretty soon he came in with a banjo, and in less time than it takes to tell it he was a dancin like an Indian while the fellow what was a pickin the banjo had all he could do to keep from bustin, he laughed so hard. Pretty soon a lot more came in

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and Silas seeing how pleased they were, grabbed me and began to yank me around. Well, I never could dance, and I wasn't a going to begin now; besides, I got a good smell of the medicine Si had been takin; it was whiskey. I tried to pull away but Silas hung on and pulled my dress apart at the waist. Then my temper riz right up, and I went at him hammer and tongs. I swatted his face and scratched his nose and pulled his hair.

"Ten ter one on the old hen," yells a feller. "I'll give yer old hen, says I. It's your turn next, and I gave Silas a few finishing touches and grabbed for him; but he got out of my way, and it was lucky he did or I would have give him worse than Silas got."

"Well, you can just bet, Sarah, that we didn't stay there long. I made those men get a boat ready and take us right back to our camp."

"Silas didn't want to go home, but I was as firm as a rock. 'Yew jest pack up those things of yours,' says I ter him, 'and be right smart about doin it tew.'"

"Well we got home that night about dark, and Silas said we must say we had a good time, so I suppose we did. Now don't either one of yew tell that I told you this, or I won't get that new dress I am a countin on."

"Say, can't yew let me have a few 'taters?' Ourn ain't fit to dig, not yet."

"Thank you; that will be enough. Good by, and remember now, don't tell."

In the good (or bad) old days the only successful saloonkeeper was the one who didn't drink. Yes, and if the present-day bootlegger drank his own wares he would be a dead failure too.—The Pathfinder.

### The Turken, a New Fowl

A new fowl, called the Spencer Turken, a cross between the turkey and the chicken, has been developed by Z. T. Spencer, of Santa Cruz, California. Mr. Spencer, now 75 years of age, started his experiment four years ago with two fowls whose parents were a small white Holland turkey and a Rhode Island Red Hen. Following a process of selection, under the advice of two university professors, he has produced a fowl that combines the best points of the turkey and the chicken. According to experts, it requires seven years to standardize the type and the color desired. At first, every third fowl was pure chicken, and the colors were many combinations of red, white and black. Now, in the fifth generation most of the fowls are red, and the sports occur about once among 10 or 15. In two years, they are expected to come true to type and color.

The male turken has pendulent caruncles, a long, bare neck, and a turkey-like gait. Pullets show even more resemblance to the turkey, especially about the head. Turken chicks are fond of green food, and do not require feeding if given sufficient range. Being remarkably hardy, they will thrive in any climate.

The eggs are large and brown, and hatch in 23 days. In a flock of any size, the turken hens average 200 eggs a year. The fowls are very heavy in the legs and extremely so in the breast. The meat is a fine combination of chicken and turkey, but is less dry than turkey. For production of both meat and eggs, they are highly profitable.

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# At Crumpet's Corner

By Rose Henderson

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"No, thank you, I don't care to ride." Joan Bradley stood straight and slim beside the dusty country road, her plaited serge skirt fluttering about her knees, her trim sailor hat shading a pair of blue eyes that had a shy, fugitive look, in spite of their frank boyishness.

"No?" said the brown-faced young man in the automobile. Joan flushed at the hint of railleury that he managed to put into the monosyllable. She shifted her suitcase to the other hand and stepped back into the road as the car sped on. The country stillness settled down about her, broken only by the chirp of crickets in the deep grass beside the road. The sun was getting low and the shadows were long and purple.

Quite suddenly, at the end of a hedge of willows, she came upon a low, old-fashioned farmhouse. Joan never knew just why she turned in at that particular picket gate. Perhaps it was the lilacs in bloom above the fence, perhaps it was Grandmother Crumpet's wise old face which drew her. At any rate, she walked in quite as if she had planned to. As she closed the gate she stopped to smell a nodding spray of lilacs and then went on up the dower-bordered path to the porch where the white-haired woman peered at her curiously.

"How do you do?" said Joan, with her most engaging smile.

"Howdy," snipped Grandmother Crumpet, winking her sharp black eyes above her silver-bowed spectacles. She was a bent wisp of a woman in faded calico. Her worn and shapeless shoes shuffled forward below a long full skirt.

"I'm looking for a place to work," began Joan wistfully. "Do you need anyone?"

"I don't hear you. I'm a little deaf," said Grandmother crisply.

The girl repeated in a louder tone, and the old woman led her up the steps.

"Come in," piped Grandmother. She puckered her mouth around her words until they slid out thin and withered like the lips that uttered them.

"Come in and bring yer satchel. I seen ye a comin' down the north road. What's yer name and where do ye come from?"

"My name is Joan Bradley. I came out from the station."

"Land sakes! Then ye come in on the train, did ye? Where's yer home?" There was childish eagerness in the bright old eyes as Grandmother cocked her head and peered up at the tall girl.

"I haven't any home, and—I don't care to tell where I came from," said Joan. She flushed uncomfortably but her eyes stared back into the sharp witch-like ones beside her. "I—I'm an honest, decent person. But—where I came from is—is my own affair, it seems to me. If you don't want me I'll go on until I do find a place."

"Hum," sniffed Grandmother. "I s'pose yer running away from yer folks."

"I'm eighteen years old and—I haven't any folks," announced Joan stoutly.

"Well, ye're mighty independent. I can see that. Ye wouldn't ride with that young feller that asked ye up the road a piece, would ye?" The old woman chuckled as she put the question. "I seen ye," she grinned. "Set down, I guess yer tired a trampin' that three mile."

"Oh, I rode most of the way with a farmer," said Joan.

She sat down on the old-fashioned lounge and glanced about the room that was cluttered with quaint odds and ends of furniture. It was rather a stuffy little room, but it held a comfortable sense of hominess, and it opened on the vine-covered porch and the path was bordered with larkspur and four-o'clocks. And beyond were the lilacs and the picket fence and the gray dusty road.

"Have ye been askin' along the way?" Joan shook her head. "This is the first place I stopped."

"What wages are ye aimin' to get?" The withered lips closed tightly over the question, and the frail old body leaned forward in the cane-backed rocker.

"I'm not so awfully particular," said Joan with a smile. "Do you live all alone?"

"Yes," admitted Grandmother, eying her visitor suspiciously. "I wouldn't live with none of my relations. Ye couldn't hire me to."

"Well, I'd like to work for you for my room and board if I could have my afternoons off to study. You see, I want to teach next fall, if possible, and I want a quiet place where I can cram up for the certificate examinations."

"What's that ye say?"

The girl explained again, carefully.

"Oh, I understand ye now. I'm a little deaf. Land sakes! I've known a heap of school teachers. Used to board them when I was younger. The schoolhouse is just down the road to yer left as ye come out. Mebbe ye noticed it. I'm glad ye didn't ride with that smart-actin' young man. He's my grandson. Yes. But I don't have no truck with him. His name's Dan Crumpet. He runs the place with the big red barn beyant the Corners. Crumpet's Corners, folks call it, on account of this here place of mine. It's the oldest house hereabouts."

The old woman looked proudly up at the low yellow ceiling. "I come here a bride and I intend to die here," she announced. "My children have tried mighty hard to git me out. They've sort of give it up now."

"Well, do you think I could stay?"

"We might try it fer a spell. See how we git on," said Grandmother Crumpet. "Did ye say yer name was Joan? Ye can call me Grandmother. About everybody does. I send out the washin', and there ain't much heavy work. I been doin' it all myself. I've had a heap of girls wished onto me by my children, but I didn't keep them long. They wa'n't worth their keep, and they went gaddin' about so much they made more work than they done. I hope ye'll turn out to be some account."

Unpacking her suitcase in the narrow room beneath the eaves, Joan smiled over Grandmother's last speech. The old woman evidently liked the idea of making this arrangement herself. "I must keep good-natured but not let her bully me," thought Joan as she hung up her clothes in the tiny closet. The roof sloped down over the narrow bed with its gay patchwork cover. The only place she could stand erect was in the middle of the room where a strip of rain-stained ceiling stretched level above the breadth of rag carpet that lay between the window and the closet door.

Joan sat down on the floor by the window and looked out into the blossomy top of a huge apple tree. Across the road was a wooded pasture lot and at the side of this a corn field lay, on toward the Corners. Bees droned in the apple blossoms, barely out of her reach. A cowbell tinkled remotely in the shady pasture. Joan laid her head on the window sill and drank in the fragrance happily. The wind fluttered her soft brown hair and brushed her thin young face and smiling mouth. In a little while Grandmother called her down for a cup of tea.

Then they sat on the narrow porch with the scent of lilacs and apple blossoms about them. Occasionally a team or an automobile passed the picket gate, and the old woman usually knew who it was. Sometimes the passersby waved and called to her, and her white head bobbed a reply.

"They'll all be a wonderin' who I've got with me," chuckled Grandmother importantly.

When it got dark they went indoors, the old woman to her square bedroom that opened off of the kitchen and the girl to the narrow chamber beneath the eaves.

In a few days Joan learned the daily routine of feeding chickens, bringing milk and butter from the spring house, tidying the kitchen, and going to the tin box at the Corners for the mail. Grandmother said she would do her own cooking "as long as she could stand on her own feet."

Joan learned also that every bit of sour milk must be saved to make cottage cheese, that Grandmother sold enough eggs to pay her grocery bill, that sugar was used sparingly and that the only sort of meat they seemed destined to have was the home-cured ham in the funny little old smoke-house that looked as if Grandmother might have made herself. But there was plenty of good bread and butter and eggs. There were radishes and lettuce and juicy rhubarb in rank pink stalks against the garden fence. A little later there would be strawberries and other fruit. Joan liked gathering in the food from its various sources. She liked the woodland pasture with its pebbled creek, its birds and wild flowers, and she enjoyed the daily trip for the mail along the stretch of sandy road beside the willow hedge.

The son's family who lived across the field from the old homestead looked after Grandmother's wants. Jimmy, the youngest grandson, milked Grandmother's cow and left milk and butter in the spring house. Sarah Crumpet, the son's wife, sent fresh pies and rolls frequently. And for all her independence, the old woman accepted these things gratefully.

The second day after Joan's arrival Sarah Crumpet and her daughter, Annie, a fat, fretful girl about Joan's age, had called and talked so loud in the stuffy sitting-room that most of their gossip was plainly audible in the room up-stairs. Joan was amused at their evident curiosity about herself. Grandmother's replies were cryptic enough. She seemed to enjoy withholding the little she did know.

"Eh? What's that? Where does she come from? Oh, I guess that's her own affair. I ain't ques-

tioned her much," said Grandmother. Joan heard the girl whine something about waiting to meet her.

"Oh, she studies afternoons," said Grandmother. "I wouldn't think of disturbin' her. It was in our bargain that she'd have her afternoons to herself. She ain't a real hired girl. She's goin' to be a teacher. Yes, I think I'll like her. She seems right sensible."

Joan smiled and her eyes softened gratefully. "Bless her old heart! She's a match for 'em."

"Oh, Grandmother, I think the country's beautiful," declared Joan one soft, blue-and-gold day a week after her arrival.

"Ye say that as if ye wa'n't used to it," said the old woman shrewdly.

"I'm not—so awfully," laughed the girl. She went up the steep bare stairs to her attic room, her "study" she called it since her trunk had come and the pine-box table was covered with books. Every day as soon as the noon meal was finished she went at her books. She pored over specimen examination questions and she reviewed history, geography and grammar. She was leaving arithmetic and algebra until the last because they were the hardest and she wanted them fresh in her mind when the examination came in September. She had outlined the work so that she would have twice as much time for mathematics.

She really liked to study, but often it was irksome on long afternoons with the birds calling in the apple tree and the sun shimmering over the oaks and elms in the pasture. People passed on the dusty road. Grandmother Crumpet pattered about her flower beds or entertained callers or slept, with much noisy snoring, on the sitting-room lounge.

White petals dripped from the apple trees, and the grass beside the lilacs was sprinkled with withered bloom. Hard round peony buds grew pinker and whiter and loosened themselves softly like fluffy, magic balls. Columbine flaunted their red and yellow trumpets in the wildest nooks of the little pasture where Joan took brief rambles in the shady evenings or early in the morning before Grandmother was up.

One evening after Joan had been for a month at Crumpet's Corner she was snipping faded flowers from the blush roses beside the gate when Dan Crumpet passed in his long blue car. He bowed to Joan and she bowed back. This salutation, she had learned, was common among strangers in these quiet country ways. But when she glanced up at the porch she saw Grandmother sitting stiff and stolid with a fierce, pinched look on her white old face.

The next morning Annie Crumpet stopped and invited Joan to a party at her house.

"Tonight?" asked Joan in some surprise.

"Yes, it's awfully informal," said Annie, with a patronizing air. "I tried to get around to invite you yesterday, or day before, but I've been so busy. And I didn't suppose it would make any difference to you 'cause you never go anywhere."

Joan's dark blue eyes grew a shade darker, but she smiled a gay little smile.

"Why, yes, I'll come. Thank you."

"If you don't mind coming over alone I'll see you get home all right," Annie giggled self-consciously. "But you better not go across the meadow, 'cause father's turned some young cattle in there and some of 'em might run at you."

"Then I shall surely go by the road," laughed Joan.

The cracked mirror in the attic bedroom reflected a flushed face as Joan dressed for the party that evening. She had pressed her pink or-

gandle, with the rose sash, and she put on her pink silk stockings and pumps to match. She was spending a lot of time over her fluffy brown hair. "Say, anybody would think this was the first party you ever went to," she remarked mockingly to the beaming young person in the mirror.

"Land sakes, ye look like one o' them blush roses," observed Grandmother as Joan came down. "Better pick one to stick in your frock."

"Thank you, Grandmother!" Joan bent suddenly and touched her lips to the thin white hair.

"Oh, don't fuss over me. I ain't one o' the soft kind," muttered Grandmother gruffly.

"I know you're not," laughed Joan. "Please excuse my slushiness. I haven't been—anywhere—for over a month, and this party is going to my head."

She skipped down the path. "All the same, you liked it!" she whispered over the blush rose bush.

Annie Crumpet stared open-mouthed as she answered the door for Joan. "Mer-cy, I didn't know you," she giggled. Sudden envy glinted in her pale eyes. She took Joan into the parlor where a few girls sat chattering, and an instant silence fell upon the group. "This is Grandmother's hired girl, Joan—Joan Bradley," hesitated Annie.

"Miss Joan Bradley," prompted her guest.

The girls bowed stiffly and began urging each other to "go and play something." They tried awkwardly to ignore Joan.

Annie began talking violently to an over-dressed girl on the couch. "You can too play something," she urged. "You know a dozen dandy pieces by heart."

"No, I can't. Make Sally play first!" protested the girl.

"While you are thinking it over, do you mind if I do a little jazz?" asked Joan. Her chin was high, her blue eyes were black. She walked airily over to the piano bench, sat down and rippled her fingers across the keys. Her audience was deathly still as she swept into a dashing Spanish dance and played one swinging, lilting melody after another, without even a pause between. The room was filled, possessed by the music. It pulsed and flowed in jubilant rhythms, it laughed and leaped like gay fountains of sound. And then suddenly it stopped in a triumphant crescendo.

"There! I feel a lot better," said Joan. She made a low, mocking courtesy and ran backward to the door in mincing, teasing steps. A

"Two real thought I'd worth while. And see. 'Cause—'You—yet She laugh Crumpet's 'Thank you such a good. 'Yes. Thi were friends 'So do I, to make up quarreled w takes it out 'Oh, are t ended and tr 'Say, I—I with grandm 'Oh, you 'What I ne 'And nee 'Which is g 'You—'I 'I like I shouldn't li as you may 'Yes, I do But it gets l It's smother you see. 'Oh, I nee I'll survive. ish. But I l The car w air was bea pungent w above a hea 'I think I knows every 'For inst 'Oh, that mother has 'Well, you 'Don't you 'Something everything fi a good man, to work for grow! Berr pose. I we came back h I knock abou 'That do we must k seems so co 'Why not 'Why not



"It's all there, Grandmother"

"Dan, I-I do-care"

little patter of applause swept the room and a louder patter came from the porch. Joan turned suddenly as she reached the hallway and bumped violently into a tall young man.

"I beg your pardon," she laughed.

"I beg yours. I was right in your way. Charmed motionless, you see. Please let me introduce myself, since we're neighbors. My name's Crumpet—"

"Yes, Mr. Dan Crumpet. I've heard about you."

Well, come on out, won't you? And let's talk. His hand was under her elbow, guiding her down the steps among other young men who were getting up from their seats around the porch to go inside. "I'm afraid you haven't heard anything very good about me, either."

"Oh, I haven't heard anything, really, except your name and where you live and that your grandmother doesn't seem—"

"Crazy about me? Say, it was good of you to come out here!"

"Oh, I couldn't do anything else. They don't like hired girls in there."

"Darn 'em! Did they—"

"They didn't do anything—much. I didn't give 'em a chance. Just plunked down at the piano while they were doing the you-first-my-dear stuff. You know. Nervy of me, wasn't it? But your cousin introduced me as the hired girl. I had to do something."

"Damn!" said Dan Crumpet fiercely.

"Please don't! Isn't it a wonderful night?"

They were walking across the big smooth lawn where white clover blossoms were sprinkled about. They followed a path around a clump of shrubbery and came to a side gate with a long blue car standing in front of it.

"Won't you please go for a ride?" he begged.

"Oh, I'd love to. But—ought we? Slipping away like this?"

"After—your introduction, I'd say we ought."

"Oh, I forgot about that. You were being so nice."

The car plunged into the dusky road, "as if it liked it," Joan declared.

"Annie's a fool sometimes," said Dan Crumpet. "She'll be ashamed of herself in a little while."

"Oh, that's all right. I am the hired girl. It was perky of me, caring and putting on airs. I suppose we're all snobs one way or another. But—oh, look! The fuzzy little owl! Did you see?"

"No, I was looking—somewhere else."

"The country's so lovely at night. I—I want to do more than look at it. I want to drink it in, somehow," said Joan as the car wound slowly through a strip of woodland with flowers gleaming white in the shadows.

"Why—why wouldn't you ride with me, that first time, on the road?"



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86J2386A—Black.

86J2390A—Dark brown.

Knit of fine genuine silk and artificial silk; elastic knit mercerized cotton tops. Reinforced cotton heels and toes. Double soles and high spliced heels. Seamless feet. Sizes, 8½, 9, 9½ and 10. State size. Shipping weight, 3 oz.

Order Direct From This Advertisement.



## Dainty Costume Princess Slip For Women.

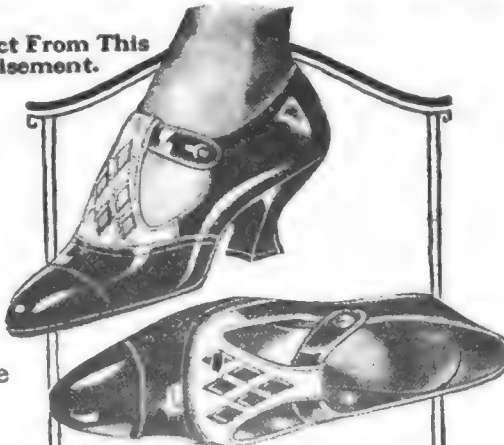
Standard quality nainsook. Beautifully trimmed with colored Lorraine embroidery work and hemstitching around bodice and shoulder straps. Gathered at hips. Deep 20-inch hem makes the garment shadowproof. Shipping weight, 8 ounces.

29J1339A—White.

Sizes to fit 34 to 44 inches bust measure. State size.

Sale Price

**89¢**



## An Amazing Value! Patent Leather With Gray Suede.

15J72676A—Sizes, 2½ to 8.

Beautifully shaped patent leather slipper with its distinctive, pleasing gray suede tongue effect. Something new and admired by all women. Be sure to state size. Shipping weight, 1 pound.

Wide widths only.

Sale Price

**\$3.39**



## All Silk Printed Crepe de Chine

Beautifully printed All Silk Crepe de Chine, now in such demand, with harmonizing plain color crepe de chine, makes this dress especially charming. Note also stunning sleeve drapery. The very latest thing!

Women's and misses' sizes, 32 to 44 inches bust measure; front length of skirt, women's, 31 to 37 inches; misses', 30 to 35 inches. Give bust measure and front length of skirt.

31J710A—Black and gray.  
31J711A—Navy and gray.  
31J712A—Brown and gray.

Sale Price

**\$12.50**

Shipping weight, 1½ pounds.



## Hair Nets

18J694A—Single Mesh.

Guaranteed finest quality to be had. Large full cap shape. Handmade of selected real human hair. Choices: Black, blonde, light brown, medium brown, dark brown, or auburn (red). State color. Shipping weight, 1½ ounces.

Sale price,

**6 for 39¢**



Very Fine Leather

Woman's Purse

New Shape With Large Mirror

18J605A—High quality leather, together with the high class workmanship, makes this a great bargain. Two roomy pockets. Handy large size mirror framed under leather lined flap. Hand tooled effect design. Size, 6½x5½ inches. Colors: Brown (rich looking dark russet finish) or black. State color. Shipping weight, 14 ounces.

Sale Price

**\$1.65**

Price Cut in Half!



3 Pieces Best Grade Aluminum Ware

Usually retails at \$4.00. Save half. You need these for fruit preserving. Shipping weight, per set, 4 lbs.

99J464A

Sale price, per set,

**\$1.90**

## Genuine Gillette Safety Razor

6J10958A—Special for this sale. Put up in neat box with one blade (two cutting edges). Shipping weight, 6 ounces.

**48¢**



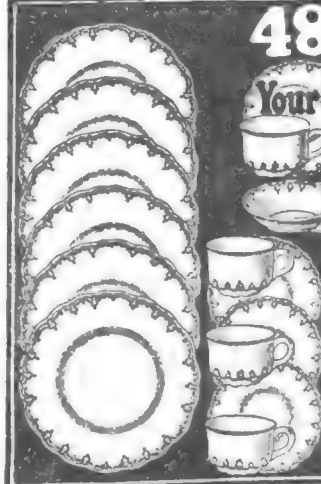
## 48 Pieces of White Tableware

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Until August 31st you can buy this great bargain for only \$3.75. 48-Piece Assortment, 12 Dinner Plates, 12 Sauce Dishes, 12 Tea Cups, 12 Saucers, fine quality, pure white semi-porcelain. Embossed edges. Safe delivery guaranteed—we replace breakage, free. Shipping weight, 35 pounds.

35J9706A—Sale price.....\$3.75



## Scout Shoe

Full grain double tanned brown leather. Tough, yet pliable uppers. Medium heavy Cromax leather sole. A big value.

67J74822A—Men's and Big Boys'. Sizes, 6 to 12. Wide widths only. Shipping wt., 2½ lbs. See August Sale Book for other sizes.



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# Comfort's Knitting and Crochet

## Terms Used in Knot Stitch

K st., knot stitch, draw out loop about one-quarter inch, catch thread and pull through, then put the hook between the drawn loop and the thread just pulled through, catch the thread, draw through these two stitches to form the knot.

## Terms Used in Crochet

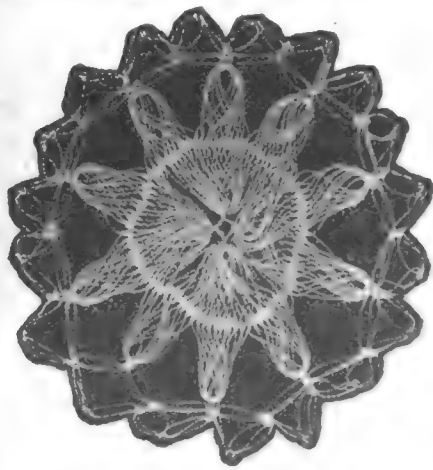
Ch st., chain stitch, simply a series of loops or stitches each drawn with the hook through the preceding one; s c, single crochet, having a loop on hook, insert hook in work as indicated, draw loop through thread over, and draw through both loops; d c, double crochet, thread over hook, insert hook in work, draw loop through, thread over draw through two loops, thread over, draw through two loops; tr c, treble crochet, thread over hook twice, then work off as in double crochet, there being three groups of two loops to work off instead of two; blk, blk, 4 d c preceded and followed by a space; sp, formed by ch between 2 doubles; skip, sk, to miss, omit or not work over a certain number of preceding stitches.

## Hairpin Work or Maltese Crochet

THIS work is again becoming popular and many pretty trimmings and articles can be made by combining it with crochet.

Although the method of making the hairpin braid is generally known, a description of how to proceed may be of advantage to some.

A stout wire hairpin may be used, or a set of various sized staples made especially for the work can be purchased. To make the hairpin



SINGLE WHEEL USED IN COLLAR.

braid, tie the thread around one prong of a pin or staple. With the prongs down and holding it in the left hand, draw the thread under the loop on the staple and make 1 s c in the center.

Turn the pin or staple towards you from right to left, keeping the thread back of the left prong, and slipping the hook over the end of the staple with the loop on it.

Draw stitch through loop on left prong and make 1 s c, turn, repeat and continue until the staple is full. Slip work off putting a few loops back in place if the length required has not been made and continue.

## Maltese Braid and Knot Stitch Collar

This lacy design is a very good example of the dainty effect which can be secured by this work.

To copy this collar one will require a ball of No. 60 or 70 white mercerized crochet cotton, a strong wire hairpin or staple and a No. 12 steel crochet hook.

For the work as shown an inch wide staple was used for the braid. About five inches of this will be needed for each of the nine wheels, one of the wheels is here shown almost full size.

After completing a five-inch length knot the braid together securely, then to finish the center make 1 s c through about one-fourth of the loop, ch 2, repeat 3 times and join to the first stitch, drawing all up as closely as possible.

To complete the edge of each wheel make 1 s c through 9 or 10 loops, (which even number divides the whole into equal parts) draw

out quarter inch loop and make one knot st. (see terms).

One loop st, 1 s c in another group of the same number of threads, 2 knot sts, 1 s c. Repeat around, then add a second row of 2 knot sts between each knot st.

Before working this round it is well to cut a paper pattern of the shaped collar desired. Sew the wheels equally distant apart, then in working the second row of knot sts, join two or three sts between the wheels as worked.

Finish the inside edge of the collar with two rows of doubles with ch 2 between each, and the outside each as follows: 2 d c with ch 2 between in a knot st, ch 5, repeat from \*.

2nd round—Shell of 1 d c, ch 3, sl st in top of double to form picot, ch 1, repeat four times, working under chain between first two doubles in the last round.

Many and pretty variations can be made in this work and used for edging handkerchiefs, towels and even curtains, according to the quality of cotton used in making. An especially simple and durable insertion for curtains is shown below.

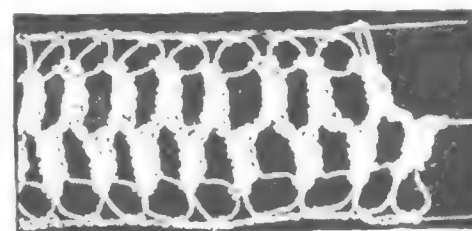
## Insertion for Curtains

Using an inch staple, tie a loop and slip on one prong, wind thread around opposite prong, with crochet hook draw up loop, work 3 s c, \* slip loop on hook over prong, wind again 3 s c, repeat from \*. When complete ch 5, 1 s c in each loop on edge. Repeat on opposite edge.

## Stocking Bag

From two 36-inch circles of material a darning bag can be made which will be of ample size to hold the family stockings.

For the outside use any strong figured cotton material, and for the inside a plain colored goods. Turn in the edges, baste and sew together. Fold four times and mark the edge with pins, then sew to these places good-sized brass or ivory rings. For closing the bag use a cotton cord or ribbon. Fit to the inside



INSERTION FOR CURTAIN

two or three bags for holding darning cotton, and on the opposite side a good-sized needle-book.

## Towel Insertion

Fig 1, shows a combination of three strips of hairpin braid—two made on three-quarters staple and one on an inch staple—each being worked however with 2 s c over each loop before turning.

Join the center strip to the side strips by drawing a loop first from one strip and then the other. Finish the outside edges, by drawing the loops through each other.

Fig. 2, is a variation which is more open work and lacy in effect. This also has 2 s c through the center and may be made any

width. The two strips are joined by making 1 s c through 5 loops, ch 3, 1 s c through 3 loops on second strip, repeat. Along the edges work 1 s c through 3 loops, ch 3, repeat.

Maltese braid, crocheted with chains between two strips of hairpin braid makes an attractive combination.

A simple edging may be made as follows:

Use an inch strip of hairpin braid. Crochet 1 d c through 3 loops, ch 3, 1 d c under same loops, 1 d c under next 3 loops, ch 3, 1 d c under same 3, repeat. At end turn

with ch 5, 2 d c under ch 3 between last 2 d c, ch 2, 2 d c between next 2 d c repeat. 2 more rows of 2 d c between each 2 d c.

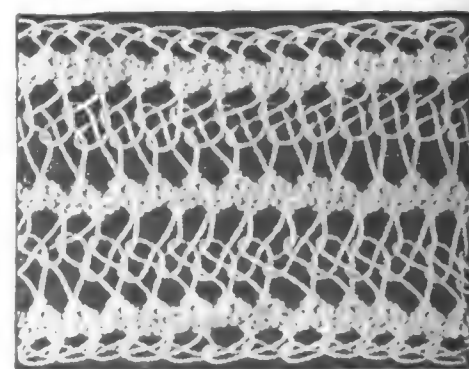
Then to one edge add any simple scallop.

## American Legion Filet Design

By request

This pillow top if made of coarse crochet cotton which works about four spaces to an inch will measure nearly 18 inches square.

If one desires it of finer thread a border can



MALTESE INSERTION. FIG. 1.

easily be worked around the completed design to make it the right size.

Begin with ch 230 sts, turn. 1 d c in 9th st from hook, ch 2, sk 2, 1 d c, repeat making 75 spaces in all.

If one does not want to begin with a long ch in making the first row for any piece of filet work, the required number of spaces may be made in this way. Ch 8, 1 d c in first st, ch 5, 1 d c in 3rd ch before first double, ch 5, turn, 1 d c in 3rd st before last double.

Repeat until one has the required number of stitches.

2nd and 3rd rows—17 sps, 41 blks (124 d c), 17 sps, ch 5, turn.

4th and 5th rows—15 sps, 3 blks, 39 sps, 3 blks, 15 sps, ch 5, turn.

6th row—13 sps, 3 blks, 4 sps, 3 blks, 4 sps, 2 blks, 4 sps, 2 blks, 3 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 2 blks, 4 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 3 blks, 13 sps, ch 5, turn.

7th row—13 sps, 3 blks, 3 sps, 2 blks, 2 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 4 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 5 sps, 1 blk, 6 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 13 sps, ch 5, turn.

8th row—11 sps, 3 blks, 5 sps, 1 blk, 6 sps, 2 blks, 4 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 2 blks, 3 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 5 sps, 3 blks, 11 sps, ch 5, turn.

9th row—11 sps, 3 blks, 5 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 2 blks, 3 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 4 sps (1 blk, 6 sps, 1 blk, 5 sps), twice, 3 blks, 11 sps, ch 5, turn.

10th row—9 sps, 3 blks, 7 sps, 1 blk, 7 sps, 2 blks, 4 sps, 2 blks, 3 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 4 sps, 2 blks, 4 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 7 sps, 3 blks, 9 sps, ch 5, turn.

11th row—9 sps, 3 blks, 51 sps, 3 blks, 9 sps, ch 5, turn.

12th and 13th rows—7 sps, 3 blks, 15 sps, 11 blks, 15 sps, 3 blks, 7 sps, ch 5, turn.

14th and 15th rows—5 sps, 3 blks, 15 sps, 3 blks \* 23 sps, work back from \* to beginning of row same as in last row.

16th row—3 sps, 3 blks, 15 sps, 3 blks, \* 27 sps, work back from \*.

17th row—3 sps, 3 blks, 15 sps, 3 blks, 12 sps, \* 3 blks, work back.

18th row—1 sp, 3 blks, 15 sps, 3 blks, 2 sps, 9 blks, 3 sps, \* 3 blks, work back.

19th row—1 sp, 3 blks, 15 sps, 3 blks, 2 sps, 1 blk, 8 sps, 1 blk, \* 7 sps, work back.

20th row—1 sp, 3 blks, 13 sps, 3 blks, 4 sps, 1 blk, 9 sps, 1 blk, \* 5 sps, work back.

21st row—1 sp, 3 blks, 13 sps, 3 blks, 4 sps, 1 blk, 10 sps, 1 blk, \* 3 sps, work back.

22nd row—1 sp, 3 blks, 11 sps, 3 blks, 6 sps, 1 blk, 11 sps, 1 blk, \* 1 sp, work back.

23rd row—1 sp, 3 blks, 11 sps, 3 blks, 6 sps, 1 blk, 12 sps \* 1 blk, work back.

24th and 25th rows—1 sp, 3 blks, 9 sps, 3 blks, 8 sps, 1 blk, 12 sps \* 1 blk, work back.

26th row—1 sp, 3 blks, 7 sps, 3 blks, 9 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 11 sps \* 1 blk, work back.

27th row—1 sp, 3 blks, 7 sps, 3 blks, 5 sps, 4 blks, 3 sps, 1 blk, 10 sps \* 1 blk, work back.

28th row—1 sp, 3 blks, 7 sps, 3 blks, 7 sps, 2 blks, 4 sps, 1 blk, 4 sps, \* 9 blks, work back.

29th row—1 sp, 3 blks, 7 sps, 3 blks, 4 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 5 sps, 1 blk, 4 sps \* 9 blks, work back.

30th row—1 sp, 3 blks, 7 sps, 3 blks, 5 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 6 sps, 3 blks, \* 9 sps, work back.

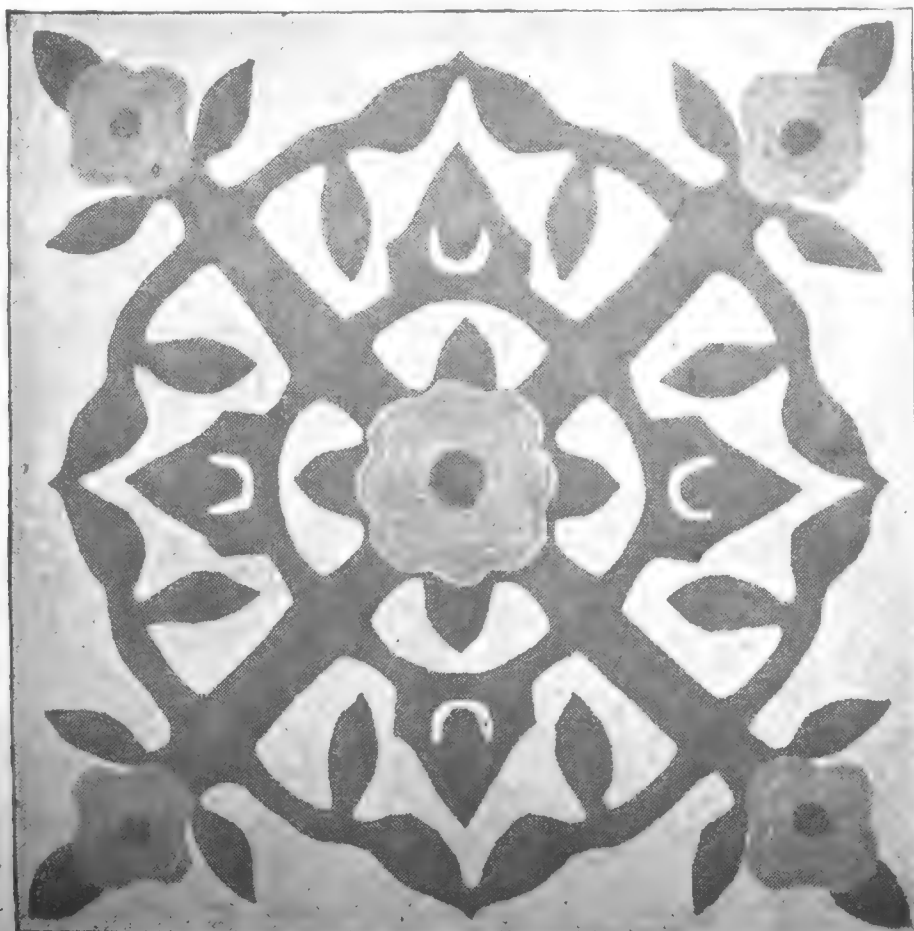
31st row—1 sp, 3 blks, 7 sps, 3 blks, 2 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 9 sps, 3 blks, \* 9 sps, work back.

32nd row—1 sp, 3 blks, 7 sps, 3 blks, 3 sps, 3 blks, 9 sps, 3 blks, \* 11 sps, work back.

33rd row—1 sp, 3 blks, 7 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 2 sps, 10 blks \* 13 sps, work back.

34th row—1 sp, 3 blks, 7 sps, 3 blks, 2 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 5 sps, 3 blks, 3 sps, 3 blks \* 5 sps, work back.

35th row—1 sp, 3 blks, 7 sps, 3 blks, 4 sps, 2 blks, 6 sps, 3 blks, 2 sps, \* 1 blk (3 sps, 1 blk) 3 times, work back from \*.



Rose Applique by Mrs. Minerva Hohn. The dark part of this design is of green, cut in one piece. The applique is invisible on unbleached background. Roses, two shades, pink with yellow centers, edges are buttonholed.

36th row—1 blk, 8 sps, 3 times, work back.  
37th row—1 blk, 9 sps, 3 times, work back.  
38th row—1 blk, 10 sps, 3 times, work back.  
39th row—1 blk, 11 sps, 3 times, work back.  
40th row—1 blk, 12 sps, 3 times, work back.  
41st row—1 blk, 13 sps, 3 times, work back.  
42nd row—1 blk, 14 sps, 3 times, work back.  
43rd row—1 blk, 15 sps, 3 times, work back.  
44th row—1 blk, 16 sps, 3 times, work back.  
45th row—1 blk, 17 sps, 3 times, work back.  
46th row—1 blk, 18 sps, 3 times, work back.  
47th row—1 blk, 19 sps, 3 times, work back.  
48th row—1 blk, 20 sps, 3 times, work back.  
49th row—1 blk, 21 sps, 3 times, work back.  
50th row—1 blk, 22 sps, 3 times, work back.  
51st row—1 blk, 23 sps, 3 times, work back.  
52nd row—1 blk, 24 sps, 3 times, work back.  
53rd row—1 blk, 25 sps, 3 times, work back.  
54th row—1 blk, 26 sps, 3 times, work back.  
55th row—1 blk, 27 sps, 3 times, work back.  
56th row—1 blk, 28 sps, 3 times, work back.  
57th row—1 blk, 29 sps, 3 times, work back.  
58th row—1 blk, 30 sps, 3 times, work back.  
59th row—1 blk, 31 sps, 3 times, work back.  
60th row—1 blk, 32 sps, 3 times, work back.  
61st row—1 blk, 33 sps, 3 times, work back.  
62nd row—1 blk, 34 sps, 3 times, work back.  
63rd row—1 blk, 35 sps, 3 times, work back.  
64th row—1 blk, 36 sps, 3 times, work back.  
65th row—1 blk, 37 sps, 3 times, work back.  
66th row—1 blk, 38 sps, 3 times, work back.  
67th row—1 blk, 39 sps, 3 times, work back.  
68th row—1 blk, 40 sps, 3 times, work back.  
69th row—1 blk, 41 sps, 3 times, work back.  
70th row—1 blk, 42 sps, 3 times, work back.  
71st row—1 blk, 43 sps, 3 times, work back.  
72nd row—1 blk, 44 sps, 3 times, work back.  
73rd row—1 blk, 45 sps, 3 times, work back.  
74th row—1 blk, 46 sps, 3 times, work back.  
75th row—1 blk, 47 sps, 3 times, work back.  
76th row—1 blk, 48 sps, 3 times, work back.  
77th row—1 blk, 49 sps, 3 times, work back.  
78th row—1 blk, 50 sps, 3 times, work back.  
79th row—1 blk, 51 sps, 3 times, work back.  
80th row—1 blk, 52 sps, 3 times, work back.  
81st row—1 blk, 53 sps, 3 times, work back.  
82nd row—1 blk, 54 sps, 3 times, work back.  
83rd row—1 blk, 55 sps, 3 times, work back.  
84th row—1 blk, 56 sps, 3 times, work back.  
85th row—1 blk, 57 sps, 3 times, work back.  
86th row—1 blk, 58 sps, 3 times, work back.  
87th row—1 blk, 59 sps, 3 times, work back.  
88th row—1 blk, 60 sps, 3 times, work back.  
89th row—1 blk, 61 sps, 3 times, work back.  
90th row—1 blk, 62 sps, 3 times, work back.  
91st row—1 blk, 63 sps, 3 times, work back.  
92nd row—1 blk, 64 sps, 3 times, work back.  
93rd row—1 blk, 65 sps, 3 times, work back.  
94th row—1 blk, 66 sps, 3 times, work back.  
95th row—1 blk, 67 sps, 3 times, work back.  
96th row—1 blk, 68 sps, 3 times, work back.  
97th row—1 blk, 69 sps, 3 times, work back.  
98th row—1 blk, 70 sps, 3 times, work back.  
99th row—1 blk, 71 sps, 3 times, work back.  
100th row—1 blk, 72 sps, 3 times, work back.







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# Haley's Iron Heart

By Hapsburg Liebe

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"COME here, Peaches—come here, honey! You mustn't put clothespins on the cat's tail thataway; it's funny to you, I know, but it hurts the poor cat. Come back, Thomas—kitty, kitty, kit-tee!"

Linderman Haley stopped short at the sound of Julie Anson's voice, which came from a rambling log house a little above the road. He knew that voice; he remembered it across the silent years. He took his hand from the butt of the big blue gun he carried under his corduroy coat, took his eyes from the road that led to the violent death of Big Scrub McNabb, doubtless, for one thing.

"I'm afraid the devil'll git ye, Peaches, for 'tawmentin' that pore cate," creaked Grandpap Anson. Came then the voice of a child: "I won't do it any more, Julie. I didn't want to hurt the kitty. Grandpap says I ain't jest natchelly bad; and I isn't, is it?"

"You sartainly isn't!" laughed Julie. "Set down here, Peaches, and pet the kitty. Mebbe it'll forgive ye, honey."

Linderman Haley left the road that led to the death of Big Scrub McNabb—doubtless, pressed up a narrow path, passed the screen of laurels that had hidden the cabin from him, reached the gate of split paling, and there drew up short. "Peaches" was alone now; she sat on the honeysuckle-covered porch, the cat purring in her arms. "Peaches" was a slim-legged and pigtailed, poorly-dressed little girl of about eight; she was as brown as a berry, as alert as a squirrel. Something—a resemblance—in her childish face caught at the strings of Haley's iron heart. He walked into the yard, halted before the porch, and began to stare at Peaches, who had become suddenly very sober.

"Grandpap said the devil might would git me," she said to Linderman Haley. "Did you ever see the devil, Mister?"

He shook his head and answered: "No."

"Will he," the child pursued, "put me on a great big fork and stick me in a great big fire if I'm mean to the kitty?"

Haley scratched his stubbly chin. "The devil ain't a—animal," he muttered to the wide-eyed Peaches. "The devil is a spirit. All the bad the is in the world; that's the devil. And all the good is God. Are you Julie's little gyurl, Peaches?"

Peaches looked satisfied back to the cat she was mothering.

"Old mean tosepin," she cooed—"it bite him tail, didn't it? Old mean tosepin! I'm Julie's little gyurl now, Mister. My mammy's gone to glory, grandpap said, and my pap—"

"What about him?" Linderman Haley interrupted, his breath coming short and quick.

"He's in the penitentiary," said Peaches, "but he'd soon ort to be out, Julie said. His name's Linderman Haley. Do you know him?"

"I couldn't read and write, and none o' the rest of us couldn't," said the clear-eyed and pretty, half-buxom Julie over the dinner table an hour later; "and then—well, Linderman, we thought you'd never live through it to come home, as big and strong as ye was. So we got Sheriff Bailey to send ye word that Effie had died and that the baby would be took keer of. We thought it wouldn't do any good to send ye any more bad news. Yore people, Linderman, is all either dead or moved off. You and Peaches is all the is left of 'em now."

Haley was silent for a moment. Then his eyes sought the woman's face searchingly.

"And Bill McNabb, Julie; what about him?"

Julie's countenance fell. She knew exactly what was in the mind of the stalwart man who sat across the table from her.

"He's still here," she said; and that was all she said.

"All o' his folks is either dead or moved off too," mumbled old Grandpap Anson. "And Bill himself will soon be dead, is my guess."

Linderman Haley smiled queerly. "Yes; I'm plumb shore o' that. It was the lie he swore that sent me up, grandpap—And so, Julie, you ain't never married, and I wonder why! It don't seem natchel. I'm thirty, and you must be twenty-eight. Goodness knows ye allus was purty enough."

Julie rose and went toward the stove to hide a furious blush. She and Linderman Haley had grown up together; she had loved him all her life; he, manlike, hadn't seen it—and she, womanlike, had always been careful that he didn't find it out.

Of course! Haley had gone to Ledford's Laurel, had left his home country and its acres of diamonds, to find a wife—a frail, vinelike little thing who had hardly lived long enough to get acquainted with him—

Peaches had been born after he had gone to the penitentiary—after the cataclysm.

The child's eyes followed him wistfully as he started away. At the gate he turned, his eyes dim, to tell her good by. But she spoke first.

"So you're my pap. Where are ye a-goin' to now, my pap?"

Linderman Haley was talking solely to himself when he said:

"The next time they send me up, it won't be for nothin'."

Blindly he caught Peaches from the ground and pressed her to his iron heart. Then he put her gently down and walked blindly away. The child held to the gate with both hands, stood on her bare tiptoes and peered over after him.

"Where are ye a-goin' to now, my pap?" she called disappointedly.

Linderman Haley didn't answer. He stepped into the laurels, and closed his right hand about the butt of the big, blue revolver under his corduroy coat—But it was wholly like him not to answer. All during the long years in the State prison he had talked so little that his associates had called him "Speechless"—unless they were too close to him. He had talked so little, in fact, that his old hill dialect had changed not one whit.

Bill McNabb was a giant of a man, with curling black beard and keen black eyes. He had been the champion timberjack fighter on Big Scrub River, and they knew him always as "Big Scrub." He was ten years older than Haley, and he had wanted Effie Garland. His false swearing had been done in the hope that he would get Effie when Haley was sent up. But he hadn't. Death had got her.

Big Scrub McNabb sat on the steps at the front of the old McNabb cabin and smoked a cob pipe. On the ground before him a hound lay asleep in the warm summer sunshine. In a thicket of laurel a few rods out of his right, Linderman Haley crept up and leveled his revolver—and Haley hadn't forgotten how to shoot.

Then an odd light appeared in his eyes, and he let the weapon down. What satisfaction would it be to him to kill McNabb unless McNabb knew who it was that had done it?

Haley put the gun back under his coat, walked around the thicket, and entered by the gateless front gateway. McNabb looked up, took the pipe from his mouth, and went a trifle ashen—and waited.

"Hi, Bill," said Haley. His smile was small and terrible.

"Hi, Linderman," grunted McNabb.

"I've come to collect, Bill. I wanted ye to know who done it."

"He p yeseif, Linderman," almost disinterestedly.

"You know why—"

Peaches caught the sleeve of his gun arm. Her innocent eyes looked up to his sober face in reproof. "That man there," she said very primly, pointing toward McNabb, "is lowdown and wicked, my pap. We don't never come here. Let's go back to Julie, my pap; will ye?"

"Back to Julie—"

Haley repeated. He didn't know what he was saying. Then: "Did Julie send ye Peaches?"

"No," he indicated Big Scrub McNabb again.

"He's lowdown and wicked. The devil will put him on a great big fork and stick him in a great big fire. Let's go back to Julie, my pap."

Haley stared, his face white. Peaches went on: "Don't ye hear it's a thundarin' my pap? It's a-goin' to come a big storm. Please put me up on ye shoulders and ride me home to Julie, won't ye?"

A bare glance told Linderman Haley that a bank

of pit-black clouds, shot through with forked tongues of lightning, was stealing fast over the western mountain; already he felt the wind freshening on his cheek. He took his daughter up into his arms and carried her away, and Big Scrub McNabb watched him go with something akin to disappointment in his eyes.

The storm broke just as Haley and the delighted Peaches reached the shelter of Grandpap Anson's roof. Old Anson held the door open for them, and barred it against the maddened elements after they had entered. Haley put the child down, walked to a small window and stood there looking solemnly, with unseeing eyes, into the furious sheets of wind-driven rain.

Julie touched him lightly on the arm.

"Did ye do it, Linderman?"—anxiously in spite of herself.

He saw that her cheeks bore the stains of tears, and he wondered why she had wept.

"No," said he, "I didn't do it. Not yet. But when the storm is over, then I'll do it."

He faced her. She averted her gaze. She was as careful as ever to see that he didn't find it out.

"Who," he asked bitterly, "is the left to keer about me?"

"There's Peaches," she murmured—still careful to see that he didn't find it out.

"She's got a good home wi' you, Julie."

A moment of silence save for the wild howling of the wind, the threshing of the rain; then:

"After this, Linderman, the creek'll be full. You couldn't cross it on'tel tomorrow."

"I'll cross it today," replied Haley. "You keer Peaches here wi' you, Julie."

"I didn't know she follered ye this time," Julie told him. "It's pow'ful hard to keep a eye on her, sometimes. She's a good deal like a squirrel."

The rain passed. Without a word, Linderman Haley left the Anson cabin and set out again to kill Big Scrub McNabb.

Julie had been correct: the creek was full—roaring, raging full of dashing, foaming, muddy water. Haley crossed it by means of the old foot-bridge, which was not more than two feet wide, and his weight bore it down in the center until the water came over it and wet his feet through his cowhide boots. But he didn't even know that his feet were wet.

Big Scrub was not sitting on the steps this time. The door was standing open, and Linderman Haley, his revolver ready in his hand at his hip, walked in. From somewhere in the semi-darkness of the muffled room stepped Bill McNabb, white-faced, his eyes gleaming queerly; he held up a big hand as though to stay the other's trigger-finger.

"Well?" snapped Linderman Haley.

"I've found out a good many things, Linderman," drawled Big Scrub, his voice low, almost soft. "And one o' 'em is 'at a man can't play hoes with the Almighty and git away with it."

Haley sneered. "Not."

"No. It took me a long time, Linderman, to figger it out. I owe the Almighty a human life, Linderman, and I got to pay. I reckoned I'd fooled everybody—and I had fooled everybody, 'cept Him. I killed the man—as well as swore the lie—that sent you up, Linderman, and I got to pay. You mustn't shoot me, Linderman, for 'cause then you'd haf to pay like me."

"Do ye think," growled Haley, "at ye can beg and sneak out of it thataway? Do ye think ye can talk me out of it, Scrub?"

McNabb smiled a very little, very odd smile.

"But ye don't understand, Linderman. Ye don't understand. Le' me have yore gun, and I'll save ye the sin and the debt. You've done suffered enough at my hands now. I don't want ye to suffer no more. And I don't want you to try to put anything over on the Almighty, like I done! Le' me have yore gun, Linderman, and I'll pay you and Him both wi' one crook o' my trigger-finger."

Haley stopped breathing until it sank in—he had come to kill McNabb, and here was McNabb offering to do it himself! It was not a trick to get possession of the revolver; he saw in Big Scrub's eyes that it wasn't. Big Scrub was a little more in deadly earnest than he had ever been before in his life. He noted something wholly different in McNabb's gaze, which had strayed over his shoulder and was riveted toward the swollen, mad stream below.

"The little gyurl!"—shrieked Big Scrub—"yore baby!"

Linderman Haley wheeled and looked. He was just in time to see Peaches, who had followed him again, lose her balance and topple from the narrow bridge to the seething torrent. He threw down his revolver and ran like a buck deer, with Big Scrub hard on his heels—he saw Julie Anson, horror written deeply on her face, rushing toward the creek from the other side; and he saw her plunge into the creek in a brave but hopeless attempt to save the child whose little fingers had grown around her heart like tender vines!

In the smallest part of a second, Haley had to decide which of the two he would save. He sprang toward Peaches, whose head he could barely see on the water's surface.

But he sprang against a bowlder that was but thinly submerged, and his head struck first: bells rang in his ears; then world and sky became all black to him.

Haley wasn't unconscious for long. When he opened his eyes, he saw Julie's face close to his, and he heard Julie sob, and then he knew that he lay with his head on her breast, with her arms around him; Julie thought he was dead! He moved, and her arms slackened, quivered, and her face went whiter, then turned pink—for her life's secret was a secret no longer. Little hands laid hold of his wrist, and he saw Peaches, all wet and dripping, as were both Julie and himself.

"My pap," Peaches whispered, half afraid, "is you ain't dead?"

"Not by a damned sight," Linderman Haley said uncertainly—"Julie, I beg yore pardon for a-talkin' thataway. Yores too, Peaches. Julie, how d-did we all git out, anyhow?"

He sat up and faced her. Julie answered: "I managed to climb out myself after I seed Peaches was safe. Bill McNabb got you and Peaches out, Linderman."

"Bill McNabb!"

"Yes."

"The devil won't put him on a great big fork and stick him in a great big fire now, will he, Julie?" said Peaches.

"No, honey. There he is, Linderman," murmured Julie, pointing.

Haley got to his knees, faced about, and saw the giant hillman, who also was on his knees. Big Scrub was smiling happily.

"I paid Him back two fo' one, Linderman," he said.

Then he rose and went toward the old McNabb cabin. Julie was about to go to her feet. Then Haley's two dripping hands came down on her half-buxom shoulders.

"Julie," he began, his voice breaking—for the iron heart was melting—"Julie, I'm a-seein' the light at last. Will ye marry me, Julie?"

Now that he knew, there was no barrier.

"Of course, Linderman," she said. "Of course."

## 'Neath Mid-Summer Moonlight

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12.)

he asked, his voice calm. Ah, but how heart-sick was he!

She did not answer directly.

"I suppose it is my duty to explain the whole masquerade to you, Mr. Langdon, and so I shall. You see, I was expected at the Van Oaks's a few weeks back. It seems that the coterie has been teasing you about me and you had stated that if you were to be caught, it would have to be by strategy."

"This chance remark of yours gave Bonnie Thompson an inspiration. He proposed to Hortense's guests that you be made to fall in love with me, incognito. It happens that I have a little talent for singing and acting, so they invented a

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BY KATE V. SAINT MAUR.

## The Influence of Males on a Flock

As August and September are the months when poultry keepers commence to think about selecting birds they are going to keep over for breeding stock the following year, it seems a proper time to call attention to a few important facts.

Grain and labor are so expensive these days that one can afford to keep scrub stock any longer. This is the best time of the year to start improving as most large poultry farms will sell young cockerels in the fall than later in the season. A well-bred hen costs less to feed than a mongrel because she is properly proportioned and constituted, so utilizes the food given her that she is always in good condition. The mongrel, being a mixture of several breeds, the food she consumes goes first to her fat, then fat; but rarely, if ever, is she in good condition either as a fryer or roaster, and as egg producer she is never profitable.



SILVER PENCILED WYANDOTTE COCK.

yield never produced a daughter which was as good an egg producer as herself, but that the cockerels produced from her eggs always gave her great egg-producing power to their daughters. So you see it is the productiveness of your male birds, mothers and grandmothers that really count, and as it costs heavily to put in trap nests and pay the extra help to watch them and keep records, you can't expect to get cockerels from such stock for less than ten dollars apiece, and remember that if you mate one such bird to seven hens you are pretty sure to get a hundred pullets from the mating, and if their egg producing power is only improved one per cent., the sale of the extra eggs the first season will more than pay the purchase price of the sire, besides improving your stock for several generations.

The second season use the same bird to head a pen of five or six pullets, and make the seven original hens to the brightest and strongest looking of his sons and you will have a flock of heavy layers. Disabuse your mind of the idea that pure-bred birds are only for looks, and to win prizes at shows, and realize that they are the only practical money-making birds, because they lay more eggs and bring more per pound when dressed for market. And, remember also, that you only want male birds for breeding pens.

Pullets and hens being kept only for market eggs should have no male birds with them, as infertile eggs are preferred for eating. There is no danger of infertile eggs ever developing a blood spot, due to embryo development. Due to the absence of a fertile germ they withstand heat much better than a fertile egg. During shipments, especially during the winter, it is often that the crates are exposed to considerable heat when they are placed near the steam pipes in the express car or office, and again they are allowed to remain on the platform for a considerable time on cold days and exposed to a low temperature. In the case of fertile eggs the intense heat would cause the embryo to develop beyond its normal resting stage, while the following exposure to cold would cause the death of the developing embryo, which would result in a blood spot. An infertile egg will stand shipment remarkably well under peculiarly adverse conditions which must be expected in a greater or less degree where large quantities of eggs are handled at all seasons of the year and over great distances. Again, infertile eggs are much easier to preserve. It is a common practice to put thousands of dozens of eggs in cold storage when the price is low and the supply abundant, for use in the winter months when the supply is limited and the price high. Infertile eggs stand this storage and come out much better than fertile eggs. It is often the case that private families desire to preserve a limited number of eggs for their own use in winter, and they are usually put down in water glass or salicylate of soda. The infertile eggs are found to be far superior for home preservation to fertile eggs. The infertile are much slower to decay. There is an old saying that "where there is no life there can be no death," and with the infertile egg there has been no union of male and female germ cells, because there is no possibility of such eggs becoming decayed or rotten except as they are handled under very adverse conditions. Infertile eggs are much easier to produce and cost less than fertile eggs, due to the fact that no male birds are required in the pen, and it is a fact that just as many infertile eggs are produced from a given pen as there would have been if a male bird had been present.

This being the case, it seems foolish to keep a lot of useless male birds running with the whole flock. Sell them off, and buy one or two good cockerels to mate with your best stock next spring, and so establish a profitable flock of thoroughbred birds.

The really big money in the poultry business comes from selling eggs and stock for breeding, and it should be the aim of every poultry dealer who has gleaned experience from practical work to establish a flock of really fine birds. I started with common stock, because when I commenced I hadn't the capital to commence with anything better, but from the first I studied the principles of mating, and at the end of about three years, when my poultry was paying well, I determined to start out with a higher class stock, which would enable me to get big prices for eggs and birds. I bought a trio which had won first prize at the New York Poultry Show. They cost seventy dollars, which seemed an awful price for just three birds, and I felt guilty until results justified the extravagance.

Rearing prize birds is one of the most profitable and interesting branches of husbandry, but to succeed you must have knowledge to work on. The beginner is usually convinced that two perfect looking creatures of any sort or kind will produce their like, but unfortunately such is not the case. A bird's ancestors have more influence on its progeny than the individuality of the bird itself. For that reason it is necessary to know the characteristics of the ancestral progenitors of the bird that you desire to cultivate, so that the signs of reverted heredity can be recognized at once and intelligently combated by the next season's mating.

Subscribers are entitled to advice of our Poultry Editor free, through the columns of this department. Address Poultry Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. BE SURE to give your full name and address, otherwise your letter will receive no attention.

## Correspondence

E. L.—The heavy breeds are not so active as the lighter ones, and so need to be allowed to exercise, or they will get too fat, and liver trouble with diarrhea is almost sure to develop. Read answer to T. H. M.

J. N. S.—The temperature in the incubator running down to 90 degrees, and opening the machine during the period of hatching, were both serious errors which may have caused the trouble. Yes, by all means have the hot air pipe resoldered. I have never operated the



CHAMPION WHITE LEGHORN COCK.

make of incubator you mention, so cannot have any opinion on it, but I can assure you that the condition of the hen that lays the eggs that are put into the machine, and the person who operates the machine, have more to do with good hatches than the machine itself.

S. R.—Blackhead, a name which is very misleading, as the head turning black is only one of the symptoms which develop occasionally when turkeys are in an advanced stage of the disease, which is especially characterized by sores in the rectum or liver, which are caused by a protozoan which has been named *Amoeba meleagridis*, a minute protoplasmic animal, found to vary between six and ten millionths of an inch in diameter. While they are microscopic in size, they are at least three to four times larger than the red blood corpuscles, but they are, nevertheless, small enough to float in the

blood capillaries of the portal system, from the cecum to the liver, where they seem to be stopped from going further. This short description of the parasite contains all that is of general interest. It may be summed up as follows: The amoeba is a microscopic animal or parasite capable of living within the tissues of the turkey, its host. It can therefore, eat, grow, and reproduce itself in large numbers, thereby causing irritations, destruction to the tissues, and nearly always death of the invalid turkeys. The majority of young poults die after a day or two of droopiness. Adults may droop longer and pass into chronic stages of the disease. Refusing to eat and standing apart constitute late symptoms. Starvation in chronic cases produces thinness. When the disease in the cecum is slight, it is doubtful if the affected animals have diarrhea, which is more or less present in other cases. In many of the older poults the droppings will be liquid, and stained orange yellow; this is the most characteristic symptom of all. Sometimes there are blackened blood clots in the droppings, indicating slight hemorrhages. Experiments show that more than four-fifths of the young poults exposed to infected yards die before they are six weeks old. The disease has been popularly supposed to be one confined to older birds. It is notably a disease affecting young turkeys, but one from which the older turkeys do not escape. Of the one-fifth which do escape or survive its ravages, at least ten to twenty per cent. may die throughout the year, at almost any age. Examination of the organs is the only sure means of telling the cause of death. The amoeba are transmitted from diseased turkeys to the others through the droppings, which

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 22.)



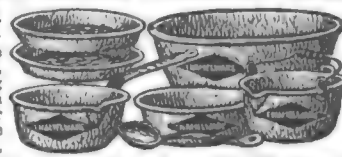
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August: "Dog Days" Month

**H**OT, dry August can hardly be said to have won a "warm spot" in the farmer's heart. Sultry days when the sun blazes down from out brassy skies; hot and breezeless nights when sleep is fond hope that is difficult of realization, no, August is hardly a popular month. But it is the prize growing month. In fact, August tells the tale, we might say, for it is then that we are given the first proof of the season's reward in crops to be harvested. Backward crops make up for lost time then. Why, one can actually hear the corn crackling as it grows during a hot night in "Dog Days."

Showers are scarce in August in normal years, and the scant supply of moisture is soon shown in baked, bare-bitten pastures, dusty roadsides and parched fields. And the worst of it is that little can be done now to prevent the rapid evaporation of the little moisture left in the land, for crops have grown too large to permit cultivation. But if the dust mulch has been carefully maintained in fields and garden until crops fill the rows, half of the battle is won. Watering the garden is sometimes possible—and now with pressure systems in so many farm-houses, a hose and sprinkler in the garden is quite a commonplace sight that pays real dividends. Remember that in watering the garden, evening is the time for the job. Don't sprinkle! Soak the soil thoroughly at night; the plants will drink all night long, and the sun of tomorrow cannot do much robbing if these instructions are followed.

While speaking of "a drink for thirsty plants" we must add a word about the shade trees in the front yard that are so seldom cared for in the way they richly deserve. Many a fine old tree that has cast its welcome shade for half a century is now dying for lack of water. Why? Well, as a rule such trees were set out along the driveway or beside the main road in front of the house. Is that not true? In the days gone by that road was of dirt; the rain that fell upon it soaked into the ground to reach the thirsty rootlets. But now conditions are often different. Perhaps a great state trunk highway passes your way. Maybe it is made of concrete; or is it tar macadam? Anyhow, little or no water finds its way through such a surface. And the old tree, with a large portion of its roots dead from "road-drought," slowly but surely is dying.

Such trees should be saved. They are surely worth it, for the shade they produce, and for the beauty they lend to the farm home—as well as the dollar-value they add in case the old homestead is offered for sale. Here is how to water trees in summer time.

About two feet away from the trunk of the tree, dig a hole 18 inches deep. Cover the bottom with pieces of flat stone, broken pottery, etc., then over this scatter gravel. Make the layer about six inches deep. Set a four-inch tile vertically in the hole, and tamp the dirt and soil securely around it. With the top of the tile projecting only an inch or so above ground, it will not interfere in any way with lawn mowing. All that is then necessary to do to water the tree is to place the nozzle of the garden hose in the tile, turn on a slow flow of water regulated so that the ground will absorb it as it flows, and leave it running. The tree will reward your work by long life and welcome shade. If no running water is available, a few pails of water poured into the tile from time to time will do almost as well; the tile acting as a funnel prevents spilling and wasted water, thus lessening the amount of carrying. Some of the deep rooting trees do not require watering to keep them alive, but all of the shallow rooted ones do, especially beside hard roads.

Making Apple Cider

Apple time on the farm naturally turns one's thoughts to tasty, fresh, home-made, apple cider. But there is cider and cider, good cider and poor cider. In many cases cider making is a hit-or-miss proposition, no set rule being followed, and the result is always problematical. To avoid mistakes and assure a high grade product, care and careful attention to detail is necessary. Here is how the cider making experts, who make the product for general sale, make the best grade of cider.

First select sound, well matured and properly ripened fruit. Avoid wind-falls and wormy apples; these are fit only for vinegar. If different varieties are available at the same time, blend them in proper quantity, according to their sugar, acid and tannin contents so as to give a well-balanced cider of excellent flavor. A blended cider is always preferable to cider made from one or two varieties. Wash and sort the fruit, trimming or discarding all speckled or even slightly decayed apples. Grind and press, keeping the mill indoors or in a shady place; this decreases discoloration of cut apples. Add a little water and press again, keeping this second pressing of juice separate from the first pressing. Place the juice in deep containers in a cool room over night, to permit the pomace or sediment to settle. Siphon off the juice from the settlings. Transfer the juice to a clean barrel or other suitable vessel or tank.

And now for the secret of the beautifully clear commercial cider. Slowly add *diatomaceous earth* (kieselguhr or infusorial earth) at the rate of six to eight pounds per 100 gallons of cider. Stir very thoroughly. If the juice is very cold, heat to 130 degrees F. This aids in filtering. Prepare the filter by passing a suspension of diatomaceous earth, previously purified by heating to redness, in water through a filter press or bag filter so as to form a thin layer on the filter cloths. Pour the juice through the filter, stirring the supply tank occasionally in order to prevent the slining or clogging of the filter. Place the juice as filtered in previously sterilized containers, seal and submerge the containers in cold water in the pasteurizing tank. Pasteurize at 170 degrees F. Remove from the pasteurizer and store in a cool room for 10 days or more before drinking or offering for sale.

These instructions sound rather complicated at first reading, but in reality they are not, and the highly improved nature of the product is ample reward for the extra work and care, not to mention the better keeping qualities and safer selling qualities of the cider that results.

How to Make Vinegar

Cider vinegar is considered by most farmers as a sort of by-product of cider making, but the best grade of vinegar is not made by dumping the pressed apple pomace into an open barrel, allowing it to ferment there for months, turn sour, then press out at some time when it is convenient to "take the time for the job." Such vinegar is listed on the market as *farm vinegar*, where it never receives the price paid for pure cider vinegar.

To make the best cider vinegar, take the sweet cider as it comes from the press, strain it and place in a clean cask. If the cask is open, cover with a heavy cloth or wooden lid. Do not use a cask that has had vinegar in it, unless the cask has been carefully cleaned and scalded with boiling water. Add one cake of fresh compressed yeast for each five gallons of cider; mix each cake well in a quart of cider before pouring into the cask. Keep the cask in a room where the temperature is moderate—about 70 degrees F. Keep here for about three weeks, or until gas bubbles stop rising in the liquid. Drain off without disturbing the sediment that

has settled to the bottom of the cask. Now place in a cask that has previously held good vinegar, or pour back into the same cask after careful washing. Fill not more than three-quarters full. Leave the stopper out, or leave the top open, to admit plenty of air. Cover such openings with cheese-cloth or wire screen to keep out flies and other insects. Add one pint of good old vinegar for each five gallons of liquid; or add some "mother" of vinegar from the bottom of an old cask. Keep in storage for six months at about 70 degrees F. The finest flavored and most popular vinegar is made in this way from pure apple juice. This product is entitled to the label of *cider vinegar*, *pure cider vinegar*, or *apple-cider vinegar*. Since apples vary greatly in degree of sweetness and juiciness, the vinegar made from them is apt to vary in strength (acidity) from about 4 per cent. up to 8 or 7 per cent. of acetic acid. Most states set the minimum of acidity at 4 per cent.; some permit dilution of vinegar that exceeds the minimum, but so far as we can ascertain no state permits the legal sale of pure cider vinegar containing less than 4 per cent. of acetic acid. If vinegar is diluted, this fact must furthermore be plainly stamped upon the label—a point that farmers may have difficulty in observing when vinegar is sold in bulk.

Give the Chickens Green Feed

When the farm flock is permitted to range at will, little thought need be given to the supply of green feed that is essential to good health and profitable growth. But when the flock is kept confined in a fenced run, usually devoid of any vestige of green growth, some steps must be taken to provide green feed.

On a farm where a large lawn is kept close cropped with a lawn mower, the clippings should never be wasted. Use a lawn mower equipped with a canvas bag to catch the clippings, or rake them up after mowing, then feed them to the hens. The little extra work required to provide the welcome green feed will be amply rewarded by increased egg production, and stimulated growth and health of market fowls.

Another source of green feed that is seldom used as it should and could be on the farm is sod—grass or clover sod that is plowed under in summer breaking. Here is how to use sod in the chicken runs: If grass or clover is to be plowed under, before plowing is begun in earnest, plow three or four furrows about three inches deep along an edge of the field. Only eight rods or so need be plowed in this way, at the most. Then lead the turf, while it is still fresh, on a wagon and haul it to the chicken runs. Scatter it in shallow piles here and there in the runs, sprinkle or wet down thoroughly with water if time permits, then leave the feed to the hens. When it is possible to do so, keep the hens away for a couple of days, or until growth is renewed. It is surprising how much dormant growth, and what a large amount of green growth, will result from the loose sods. For dry runs that are devoid of grass or green crops such as oats or rape, no better method of supplying succulent green feed has yet been found than this simple one of scattering in the runs sods that would otherwise be plowed under.

Hints on Soy Bean Harvesting and Haymaking

Though soy beans are now grown quite generally for hay or for seed, many farmers are growing them for the first time. From these come such questions as "When is the best time to cut soy bean hay?" or "How shall I cut my soy beans that I intend to thresh for seed?" Here are the answers to some of the most commonly asked questions:

When soy beans are to be cut for hay, choose the best weather conditions possible regardless of the condition of ripeness of the pods, for haymaking in good weather is all-important. The plants contain the greatest amount of nutriment when the pods are well developed, but to await complete development may be to encounter bad weather that is a serious handicap to correct curing. The best quality of hay is made by putting the newly cut beans up in small cocks as soon as they are wilted. While in this condition the plants pack together most firmly, therefore shedding water better than if dry and brittle. On land where the soil under the cocks has a tendency to remain wet, the cocks will require turning two or three hours before handling; otherwise the cocks should not need to be touched until they are loaded for hauling.

The best way to stack soy beans is in layers about a foot thick, with four to six inches of straw or coarse hay between the layers. Sprinkle a little coarse salt on each layer as it is stacked, then place the layer of straw, more soy beans, etc. When stacked in this way, livestock will eat the coarse hay or straw with just as much relish as the beans themselves, thus adding considerably to the extent of the crop and providing a useful outlet for straw.

On large areas soy beans may be handled in the same manner as clover hay, using mower, side delivery rake, and hay loader. But where small patches are grown, and when time permits, a better grade of hay can be put up by cutting the beans when the lower pods are almost mature, then putting the wilted plants in small cocks to cure.

When soy beans are to be harvested for threshing for the seed, an ordinary grain binder properly adjusted may be used successfully. Lifter guards are used to prevent heavy loss. Since the soy beans plant branches close to the ground, about one-fourth of the guards of the binder may be equipped with lifter guards, similar to those that are used for small grain that is badly lodged. Only a very small percentage of the beans will be left on the ground where these guards are employed.

The beans should be cut when they are nearly ripe, but before they are dead ripe, for dead ripe beans shatter badly and the loss is great. If the beans are too ripe, cut them in the early morning when the dew is still on the plants, and the moisture will greatly reduce shattering. Sheep or hogs may then be turned upon the land to gather up and make good use of the beans that remain after harvesting is completed. Shocking with a pitchfork has been found an easy way of handling beans, for carefully constructed shocks are unnecessary. Ordinary rains do not injure the beans to any extent; therefore capped shocks are only a waste of labor.

Growing Alfalfa in the South

By far the best time to plant alfalfa in the region of the Mississippi Delta, and in other places in the south where soil and climatic conditions are similar, is in late August and from then on until the last of September. Spring planting, unless the land is free from grass and weed seeds, and has been thoroughly inoculated with the alfalfa nodule-forming bacillus, has generally given unsatisfactory results.

Alfalfa is a crop that requires careful preparation of soil. For best results, choose land from which a crop of peas has just been cut for hay. Disc and harrow the land very thoroughly, but not too deeply; then firm the soil by rolling. Though lighter seedling is sufficient under ideal conditions, such conditions are seldom to be found; therefore a heavier seeding of about 20 pounds to the acre is best, for this produces a thick stand of young plants, and greatly retards the growth of grass and weeds that will quickly take possession of the land after a thin or uneven seedling. Use a drill if the acreage justifies; otherwise use a wheelbarrow seeder. In

no case should the "whirlwind" type of seeder be employed. Best results are secured by going over the entire acreage with the seeder in one direction, then going over it again at right angles or "across the drills," as this method insures a more uniform distribution of seed and a better stand.

Choosing the best variety of alfalfa is highly important. A good general rule to follow is to select a variety that has been known to do well in your locality. Extensive tests conducted with thirteen alfalfa varieties at the Delta Branch of the Mississippi Experiment Station upon well-drained buckshot land showed that pedigreed strains of the non-hardy varieties outyielded the recognized hardy varieties, and that the hardy quality of such varieties as Grimm and Coassac were not required in the mild climate of the region. In yields of field-cured hay, Disco, No. 28 made an average annual yield over a period of three seasons of 10,192 pounds per acre. Common South Dakota No. 12 was second with an average yield of 9,807 pounds of field-cured hay. Prospective growers will be interested to learn that the seed of these varieties cost less than the seed of the hardy varieties, though the latter failed to equal these two in yield. These two varieties also stood the winters perfectly, once they became well established. The tests also proved conclusively that it is poor economy to seed anything but pedigreed strains of seed, for the poorest yields were grown from nondescript seed of the common strains. Therefore it is highly advisable to look carefully to the source of seed, pay a little more for it, and guarantee success from the start.

Trim Hoofs of Hogs

Many hog raisers fail to realize the need of trimming the hoofs of heavy boars and brood sows others who know that it should be done do not put their knowledge into practice, and bad feet and broken-down pasterns are the result. Hog raisers who breed valuable animals for show and sale are very careful to attend to this important detail, however, and here is the way they proceed with the work.

Where only a few hogs are kept, take the animals one at a time, throw them on their side and hold in this position while the trimming is being done. Trim the bearing surface of the wall with nippers and rasp from the toe to a point one-half way back from the heel, but on the outside only. Never trim the inside, for if the outside touches the ground first the toes will spread apart and prevent proper shaping of foot. It is important to trim the toes well, even to the point of making them bleed slightly in order to permit the pasterns to straighten up to the normal angle. If excessive bleeding follows trimming, saturate the hoofs with a five per cent. solution of any good commercial coal tar disinfectant, or paint with iodine after bleeding stops.

When a large number of hogs are to be treated, it is less work if a breeding crate is employed, instead of throwing each animal, and better time is made in this way. Take the bottom out of the breeding crate, nail two-by-four-inch joists longitudinally in the middle from sill to sill so that the hogs' legs will straddle it. Rig up a strong rope and block-and-tackle. Drive hog into the crate, then raise the crate with the block and rope to a height that will permit the operator to work comfortably sitting down under the crate. The hog will not mind being "up in the air" after the first minute or two, and will soon stop struggling; then the operator may proceed with his work in comfort, completing the job well and quickly.

How Long Do Fence Posts Last?

It is not possible to state definitely the length of life of any kind of fence post under all conditions, because the soil and moisture conditions and the amount of heartwood and sapwood in the post affect its durability. Heartwood is more durable than sapwood. When moisture conditions are changeable, posts are more liable to decay, but in regions where the soil is either very wet or very dry all the year around, posts will last much longer.

White cedar is the wood perhaps most commonly used for fence posts, since it meets the requirements of durability, straightness, ability to hold staples well, and lightness of weight without loss of strength. Of these requirements, durability is by far the most important. Cedar possesses all of these requirements to a greater extent than most other woods that are easily available at a reasonable price; it is not, however, the most durable of woods suitable for making fence posts, provided these woods can be obtained, according to tests conducted by the Forestry Section of Michigan Agricultural Experiment Station. These tests showed that osage orange and black locust lead in durability. Comparative durability of the eighteen kinds of wood tested was found to be as follows:

Osage orange	about 30 years
Black locust	about 25 years
White cedar	about 18 years
Catalpa	about 17 years
Red mulberry	about 16 years
Tamarack heartwood	about 9 years
White oak	about 8 years
Black walnut heartwood	about 8 years
Elm	about 6 years
Red oak, ash, beech and maple	about 4 years
Red pine and jack pine	about 4 years
Willow and cottonwood	about 3 years

The durable woods, such as osage orange and cedar, have such a length of life that preservative treatment is not advisable.

The life of the non-durable woods, however, can be greatly lengthened by treatment with a good preservative. Woods falling in this class are red oak, ash, beech, maple, willow, cottonwood and the pines.

Decay of wood is caused by fungi which require food and moisture for their growth. A good preservative should be an antiseptic and should also act as a waterproofing so as to keep out moisture. Coal-tar creosote answers both of these purposes. Crude oil acts as a waterproofing, and is good to that extent, but coal-tar creosote also poisons the food supply of the fungi and gives better results.

The simplest method of treating posts is to paint them with a preservative after they have been peeled and thoroughly air-seasoned. Coal-tar creosote should be kept heated to about 200 degrees F. and applied to posts hot. It is not necessary to paint the entire post; only a band a foot wide that will extend six inches above the ground level and six inches under the ground level is required. Every farmer who has removed decayed fence posts—and few farmers have—has been tempted to "make one" knows that decay is almost entirely confined to a point just at and under the ground surface. It is, however, to pulp a coat of creosote on the top of the post, where moisture may gain entrance through the cut end. Two coats of creosote should be used, and care should be taken to work the protective coating well into any cracks and crevices of the wood. Brushed on hot in this way, creosote should increase the life of fence posts from three to six years. Better results are obtained by dipping posts into a bath of hot creosote, but this calls for more equipment than farms usually possess.

For a fence post plantation in Michigan or other northern states having similar climatic conditions, the best trees to plant are the less durable woods, such as black walnut, European larch, red oak, ash, red pine, and jack pine. These species grow much more rapidly than the white cedar. Black locust and catalpa are difficult to raise in Michigan, due to the susceptibility of the former to insect attack from borers, and of the latter to damage by frost. European larch will produce posts when about 15 years old; the red oak, ash, and jack pine in about 20 years or less on good soils. Osage orange, though the most durable, is objectionable due to the thorns it bears in great profusion, and to its bushy habit of growth which makes it difficult to work among. When these less durable woods already mentioned are grown in plantations to provide fence posts, treating with a good preservative coating is of course essential.

An Average Day's Plowing

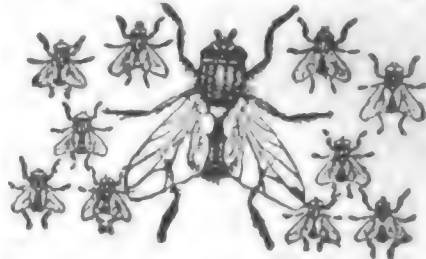
Opinions differ widely as to how much land one man and a team should be able to plow in one day. Condition of the soil itself and the level or hilly topography of the country have a direct bearing upon the amount of plowing that can be done.

To arrive at some fair basis upon which to esti-

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mate a fair day's plowing, careful records were kept on 324 farms scattered in all parts of Ohio. Considerable difference in the time required for plowing, harrowing, discing, and completely preparing land for planting was noted in different parts of the state, due to the great diversity of soil types and to the hilly, stony or level and stone-free nature of the land. Nevertheless it was found possible to strike a fair average in terms of acres covered in a ten-hour working day.

The average for one man with a 12-inch walking plow drawn by two horses plowed an average of 1.3 acres a day. One man with a 14-inch sulky plow and three horses plowed an average of 1.9 acres a day. One man using a tractor-drawn double-gang plow averaged 5.8 acres a day.

With twelve-inch disc harrows and two horses, 9.2 acres per day was found to be the average. When three horses were used, the average was increased to 10.2 acres. Harrowing with a two-section spike-tooth harrow and three horses accounted for an average of 12.9 acres a day; with a two-section spring-tooth harrow and three horses, only 9.7 acres a day were covered. Rolling land, using two horses, resulted in an average of 11.7 acres per day.

Since these figures are the result of careful investigation and the averages struck take into consideration soil and topography of every kind found in the state, the figures may be safely used in other regions as a basis upon which to estimate or plan farm work and the time required for land preparation.

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Questions and Answers

**SUNFLOWER BLIGHT.**—The sunflowers that we are growing here for the silo are not doing well this year. The leaves seem to be turning brown and dying, then falling off. Is it some kind of blight? What can I do about it?

C. M. E., Idaho.

A.—When withering of lower leaves starts during the blooming period of sunflowers, gradually ascending the stalks until even the upper leaves are damaged or lost, blight is the cause. This is particularly likely to be the case if the season has been exceptionally hot and dry; also it is more common upon high dry land than upon low and moist land. So far as we know, there is no preventive remedy for sunflower blight. The safest way to proceed is to cut the crop early for silage, thus saving many of the leaves that would otherwise be lost. Sunflowers planted at about the middle of June may be cut during the first two weeks of August; sunflowers planted as late as the middle of June will hardly be ready for cutting before the first part of September. Early cutting is not a hardship, however, as the quality of the silage is much better when the plants are cut in the early blooming stage. In many regions there prevails a mistaken notion that sunflowers should be allowed to stand until quite mature, but such plants make coarse, woody silage that is not relished by livestock.

**WHAT IS KUDZU VINE?**—Please give me a little information about this new Kudzu vine that I hear spoken of and read about in the seed catalogs. Some places it is mentioned as a hardy vine that will stand our winters; others say that it will only grow in the south, where freezing is very light. I am interested in the new vine, as I have been told that it will make a growth of a rod or more in a single year without much care or cultivation.

H. R. V., Tenn.

A.—Kudzu vine (*Pueraria thurberiana*) is a leguminous vine from Japan; though it has been known in this country since about 1876, it is only recently that it has attracted attention as a plant of economic importance. In Japan this plant is grown on hillsides to be used for pastures. The stems are manufactured into grass cloth; the roots are rich in starch and are used for human food; hay made from the long vines is too coarse to meet with American approval. Kudzu is relatively early, and will thrive in our southern, southeastern and western states, provided the climate is moist as well as warm. Plants have been known to winter over successfully as far north as Nova Scotia, and it is quite possible that the hardy qualities may be improved by careful selection. Kudzu produces long prostrate branches, from which grow leaves that closely resemble those of the common bean, except that they are from 6 to 12 inches in size. Where stem joints touch the ground, roots start and new plants are propagated. All kinds of livestock relish the leaves. Chemical analysis shows Kudzu to be about equal to alfalfa and clover in nutriment, but the stems which grow to a length of 20 to 30 feet in a single season are likely to be too woody and coarse for stock to eat. Under Tennessee conditions it might be advisable to give Kudzu a trial, or write to your State Agricultural Experiment Station at Knoxville for information and complete cultural instructions.



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# Alicia Mary Goes A'Hinting

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**A**LICIA Mary sat on the front steps, nursing her doll. Gwendoline was the doll's name. Though minus a right eye and a left leg, she was loved none the less for the deficiencies. Indeed her crippled condition only endeared her the more to the heart of her young parent. And if her cheeks no longer retained their pristine bloom, her golden hair still curled as it had done on that December morn when she first tumbled out of a Christmas stocking.

Alicia Mary's hair was not golden, neither did it grow in clustering curls; instead it was a straight dark brown, worn in what is popularly known as a Dutch cut, and surmounted by a bow of faded pink which made up in size what it lacked in hue. Her eyes were of a nondescript shade, and her nose turned up, with two little freckles on the extreme end.

Her very pretty aunt, who was twenty-five and engaged, used to massage her face each day, so Alicia Mary, having heard that cucumber juice was good for the complexion, surreptitiously squeezed some into an old paint box and anointed her nose and fastened a clothespin on it every night to change the shape. But at the end of a week the small devotee of beauty became discouraged in her quest and decided to heed her mother's advice that if she only behaved as well as she looked, she would do very well.

Alicia Mary gently joed Gwendoline up and down on one knee the same as she had seen the old lady across the street do to her little granddaughter when her daughter wasn't looking. But it was an absent-minded joe, for it was evident that the young mother's thoughts were not upon her child. On the contrary, she was peering anxiously up and down the street, her forehead in a deep frown, while every now and then she sighed so heavily that she almost burst the buttons from her gingham dress. The clock had just struck eleven-thirty and Colonel Armstead was not in sight.

Colonel Armstead was Alicia Mary's best friend. The fact that he was eighty and she was eight did not seem to lessen their affinity in any way. Every morning he walked downtown for his paper, always returning by way of Alicia Mary's house so that she could walk part way home with him. On the corner where the electric cars passed, she had to turn back.

Once in a great while she was permitted to go all the way and have lunch with the Colonel and his sister in the big stone house with the sleeping lions each side of the front walk. These were red letter days in Alicia Mary's life. She liked that big dining-room with the round, shiny table without any cloth and she liked eating off china that was so thin it looked as though it would break if you didn't lay your spoon down gently. And it was pleasant to have a knife and fork the same size as grown people's and to be waited on by a black man with shiny buttons. At home just after you got comfortably seated, your mother always said, "Oh, Alicia Mary, won't you hop down and bring me another dessert spoon?" Or your father would cry, "Quick, Suzekis, you're the youngest, run get me the carving knife."

But when she dined at the Colonel's, she sat up very straight in her high-backed leather chair and tried to act perfectly composed when she felt her legs slipping over the shiny surface. However, just at the moment when she was about to disappear for good and all, the black man always pulled her back and though she gazed at the Colonel from the tail of her eye, neither he nor his sister ever seemed to notice that anything out of the ordinary had occurred.

Suddenly Alicia Mary gave a start. Her quick ear had caught the tap, tap of the Colonel's wooden leg. Yes, he was coming up the street. She tumbled down the steps and flew to meet him, Gwendoline clanking by the arm in most unbecomingly abandoned.

The Colonel's gaze seemed riveted on a sparrow twittering above his head. An avalanche of pink gingham was hurled against his free side, and he looked down in mock astonishment.

"Why, bless my soul," he cried, "if it isn't Alicia Mary."

She poked a fat finger at him delightedly. "You knew all the time it was me. You did it on purpose. The Colonel laughed, but at once assumed a grave expression as he asked in most solicitous tones, "And how is your daughter this morning, Madam?" Gwendoline was instantly rigid and her curls smoothed down.

"She was very naughty at breakfast," was the solemn reply. "She wouldn't eat her oatmeal."

"Ah," said the Colonel gravely. "That is a very serious matter. Of course you didn't allow her to go unpunished."

An uncomfortable recollection stirred Alicia Mary's brow and she stared hard at her scuffed-out shoes.

"She had to sit in the straight-backed chair beside her father's desk and not get down for a whole half hour."

The Colonel's eyes twinkled. "That was dreadful. Let us hope there won't be any repetition of the offense."

Alicia Mary dimpled. "There won't be tomorrow," she giggled as she tucked her hand confidently in his. "For I made a hole in the oatmeal bag and it's all trickling down behind the flour barrel."

"My! my!" said the Colonel. "I wonder if you're the little girl I'm looking for."

Pink bow stopped with a jerk.

"What is it?" she demanded suspiciously.

By this time they had almost reached Alicia Mary's gate, and the Colonel was untying the red string of a bulky package tied to his crutch.

"This morning when I was downtown," he began slowly, "an old white-haired gentleman came up to me and said, 'I wonder if you know a plump, little rosy-cheeked girl with brown hair, who lives on Ayon Street and who always carries a big doll when she goes out to walk?'"

"Why that's me," cried Alicia Mary in astonishment.

"That's exactly what I told the old gentleman," continued the Colonel, "and he at once asked me to give you this box on my way home," whereupon he gracefully placed the package in her hands.

"Why are you so excited, Alicia Mary, I wonder who he could be?"

"I wonder," said the Colonel.

"Oh, Alicia Mary," he called as she scampered up the steps. "I forgot. Here's something for your mother. Don't tell her I gave it to her."

Presented a delicately tinted envelope addressed in an old-fashioned hand and docketed down the street, chuckling.

Alicia Mary, clutched to her heart the letter and the box, and dashed into the house.

"Dinner's all ready," called her mother from the dining-room. "Run wash your hands quick."

"Yes, and bring down my glasses, baby," added her father. (How she did wish they would treat her like a big girl.)

She struck two smudgy fingers under the faucet, gave them a passing flirt with the towel, and tore for the table.

"Look, mother," she cried, pulling off the paper and twine in feverish haste. "Just look what I've got. Oh, a beautiful set of dishes! Oh! Oh!"

"Hello," said her father, "where did those come from?"

"Why an old man on the street gave 'em to me. Colonel Armstead asked him to give 'em to me. Oh, mother, who could it have been?"

Her brother Joe gave her hair a yank as he slid into the seat beside her.

"Gee! but you're easy, Alicia Mary," he snorted. "The old duffer was kiddin' you. He gave 'em to you himself."

"He didn't!" she retorted indignantly.

"Sure he did. Say but you're some four flusher. Work him for a new racket for me, won't you? You can hand him the dope, all right."

"That will do, Joseph," said his father sharply. "Your English is anything but elegant. Besides, you have no right to tease your sister so."

"In my day," spoke up Grandmother Hollis, "children were seen and not heard."

Joe grunted as loudly as he dared and buried his face in his soup spoon. As usual, it was the mother who threw herself into the breach.

"Here are some toasted crackers for you, Joey," she said, putting a plate beside him, and as she rescued the pink bow from Alicia Mary's tear-wet lashes she added gently, "What's the letter, little daughter?"

Alicia Mary shivered it toward her.

"It's for you," she sniffed. "The Colonel said to give it to you."

Her mother opened the envelope and read aloud:

"My dear Mrs. Westcott:

My niece, Mrs. Willis, whom you may remember meeting at my home last winter, is to entertain the members of the Woman's Club at her country home on the Hudson next Wednesday afternoon. It would give me great pleasure to have you as my guest.

"Yours very cordially,"

"Lucretia Armstead."

A flush of pink crept into the mother's thin cheek as she looked tremulously around the table.

"How perfectly lovely of Miss Armstead to think of me!" she murmured, "but of course I can't go."

"Why of course?" said her husband. "Why in the world shouldn't you?"

"Oh, mother," cried Edith, Alicia Mary's oldest sister, who was sixteen and always wrote her name Edith, "you wouldn't refuse such a chance as that. Why, Mrs. Willis has loads of money and is terribly swell."

"But I haven't anything to wear," protested her mother. "My black lace is too shabby and I haven't another thing."

Mr. Westcott's face grew sober.

"That's a shame, mother. Can't you fix it up some way?" he asked helplessly.

"No, Edward, it's been made over three times already, and the last time I wore it at the Peabody's dinner, it broke in two or three places so I said I could never do it again. But don't feel badly," she added quickly, "next year I'll have a new one and then I'll be ready for a dozen Woman's Clubs."

"Humph!" sniffed Grandmother Hollis. "You've said 'next year' ever since Joey was in his cradle and I haven't seen you buy anything new yet."

Mr. Westcott stirred uneasily. He was not unconscious that his mother-in-law secretly scorned him for being a financial failure, and any reference to their straitened circumstances made him uncomfortable.

"Oh, dear," sighed Edith, "there's Mrs. Wardwell laid up with a broken ankle so she can't go out, and she has reams of pretty dresses and she's just your size. I don't see why you can't borrow one of her."

"My dear!" gasped her mother.

"Well, she's always sending you flowers and fruit, and when you were getting over the fever she sent the carriage over so many times. I don't see why she couldn't send you a dress too. You don't need to ask point blank, just hint around."

"Sure thing," added Joey, busily tucking away roast beef and potatoes. "There's Miss Lyman, too. She's a good old scout. She had on a hat yesterday that had Aunt Nell's stopped forty ways. Got a dress of Mrs. Wardwell and a hat of Anne Lyman and there'll be some class to you."

He rose from his chair and gave his mother a good-by peck. "Ta, ta! I've got to beat it. Old Bones said if I didn't know my algebra today I'd get canned, sure," and he grabbed his cap and was gone.

After dinner Alicia Mary took Gwendoline to the bench under the apple tree and sat down to cogitate. This was a somewhat serious operation, accompanied by a wrinking of the nose much like that of a small puppy, and an incessant boring of one well-worn heel into the soft earth.

For Alicia Mary had seen what the others had failed to notice—that though her mother had pretended not to care, her eyes had looked misty when she laid down the invitation. And later, when they were alone and Alicia Mary had whispered softly, "I wish you had a pretty dress," her mother had caught her in her arms and, squeezing her hard, answered, "I had rather have you, baby, than all the pretty dresses in the world."

But Alicia Mary thought it was rather hard that her mother couldn't have her and the pretty dresses, too. What had she meant when she laughed and said her new dresses had gone into the coal bin? Alicia Mary had braved the darkness of the coal cellar and looked but she hadn't seen any dress there.

However, it was evident that her mother must have a new dress, and the little girl wondered how she could get one. She thought of her bank, but that marvelous contrivance for holding pennies had never contained but twenty, and sixteen of these had already been poked out with a hatpin. She was rather hazy as to how many that left but she was afraid it wasn't enough to buy a dress with.

Steadily and determinedly her sister had said borrow one of Mrs. Wardwell's—not ask outright—just hint around.

Now hinting was one of Alicia Mary's long suits. She had been reproved for doing it too many times not to know she was past-mistress of that gentle art. She rose to her feet, a look of determination on her mouth, and walked to her room. If the end ever justified the means, it surely must in this case, and Alicia Mary was not one to shrink from her duty especially when that duty called for the indulgence of one's favorite sin.

With the fortitude of her Puritan ancestors, she decided to tackle the most difficult task first. Clipping Gwendoline close to her breast, she sallied out of the gate and down the street to the corner where stood the brick house of the late Hon. John Wardwell. It had a cold, forbidding air, and Alicia Mary's heart sank a little as she advanced up the front walk. But it was not for nothing that she had laboriously copied in her writing book "He who hesitates is lost," so she advanced boldly and gave a vigorous pull at the bell. A white-capped maid answered the summons.

"Is Mrs. Wardwell at home?" inquired Alicia Mary politely.

The maid repressed a smile. "I think so. If you will come in this way and sit down I will speak to her. What name, please?"

But the small guest wasn't going to fall into any trap like that. She knew a thing or two and was prepared for just such an emergency.

"Miss Westcott," she said in her best society manner, "Miss Alicia Mary Westcott."

The maid bowed and withdrew. Alicia Mary breathed more easily. It wasn't going to be so bad after all. She scuttled across the room and seated herself in a chair low enough to admit of her toes touching the floor.

A slight sound in the hall, and there was pushed across the threshold a wheeled chair in which sat Mrs. Wardwell.

Alicia Mary rose and bobbed a curtesy.

"I thought it was time we were being neighborly so I'd come over and call," she began.

"Mercy on us!" ejaculated Mrs. Wardwell, peer-

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32x4	7.25	14.50	38x4 1/2	10.50	21.00
32x4 1/2	7.75	15.50	38x5	10.75	21.50
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38x4 1/2	9.75	19.50			
38x5	10.00	20.00			
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38x6	10.50	21.00			
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38x7	11.00	22.00			
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38x8	11.50	23.00			
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32x4	2.75	5.50	38x4 1/2	4.25	8.50
32x4 1/2	3.00	6.00	38x5	4.25	8.50
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34x4 1/2	3.50	7.00	38x6	4.25	8.50

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Brownie's Triumph

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7.)

ad the note of mortal anguish in the loved voice which had told her of this little message which had been accomplished its mission. In her mind she went back nearly fifty years, to a beautiful young girl, lying pale and sick in a lofty room, a deep scar upon her fair temple, a deeper pain looking forth from the sad eyes, she watched eagerly for the sound of a footstep which never came. Yes it was the very note—that anguished, reluctant cry, which Miss Niebetabel had sent from the depths of her soul to the man she had loved!

"Yes, come at once, if you can forgive your reluctant Meta."

How well she remembered the words, and now she had found them, as her aunt had told her, in the possession of Helen Capel, now Lady Randall. They had been kept back from the honest, faithful lover, who was only waiting for this permission to fly to the side of his betrothed and comfort her, by the hand of this treacherous woman, who had ruthlessly wrecked a human life, yea, two lives!

How strange, Brownie thought, that the note should thus have fallen into her hands. Surely, there is Providence in it, she mused, as with one swift glance to see that Lady Randall was not observing her, she hid it in her bosom, and then hurriedly completed her task. The opera was sent to Lady Randall, and the papers returned to their accustomed place; but all day long Brownie felt as if a mountain was crushing her heart, with that little paper lying in her bosom.

She felt she could not breathe in the same house and under the same roof which sheltered the woman who had deliberately planned to entrap a young and guileless girl into disgracing both herself and her lover, that she might separate them forever, trying to win him for herself.

She wondered if Lady Ruxley knew of her share in the event, or if Lord Dunforth had ever found out.

Probably not, since they were still good friends, and had been known of it he could not have forgiven her a bitter wrong.

The more she thought of these things, the more her heart rebelled against them, until she grew so restless and nervous that she nearly cried out with pain whenever any one spoke to her.

About four o'clock finding that Lady Ruxley was away, she stole out, thinking to get away into the sunshine and calm herself, and perhaps Adrian could come ere long, and she could share her burden with him; at all events, he would comfort her. She opened the door and passed noiselessly out into the hall.

She had nearly traversed the long corridor leading to the grand staircase, when she almost ran against some one who suddenly came out of a room he was passing.

"I beg your pardon," Brownie murmured, and then looked up to see who it was.

It was none other than Isabel Coolidge! Instantly the two girls braced themselves for the encounter, and looked the surprise which either of them for the moment could speak.

"You here?" Isabel exclaimed, at length, growing white while her eyes emitted a lurid light.

"Yes, Miss Coolidge," gently replied Brownie, with lifted eyebrows and a calm, scornful look into her enemy's face.

"How came you here?"

"Pardon me, but I have neither the time nor the inclination to relate the train of circumstances which brought me here," she said coldly.

"Insolence! Then it was you whom I heard dragging down to Lady Ruxley's villa the other day!"

"Doubtless, since I sang to her ladyship every day."

"What an appreciative listener you must have been that old, crooked back," sneered Isabel.

Brownie's eyes blazed, dangerously.

"I presume Mr. Charles Randall would be much edified with Miss Coolidge's remark regarding his aged aunt," she said.

Isabel looked frightened for a minute, then replied, with a short laugh:

"He might be, if he should hear it, that's a fact. Then you're her companion. I remember now hearing that she took a sudden shine to a young woman who met with an accident, and would have her stay with her. You're mighty lucky about getting into fine places, it seems to me."

"Acut of those beautiful red lips was all the satisfaction she received for this insulting speech, and then Brownie made as if she would have passed on.

"Wait," commanded Isabel, peremptorily, and laying her hand upon the young girl's shoulder.

She was inwardly boiling with rage that she could not move or browbeat the haughty governess.

"Wait," she repeated; "I have not done with you yet."

"Please remove your hand from my shoulder, Miss Coolidge," Brownie commanded, in tones that she dare not disobey.

"Mr. Dredmond called upon you at our house the day you left; he said he had something belonging to you which he came to return," she went on, as her hand fell by her side and dropping her eyes before the other's indignant gaze.

She was very curious about the object of that visit.

"I know it," replied Brownie, much amused, as she saw that Isabel was almost afraid of her in her haughty pride.

"You know it? How?"

"Yes, and I have my property back again," and she deftly shifted her cuff, bringing the glittering button upon the upper side of her sleeve.

Miss Coolidge started slightly on beholding the elegant trifle.

"Ah, that was it, then? It's very elegant, isn't it? I presume it belongs with the collection we have in our possession," she said, spitefully.

"It does, Miss Coolidge, and I will thank you to return my property."

"When you prove it is yours, I will."

"These buttons are marked with my name on the back."

"That may be; you have had plenty of time, doubtless, to get them marked," sneered Isabel.

"I shall compel you to return that casket to me," retorted Brownie, with flashing eyes.

"Ha, ha! Perhaps you will, and then again perhaps you won't. But we have discussed that subject sufficiently in the past. When did you see Mr. Dredmond?" Isabel asked, insolently, and noting how exquisitely lovely Brownie had grown since she saw her last.

"Really, Miss Coolidge, if I remain here longer I shall lose my walk, and that I cannot afford to do."

With which tantalizing remark, Brownie, her figure proudly erect, moved down the corridor, leaving her interlocutor, beautifully in the dark as to how or when she had seen Mr. Dredmond.

"I suppose you thought by coming down here you'd have a better chance to practice your wiles upon that young gentleman, but mark my words, you won't succeed, for I shall feel it my duty to inform Lady Randall of the very suspicious character which she is harboring," hissed the irate girl after her.

She might just as well have talked to the winds, for Miss Douglas never gave a sign that she heard.

As Brownie passed Isabel's room again, a few

hours later, she saw that the door was open. Her maid had gone out a few moments before, had carelessly left it standing open, and was now in the servants' hall flirting with the butler's assistant.

Involuntarily Brownie paused and glanced within, and her heart stood still as her eyes almost instantly caught sight of her own little ebony casket standing upon the elegant dressing-case, its tiny key in the lock, with the delicate chain attached.

Swift as light, the impulse came upon her to enter and seize it, and bear it away to her own room.

She glided quickly and noiselessly forward.

There was no one in the corridor, there was no one in the room.

She crossed the threshold, and, with a few feet steps, cleared the space between herself and her treasures.

She lifted the lid.

All were there, in their glittering beauty. She closed the box again, turned the key in the lock, removed it, and fastened the chain about her neck, concealing it beneath the folds of her dress.

The next moment she had the precious casket in her hands, and turned, to find herself face to face with Mrs. Coolidge.

TO BE CONTINUED.



Comfort's Information Bureau

Under this heading all questions by COMFORT subscribers on subjects not relating to the special departments elsewhere in the paper, will be answered, as far as may be. COMFORT readers are advised to read carefully the advertisements in this paper, as they will often find in them what they seek through their questions addressed to this Bureau. They will thus save time, labor and postage.

No attention will be given any inquiry which lacks the sender's full name and address but we will print only initials if so requested.

R. B. R. Louisiana.—Senators and Representatives are each entitled to the appointment of two cadets at the U. S. Military Academy at West Point. The same number is granted to each of our Territories, and the District of Columbia is favored to the extent of four cadets. There are also eighty-two appointments at large, specially to be conferred by the President, and two of these appointments are left open to the recommendation of the Vice-President. By a law of 1916, the President may make appointments to the Academy from the enlisted men in the Regular Army and National Guard, these appointments not to exceed one hundred and eighty at any one time. The usual course for such an appointment is as follows: The candidate made one year ahead of date of admission, the Secretary of War granting same upon the nomination of candidate by the Senator or Representative. Nominations may be made after a competitive examination, or may be direct. Two alternate candidates may be also appointed if desired, and these may be examined also and admitted should the principal appointees fail to pass the Academy's regular entrance examinations. Appointees must be between seventeen and twenty-two years and of such physical standing as would not render them unfit for service. The entrance examinations to the Academy are not simple ones. The standard of admittance is high, and the examinations cover English grammar, composition and literature; algebra through quadratic equations; plane geometry; United States history, and the outline of history in general. You will see from this that while a high school education is not made a requirement for admission, something of its equivalent would surely be needed in order to pass the entrance examinations. The West Point course of four years may be regarded as one of the finest and most thorough in the educational world. Write to the Superintendent of the U. S. Military Academy, West Point, N. Y., for further particulars, and take up the matter of your appointment through your local political channels which might grant you interviews with your Louisiana Senators and the Congressman from your district.

Mrs. L. G. Johnson City, Ill.—A manuscript submitted for publication should be typed, double-spaced, the pages numbered and well-margined, and the author's name and address appearing in the upper left-hand corner of the first page. Such manuscript should be sent mailed flat or folded, not rolled, and with sufficient postage enclosed for return if not available. Address the editor or editors of the periodical to which you write.

Mrs. C. G. Cherokee, Iowa.—Regarding a song you wish to copyright, write to the Register of Copyrights, Library of Congress, Washington, D. C. Application forms and full particulars will be sent you.

Mrs. D. D. Grapeland, Texas.—Address the Scott Stamp and Coin Co., 33 West 44th Street, New York City.

Mrs. P. C. J. Nebraska.—Most counties have humane society agents who watch and remedy, by warning or legal action, such cases of cruelty to animals as your letter describes. Ask your sheriff of your county regarding an agent or advise with him concerning what action you should take in the matter.

Mrs. F. L. Wisconsin.—You might attend a law school, yet make a poor lawyer; you could become a physician, yet perhaps kill more than you might cure. By these statements we mean that the learning of any profession, the working at any trade, does not necessarily mean its skillful attainment and practice, even though the teaching be of the best. A school can tell you that they can teach you how card making, but they cannot truthfully tell you that you can earn certain large sums. This will depend entirely upon yourself, your ability, energy and push. This is the best answer that can be made to a question like yours.

C. C. Oakland, Ore.—Henry Ford married Clara J. Bryant of Greenfield, Michigan in April, 1888. She is still living and may be addressed at Dearborn, Mich. The Fords have one son, Edsall by name.

Mrs. B. L. Oklahoma.—Your senator's name is J. W. Harrell—not "Herald" as you mistakenly spell it. You may address him either at his home, Oklahoma City, or at the Capitol, Washington, D. C. We think that, generally speaking, when senators take action in post-office appointments they do this through recommendations and other information furnished them by their political friends in the vicinity from which the appointment is to be made. This does not mean that it may not aid you to write directly to your senator, but it also means that you will be more aided if you have other letters written in your favor by those of the senator's own party and whose words may influence him more than an appeal from you who were not even certain how his name was spelt!

M. M. Minnesota.—A wife, we think, could always take legal measures against a husband for non-support, and you should not be compelled to use your own funds for food and clothing unless you so choose. However, whether conditions are serious enough for you to seek court aid is something which you will have to decide for yourself. Our judges do their best to have domestic difficulties settled domestically, and so, if you can arrange your troubles of the family pocketbook without appearing in a court room, we earnestly advise you to take thought and do so.

L. J. Mayfield, Ky.—This department receives many inquiries like yours, and apparently there are many COMFORT readers who would like to enter the movies, even as the most minor luminaries. But it is not such an easy matter. Even to act a small part in a screen drama requires a certain amount of dramatic talent or training. Then, too, it is a requisite that the applicant have a face which will photograph or "register" well. We say of some people "they do not take good pictures." Well, it is just people like this who are forever barred by nature from figuring on the silver screen. One must photograph well, in the proper form or face. It is not so much needed as a face that will register clearly and a type of temperament which, either through training or natural causes, can depict emotions of various sorts in the silent drama. To enter the movies means that if you have the qualities above described, you may be able to get a start as an "extra" in some large production where a crowd, a mob, or some busy street scene is to be screened. These jobs as extra are secured either through direct application to motion picture studios in the big movie centers, or by being

hired through agents who in these same centers have the work of supplying extras for any sort of screen demand. The main requisite is to be on the spot and gain some slight footing and experience in a studio where, if you have the features and talent, you may be watched by a clever and appreciative director and pushed forward to larger parts. This has been the beginning and past career of practically all the screen stars except those who entered motion picture work from the legitimate stage in Hollywood, California; Chicago, Illinois, and New York City and its outlying districts of New Jersey and Long Island, are now the chief centers of motion picture studio activities. You can gain addresses of the leading companies, as well as much other information helpful to your ambition, by studying the advertising columns and news pages of the motion picture magazines. But you can make no beginning in the movies while in Kentucky—unless a director might luckily be filming a rural reel in your locality. Your first step must be to get on the trail of your nearest studio where you might seek for a chance to appear before the camera.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14.)

try poverty. Try having every last thing you've got mortgaged for double its value and face a winter with empty cellar and barn. We did it and came through loving each other and could do it again.

My husband does not regard me as either a servant or a slave, and as my health is none too good, I have never had to do more work than I felt like doing. I do all I can for him and he does all he can for me. He is a good husband and father. I think there is good and bad in all nationalities. This includes Americans. My husband is ten years older than I am and left Bohemia fifteen years ago, and is, of course, naturalized.

We have scraps now and then but they are always soon over and we are both sorry. If you think a man is all you want your husband to be, marry him; don't hold his nationality against him.

MINERVA.

HIGHGROVE, CALIFORNIA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON: I love COMFORT and enjoy reading the sisters' letters. I do not agree with Lillian, from Minnesota, in regard to American girls marrying foreigners. As we all know, there is good, bad and indifferent in all people.

I am married to an Italian and would not part with him for anything. My advice is marry the man you love, whether he is an American or a foreigner. My husband treats me like a duchess and gives me what he can afford and I do everything I can for him.

Mrs. JULIA D'ORIO.

ASHWOOD, TEXAS.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS: I have been a reader of COMFORT for eighteen years and this is my first attempt to write to the Sisters' Corner.

Sister Lillian, from Minnesota, you certainly have the men of other nations wrong. Some of the Americans are all right, but I married a foreigner and he is a perfect husband. We have five children, and I have never had to wash, or scrub floors for months before or after my babies came. When we could not get a woman to do this work my husband did it himself and when we are the least bit sick he always consults a doctor.

My husband is Danish born and reared. He is a good provider, a good Christian and a good father, though strict. When he promises the children they can have anything it is a settled fact. If their request is reasonable it is always "Yes." Every child has his work to do. We make them respect youth and old age.

MRS. ANTON HANSON.

WASHINGTON.

DEAR COMFORT: Like most of the sisters, I think COMFORT the best paper again. I like the Sisters' Corner and stories best and my husband enjoys the Cousins' letters and Uncle Lisha's answers.

When I read Lillian's letter in the April issue, I decided to write. Please don't condemn all foreigners, Lillian, for I have been married to one nearly four years and we are as much sweethearts today as we were the day we were married. I think your great trouble is the difference between your and your husband's age, isn't it? My husband is only one year older than I am. Of course there are things on which we do not agree and he has his faults but then I have every bit as many, if not more, so I think if he can feel "with all her faults I love her still," then I'll think the same about him.

While there are many good American boys and men and I had more than one chance to marry, I am glad I made the choice, I did.

We have two babies, a boy two and one-half years and a girl one year old.

A COMFORT Sister and the loving wife of a Foreigner.

TENNESSEE.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS: I get lots of help from the Sisters' Corner. I am twenty-four years old and married. Have two little girls.

I am a poultry raiser. After the lawn is mowed I rake up the fine grass and feed it to the little chicks. Betty Lou, my husband was just like yours so I will tell you what I did to make him settle down and have a home. My John would buy a run-down farm, make improvements on it and sell it and then do the same thing over again. He bought a little farm and fixed it up nicely, set out trees and planted flowers. One summer's day I walked out in the front yard and looked up at the house and talking to myself said, "I will not sell this nice house after I've worked so hard to fix it up."

A few days later hubby said, "Let's sell out and go to Iowa." I said, "O, no, John, this is the one time that I'm not going to sell. I want a home and I have it and am going to keep it. If you want to travel you can do so and when you get ready to settle down the Little Farm and I will be waiting for you."

I let him know how I felt about it and we will live on the Little Farm and have a beautiful home and flowers and lawn with ten shade trees and John won't talk about selling now. Sister, don't let your husband have his way all the time and you have nothing to say. Why not have the same right as well as the same work.

My advice, Betty Lou, is not to separate but have a heart-to-heart talk with your husband and let him in on the settle down in a good home for old age.

As for the children, I am raising mine like my great-grandmother was raised. They mind when I shake my finger. I don't have any trouble with them.

HAPPY WIFE.

INDUSTRY, ILL.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS: I saw Betty Lou's letter and thought I would write of our experience a few years ago. We were renters and wanting a home of our own as much that when we got a chance to buy a cheap farm we did so. No one had lived there for years, weeds had grown up to the door and nearly all the plastering was off the walls and ceiling. We were in a strange neighborhood, twenty miles from my husband's people and forty-three from mine, and no car, but after the first year we got a car. We fixed up the place and sold it for quite a bit more than we paid for it. That was the easiest money we ever made and I was glad of it for my husband works hard and his health isn't good either.

I have five children: Harold, 14; Cheula, 11; Temple, 8; Waneta, 4; Dwight, 5 months.

Best wishes to all. MRS. WALTER TEEL.

CLYMAN, Box 102, WISCONSIN.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS: It is not generally known that many kinds of flowers may be preserved in lifelike condition with wax. Ordinary wax candles may be used, and, to prepare the wax, cut the candles into chunks, taking away the wick. The wax is then melted over a flame and cooled until it is liquid but not hot. Each flower should be quite dry on the surface, that is, there should be no rain or dewdrops on the petals. Take the blossoms and dip each separately in the liquid wax for a moment or so, constantly moving them about. Immerse the blossom completely and also an inch or two of the

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 28.)

If I Send You a Suit

made to your measure, in the latest style, would you keep and wear it, show it to your friends, let them see our beautiful samples and splendid new styles? Could you use \$3.00 an hour for a little spare time? Every tailor in a agent, send for our wonderful new proposition. Just write a letter or postal or fill out and mail coupon below. I will send you our big new book of samples and styles to pick from and my new, special offer, all free. Even if you don't care to be agent send anyway, and learn how to get all your own clothes FREE.

Send Name and Address on This Coupon To L. E. ASHER, President BANNER TAILORING CO. Chicago, Ill. Dept. 860. Dear Sir:—Send me your special offer all FREE.

Name..... Box..... St. & No..... R.F.D..... P.O..... State.....

Bulldog Pipeless Furnace

Comes Completely Erected

You install it yourself in two hours. Goes through any door. Fits any basement. Burns practically any fuel. Gives marvelous heat—saves you money. \$10 down; \$10 a month.

Write! \$10 Puts it in your home

Old fashioned stoves and warm, out-furnaces waste money! The Bulldog cuts down your fuel bills. Write for free book now. Babcock Bros., Dept. C-370 19th St. & California Ave. Chicago

Military tank air rifle. Sell a Boxen Month-Nov at \$25. U.S. Supply Co. Dept. C-5, Greenville, Pa.

MONEY S For Wise Men. Key for stamp. E. Kerete, Box 229, Ottawa, Ill.

Let Cubby Bear and Bunny Play With Your Children BOTH FOR TWO SUBSCRIPTIONS.



Reward No. 1782

What are Cubby and Bunny Up To?

What interesting story do you suppose Cubby Bear is here telling Bunny Rabbit? Is he planning up some game to play with the rest of the friends of the forest or are these two friends just talking over old times? So real and so dear are Cubby Bear and Bunny Rabbit to COMFORT's little folks that we have scoured around and found two lifelike playthings which resemble in every way these two characters which Lena Ellingwood has made famous in her Cubby Bear stories. Cubby is a big handsome fellow dressed up in bright blue overalls and as he sits on his haunches is eight inches tall. His skin is brown and his lips as red as any cinnamon bear's. His eyes sparkle like bright shiny beads. Bunny's tall, innocent ears make him just a half inch taller than friend Cubby. Bunny is all in white with pinkish eyes and wears a dainty blue ribbon around his neck.

We hunted a long time to find some light but indestructible material from which to make these two playmates because we know every little COMFORT boy and girl will want to love them and hug them and take them to bed. At last we found a substance right in the forests—the very home of Cubby—so we had a big mill would grind of fibre. They are as tough as wood but light as feathers. Bright enamel paint makes them water proof and protects their natural lifelike colors.

With these two little playmates in the home the stories of Cubby Bear will be more real than ever before. You can have them both free.

Given To You! For only two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at \$6 each we will send you both Cubby Bear and Bunny Rabbit free and postpaid. Reward No. 1782. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Jake was a worthless and improvident fellow. One day he said to the local grocer: "I gotta have a sack of flour; I'm all out, an' my family is starvin'."

"All right, Jake," said the grocer. "If you need a sack of flour, and have no money to buy it with, we'll give you a sack. But, see here, Jake, there's a circus coming to town in a few days, and if I give you a sack of flour, are you sure you won't sell it and take your family to the circus?"

"Oh, no," said Jake. "I got the circus money saved up already."

—Progressive Grocer.

Get The Book FREE! If you would like to read the whole of this wonderful story at once and learn its thrilling conclusion, rather than wait for the monthly installments as they appear in COMFORT, we will be glad to make you a present of the complete story in book form. Send us only one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50 cents, and we will send you a copy of the book free and postpaid.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

WANTED Railway Postal Clerks \$1600 to \$2300 Year MEN—BOYS 18 OR OVER SHOULD WRITE IMMEDIATELY

Steady work. No layoffs. Paid Vacations. Travel—See the country on Government line. Common education sufficient. Send coupon today—SURE

FRANKLIN INSTITUTE, Dept. A217, Rochester, N. Y. Mrs. Send me without charge (1) Sample Railway Postal Clerk Examination questions; (2) List of Government jobs obtainable; (3) Tell me how I can get a position.

Name..... Address.....







ADDRESS COMFORT BOOK DEPARTMENT,  
AUGUSTA, MAINE.



## BOYS! Have Fun And Make Money With This Complete PRINTING OUTFIT



### For A Club Of Only Two!

TOMMY Jones in the above picture is all smiles because he has printed some name cards for a neighbor for which he is to receive 50 cents. You can do the same. With this practical Printing Outfit you can print cards, tags, envelopes, small circulars, letter heads, bill heads, etc., and do the work well. There is always a demand for this kind of printing and if you are a "live wire" you can doubtless get a lot of jobs to do for your friends and neighbors and thereby earn considerable pocket money. And you will be learning something, too—typesetting, composition, correct use of capitals, punctuation, abbreviations, business terms and phrases—to say nothing of the fun you get out of it.

Everything in this Outfit is of the best quality. It contains one complete font of rubber type, or in other words, from eight to fourteen of each of the letters in the alphabet—both capitals and small letters; all the numerals from 1 to 10—two to three of each numeral—dollar signs, a full assortment of commas, periods, colons, semi-colons, hyphens, quotation, percentage and parenthesis marks, exclamation and question points, slugs, pointing hands and words and phrases most commonly used in business, such as "For Sale By," "Return To," "No.," "Co.," etc. Then there is a four-line type holder, a pair of metal galleys (to pick up the type with), and an everlasting ink pad in a metal case.

Parents should encourage their children in the use of this practical Printing Outfit, because it will furnish them with no end of fun, valuable instruction, and a chance to earn money of their own. Girls like this Outfit as well as the boys, and father and mother will also find it useful in the home in a hundred different ways.

We will give you this complete Printing Outfit free if you will accept the following special offer:

**Given To You!** For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you this complete Printing Outfit, exactly as described, free by parcel post prepaid. Reward No. 1222.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



## 54 Inch Rope Of Pearls

Reward No. 9882

### Full Opera Length

There's a wonderful fascination about them—a beauty that appeals to every feminine heart.

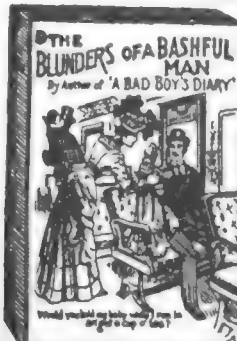
Now your dream can come true—for we are giving away this handsome, full opera length rope of Parisian pearls. It is 54 inches long, all the pearls are of uniform size— $\frac{1}{4}$  inch in diameter—of perfect finish and luster, far handsomer than the ordinary imitation pearl necklace sold at a high price. It can easily be wound twice around the neck, making the double rope as shown in our illustration.

By rare good luck we secured first choice of these necklaces from a large importer and at a price that enables us to give them for an unusually small club. Please read the following offer and learn how you can get a beautiful, 54-inch rope of pearls free of all cost.

**Given To You!** For only two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each, we will send you this handsome, opera length Pearl Necklace free by parcel post prepaid. Reward No. 9882.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

## You Will Laugh, You Will Yell, You Will Scream at



### "The Blunders of A Bashful Man"

Reward No. 8221

You need this great book! You cannot do without it! For chasing away melancholia, dissipating gloom and banishing trouble you will find it better than all the doctors' "dope" in the world and it has the circus and vaudeville beaten a mile. This great story is the world's champion funny book and you must read it because it

eradicates wrinkles, improves the complexion and by its laughter-compelling mirth and irresistible humor rejuvenates your whole body. Is this screamingly funny story you follow with rapt attention and hilarious delight the mishaps, mortifications, confusions and agonizing mental and physical distresses of a self-conscious, hypersensitive, appallingly bashful young man who stumbles on through a succession of astounding accidents and ludicrous predicaments that will convulse you with cyclonic laughter causing you to hold both sides for fear of exploding from an excess of uproarious merriment. As a fun maker, rib tickler and laugh-provoker this great story "The Blunders of a Bashful Man" beats all records and you will miss the treat of your life if you don't get it and read it at once.

**Given To You!** For one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50 cents, we will send you a copy of "The Blunders of a Bashful Man" free and prepaid. Reward No. 8221.

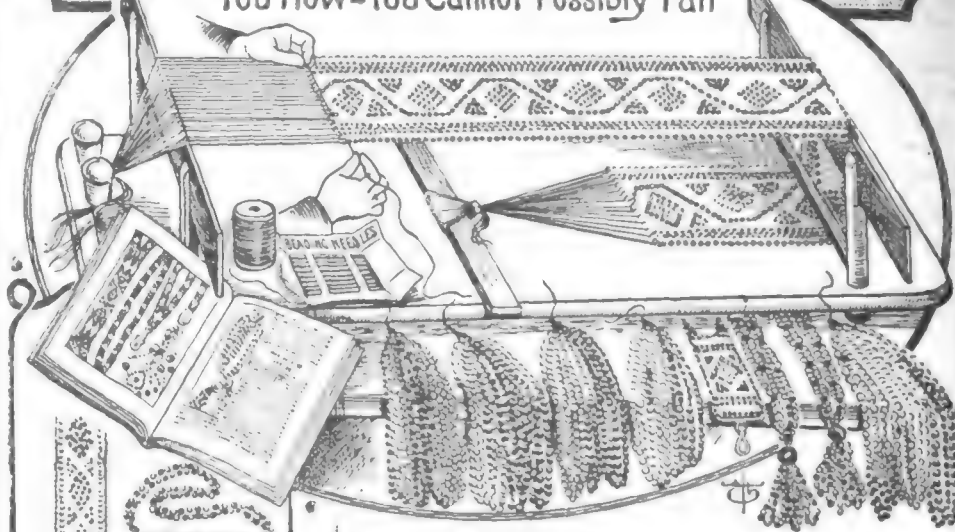
Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

## You Can Make The Most Beautiful Purses, Bags, Chains, Necklaces, Belts, Etc. With The Kanibas Bead Loom

Thousands of  
Beads

and Complete  
Outfit

Full Instructions Show  
You How-You Cannot Possibly Fail



### Given For A Club Of Four!

BEADWORK is all the rage again. And here is a wonderful yet simple Bead Loom with which any woman or girl can take up this fascinating work at home and easily make the handsomest bags, chains, necklaces, purses, bracelets, belts, collars and cuffs, dress trimmings, shirtwaist sets, slippers, watch cases, fob chains, card cases, pocketbooks—in fact there is no limit to the number and variety of exquisitely colored bead work articles that can be woven on this Loom.

Anybody can use the "Kanibas" Bead Loom—it is very easy to understand as everything is fully explained in the instruction book sent with the outfit.

Everything you need to work with is included free with the Loom, so you can begin making the articles at once.

In the outfit you will receive one "Kanibas" Bead Loom, five packages of beads in assorted colors of black, white, blue, green, pink, etc., one dozen special bead needles (very long and slender with an unusually long eye), one spool of specially prepared waxed bead thread, and a 44-page instruction book containing more than seventy-five photographs and designs of popular bead work, together with easy detailed instructions on just what color of beads to use and how to work them.

This book shows how to make different styles of bags, chains, necklaces, purses, belts, collars and cuffs, shirtwaist sets, slippers, watch cases, fob chains, card cases, pocketbooks, dress trimmings, any letter in the alphabet, any numeral, etc., etc.,—giving full directions for all designs. The popular secret order emblems can be worked with great effect in beads for fob chains, bracelets, card cases, etc., and this book illustrates designs for Masons, Odd Fellows, Knights of Pythias, Knights of Columbus, Elks, Royal Arcanum, also Christian Endeavor, Epworth League and others.

Any woman or girl will be delighted with this practical Loom Outfit because she can make so many pretty things not only for her own use but to give away as presents and to sell. While the beads themselves cost but little, the finished work brings a high price, so that there are big profits in the business, if one desires to sell the articles after they are made.

We will give you this Bead Loom and Complete Outfit free upon the terms of the following

**Special Club Offer!** For four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you the "Kanibas" Bead Loom and Outfit free by parcel post prepaid. Reward No. 8234.

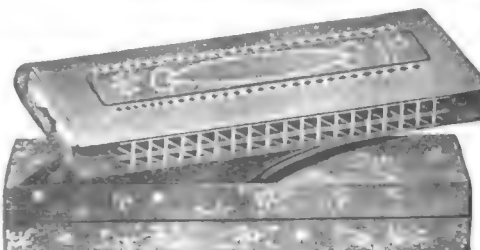
Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

## Full concert-toned HARMONICA

Gift No. 1662

GIVEN FOR TWO SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Every boy, and many of the men folks, too, will get pecks of fun and entertainment from this extra full-toned mouth organ. Each side has 24 double holes—48 bronze reeds. Really it is two harmonicas in one with a different key on each side. At parties, dances and in your own family circle you can have no end of enjoyment with it. Length 6 1-2 inches. Heavy nickel sides. Packed in fancy box.

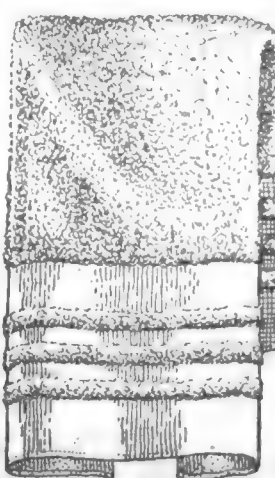


**Given To You!** For only two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each, we will send you this full concert-toned Harmonica free by parcel post prepaid. Reward No. 1662.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

## Two Turkish Towels

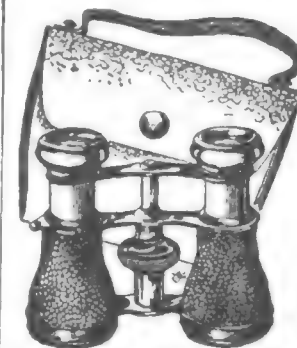
Good Size  
Soft And  
Fleecy



The towels offered here are 15 inches wide and 32 inches long which is a good convenient size for all-round family use, and are of good weight, well made and finished. We will make you a present of two of these towels upon the terms of the following offer.

**Given To You!** For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you one pair (2) of these fine Turkish Towels free by parcel post prepaid. Reward No. 9912.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



## Opera or Field Glasses

GIFT NO. 1232

Given for Two Subscriptions.

THESE glasses are not of course, as powerful as those sold at a high price, yet they will be found very satisfactory and extremely useful on many occasions. Although as opera glasses, they can also be used out of doors for identifying people, animals and objects within a reasonable distance. Farmers, motorists, Boy Scouts, hunters, fishermen, etc., will find these glasses to be just what they need to take with them on their trips through fields and woods. They are durably made and can be conveniently carried in the neat leatherette case which is included free.

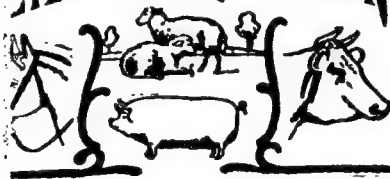
These Glasses are made in Europe which accounts for the low price that makes this offer possible. They are yours free on the terms of the following special offer:

**Given To You!** For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you these Opera or Field Glasses in a leatherette case, free by parcel post prepaid. Reward No. 1232.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



# ETERINARY INFORMATION



There are invited to write to this department for any information desired relative to the treatment of animal troubles. Questions will be answered in these columns free by an eminent veterinarian. Write the trouble fully, sign full name and address, direct all correspondence to the Department, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. Attention will be given any inquiry which lacks the full name and address, but we will print initials if so requested.

## Beware of Sunstroke

Extra hot weather keep the work horse in the shade when it is seen that the feces (manure) is slushy, hot, foul-smelling, or scant, slimy and pale-colored. Indigestion is thus indicated and often precedes heat exhaustion and sunstroke or heat apoplexy. Stop grain and reduce roughage. Rest the horse until he feels better. When a working horse suddenly stops sweating, stop work, remove him into a shady place under a tree, there is a breeze and sprinkle body with cold water by means of a garden sprinkler. Let water constantly trickle over poll of head, or persistently with cold water in the worst case. Give cold water into the rectum. Give stimulants by way of the mouth. Half to one ounce of aromatic spirits of ammonia and sweet oil may be given in strong tea or coffee an hour until relief occurs or the veterinarian is called. He should be called in all severe cases, special drugs indicated and taps to relieve when that is necessary.

AK BACK.—I have a mule ten years old. She got her and I put on coal oil. When down she can't get up. Mrs. A. E. T.

An application of coal oil might blister the skin and likely has been caused by a strain of the mule of the loins for which there is no special remedy than rest. Support the mule with veterinary in a box-stall at night, but allow exercise at other times. Will the lice by applying as often as seems to be dry a ten made by boiling four ounces of staves or larkspur seeds for 30 minutes in a gallon of water and disinfect the stable.

GET.—My cow gives clabber milk. I feed her feed meal and cotton-seed mixed. Is there any? R. L.

Bacteria or germs in the milk utensils commonly rosin in milk. They usually are derived from after used to wash milk utensils or cool milk or from from in places where the milk is handled. More scrupulously cleanse, scald and sun-dry milk vessels and see that all water used is pure. Keep the cow from standing in water. If you find the udder is affected with garget, and the possible of abnormal milk better let a calf nurse or dry off the udder in the affected quarter or quarters.

KE MULE.—My mule, 10 years old seems to be in her right fore leg. When I work her hard she hinders her leg out in front and it seems to hurt her. Is anything to do for her? W. J. C.

The thrusting forward or "pointing" mentioned that the foot is the seat of the lameness. Have Jacksmith search the foot for a corn, stone, bruise or prick. Pus may have to be liberated. If no cause is found keep cold wet swabs constantly the hoof head. If that does no good clip the hair the hoof head and once a week rub in a little of a mixture of one part of powdered cantharides and 24 of lard, as a mild blister. Tie the mule short while the blister is acting.

SEASE or Dogs.—Can you tell me what ails our First he began to cough and get stiff and sore; as well and pus forms. He got so he wouldn't and laid around. Nearly all the dogs in the neighborhood has, or have had, the disease. Two have killed and it was said they had hydrophobia although they didn't bite at anything. J. B. H.

As you suspect rabies you should have a qualified veterinarian examine an affected dog, or report the matter to the local health officer and state veterinarian and investigation may be ordered. We cannot decide the nature of the disease without making a per-examination and as rabies is so terribly dangerous in and farm animals we should strongly advise you to have an expert examine an affected dog. Misan-affected dogs should be kept chained. The disease may turn out to be distemper. We may add that a may now be prevented with a good degree of success by vaccinating the dogs.

LARGER JOINT.—Please tell me what to do for my She ran over a buggy and bruised her knee, it caused an enlarged joint. B. D.

If the enlargement has been there for months does not become less with exercise we fear it may be permanent. Poultice the knee with antiphlogistic, applied hot, covered with absorbent cotton and in place by bandaging the knee to be kept tied up under treatment. Remove the poultice material as time it tends to become dry. Discontinue poultice when the inflammation subsides and then rub in 10 per cent. iodine ointment daily or treat with a dietary reducing preparation which you can buy at the drug store with directions for use.

OPY MILK.—My Jersey heifer, two years old, calf veals, gives a large quantity of milk, but it is rosy. You give me the cause and cure. Mrs. A. K.

We suspect that the abnormal milk comes from the quarter that has been infected by the germs which are manimally commonly called "moon blindness." It is best to let a calf nurse or to dry off the secret in the affected quarter or quarters. Chronic par- is incurable and the affected milk is unfit for use. ple garget, not due to germs may be caused by ex-cessive feeding of a protein-rich feed like cottonseed oil. Better stop feeding cottonseed in any form and he cow live on grass. Strip the quarter clean every or three hours during the day, and in the evening in a mixture of equal quantities of carbolic oil of sponged oil and compound soap liniment. Isolate cow, milk her last and destroy the abnormal milk.

GOOD IN MILK.—I have a heifer which freshened before she was two years old. She seems healthy, gives bloody milk; you cannot tell it only by separa- and then it gathers around the bowl of the separa- She has never, to my knowledge, been hurt. The was two months old when she began to give bloody and at that time I was feeding cane hay. Mrs. M. F.

Set a sample of milk from each quarter of the in separate bottles that have been sterilized by using. Label the bottles so that the source of the k in each may be known. In that way you can ermine which quarter is yielding bloody milk. Then find by rolling the test of that quarter be- the thumb and fingers that growths are present. growths often bleed a little from irritation at time milking. If at or very close to the opening of the a veterinarian could remove them by operation. they are high up or if chronic garget is found to be the use better let a calf nurse or dry off the milk secretion the affected quarter.

EYE DISEASE.—My horse got inflammation in one of eyes last fall. One of my neighbors suggested put- powdered camphor in the eyes. Would it be a ad thing? L. L.

It would not be well to put camphor in the eye, it having it with boiled water containing one tea- spoonful of powdered boric acid to the pint and used it may help. We fear, however, that the horse is hied with periodic or recurrent ophthalmia, com- only called "moon blindness" which causes cataract of blindness of one or both eyes after repeated attacks. It is dark of the stable. If an attack comes on solve a dram of iodide of potash in the drinking water daily, frequently bathe the eyes with the boric id solution and in the evening put a little bit of one cent. yellow oxide of mercury ointment in the corner the eye and apply it freely to the upper eyelid and pression above the eye.

TUBERCULIN TEST.—Please tell me if it is possible one to give the tuberculin treatment, and if so how what to give, as we do not live near a veterinarian. What will cure catarrhal fever? Mrs. J. E. Y.

To test cattle with tuberculin by either one the three standard methods requires professional training and skill, especially as regards interpretation the results. It should therefore be done by an expert. Particulars may be had in a bulletin which you can ob- by writing to the U. S. Department of Agriculture.

Washington, D. C. (2.) If you care to write again describing the symptoms of what you think may be catarrhal fever and tell us what kind of animal is affected we shall be glad to give you advice.

MOON BLINDNESS.—I have a horse that went blind with what we call "blue eye." She had attacks for one year then her eye would water and finally went blind. I have another young horse that is having her first attack. It seems to be spreading in our part of the country. Is it contagious and can anything be done for it?

A.—There is enough evidence to show that it is advisable to isolate a horse affected with periodic or recurrent ophthalmia, commonly called "moon blindness." There is a difference of opinion regarding the origin and cause of the disease, but many now consider it infectious or germ-caused and a biologic used is practically being tried as a preventive. The disease is practically incurable and after repeated attacks causes cataract and blindness of one or both eyes. This may be retarded somewhat by injecting a 10 per cent. solution of Lugol's solution and distilled or boiled water into the fatty capsule behind the eye and dissolving a dram of iodide of potash in the drinking water twice daily at time of attack. Also partially darken the stable.

SCRATCHES.—Will you tell me what to do for a horse with the "scratches," and is there any cure for them? My horse bites himself until his legs bleed and the next morning the legs are swollen and the hair comes off in little patches. Is the disease catching to other horses or animals? W. M.

A.—The term "scratches" is applied to a chapped or sore condition of the skin at the back of a horse's legs just above the hocks and below the fetlocks. When the skin disease exists above the fetlocks it may be grease mange, mud fever or possibly farcy the skin form of glanders. The latter disease is malignant and incurable. Better have a veterinarian determine what is wrong. For ordinary scratches and leg mange a mixture of four ounces of sulphur, four ounces of oil of tar and one pound of melted vasoline well rubbed in every three days will be likely to prove curative.

BLOODY MILK.—Please tell me the cause and what to do for a cow with bloody milk. One of the teats gives bloody milk. She does not appear to be sick. She has no calf. Mrs. E. G.

A.—By rolling the teat between the thumb and fingers you may be able to feel a growth which bleeds from irritation at milking time. If the growth is just inside the opening of the teat a veterinarian could remove it by operation. If it is high up it would be better to let a calf nurse or to dry off the milk secretion in that quarter. When sudden bleeding is due to a blow or other injury it may quickly subside, especially if the quarter is bathed two or three times daily with cold water and vinegar and a teaspoonful of powdered copperas and three of salt is mixed in the evening feed. When due to an attack of garget and chronic, there is no cure, the milk is unfit for use and that quarter should be "dried off."

## Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9.)

ways wanted to live in a mountainous country. I just love mountains and I would love to climb them. I have none to climb here.

So you don't like bobbed hair, Uncle? It quite amuses me to hear you men give your opinion. If you men had to wear long hair a few days, you would soon advise all women to bob it. Men don't know anything at all about it, but they think it awful. I think I will bob in some day. My hair is awful, I think. My younger sister and I are just crazy to bob our hair, but our older sisters don't like it, neither does our mother. Yet after they got used to it I believe they would think it all right.

Well, I think I had better ring off. This long letter would make a good meal for Billy, but I hope he doesn't get it.

A COMFORT cousin, ALICE INEZ VINCENT.

Alice, I'm not going to say a word against Spofford if you don't want me to, and if so many nasty people have already said unkind things about the town you like so much. I am sure I can agree with you that "some of the best people on earth" live in Spofford. But, Alice, it fortunately happens that this is true of every place on the round globe. There are best and worst folks in all towns, and all we can do is to try and make the best more, and the worst more few.

You say it is "interesting" to have everybody know everybody else's business the way they can do in a small village like Spofford, Alice Inez. Well I'll say it is, sometimes. But it often depends in its enjoyable interest upon who does the knowing and who gets known! I've seen many towns where folks didn't feel happy at having their doings so well known up and down Main Street and around the Spofford Garage, so to speak. How these folks were usually not among the "best people on earth."

Yes, Alice, mainly our life is what we make it and we really don't have to have it as blue as it seems to become for some indigo dwellers in Spofford and elsewhere. Good hard work and doing something for somebody else are both cures for the blues, as perhaps you know. And looking up at God's blue sky is another remedy—on the principle that like cures like!

Alice, in spite of what you say about men bobbing their hair, I am not going to bob mine—although I could do it easily and neatly with a pair of manicure scissors and a two-inch mirror.

BLACK MOUNTAIN, BOX 17, NO. CAROLINA.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA AND COUSINS: Have you just a small corner of your department to spare for this letter? I am just another one of the lonely ones knocking at your door and seeking to join your happy circle. I have been in this part of the country only a short time (about eight months), and haven't as yet made the acquaintance of more than a half-dozen people. My home town and my friends are several hundred miles away from here. I was born and raised in Chicago, the Windy City, but I got tired of its noise and soot, so I came down here for a rest and a change of air.

This is a wonderful scenic country. I have never seen such beautiful scenery anywhere. I will try to describe its beauty, but I know beforehand that I cannot do it justice. Even a poet would find it a hard task. We are in a valley a few miles east of the town and are completely surrounded by mountains. To the west looms the Garden of Eden, the Beach Tree and Old Saddleback. The Garden of Eden is the prettiest mountain of the three and is almost entirely covered with pine and spruce. The other two peaks are just what their names imply. To the north is Black Mountain, from which the town takes its name. To the south is the best of them all. The Craggies, with their rugged peaks jut into the sky. I think the mountains look most beautiful on the evening when they seem to be shrouded in blue haze through which they loom mysteriously. As I sit in the evening looking at the mountains, I begin to think how small and tawdry the man-made skyscrapers of the city are compared to nature's own.

Now I think I'll describe myself so you'll all know what I look like. I am a young man, twenty-two years old; five feet, nine and a half inches tall, in my stocking feet, and with gray-blue eyes and wavy blonde hair.

I hope that Billy will let this pass and that some of the cousins will write to me.

Your lonely nephew-cousin, ERNEST A. FOX.

Why, of course, Ernest, we've got a corner for you and are delighted to start you in on our course for the Cure of Lishas. You know only six people in North Carolina, you will soon know over six hundred throughout the other forty-seven states where our League spreads its family fold and broad smile.

I like mountains just as much as you do, Ernest, and in this month of August I will be able to look at them and love them just as you are doing. But I will not have so many or so high ones about me as your fortunate and highland state can boast. Once, in New York, my nearest peak was the U. S. Rubber building—one of those man-made skyscrapers you mention. It was not very satisfactory as a mountain, its only advantage being that it could be climbed by elevator. New York has quite a fair-sized range of Commercial Alps—the Woolworth building—sort of built of dimes and nickels—is 792 feet high, the Metropolitan is 700, and the Equitable towers up 487. These seem the higher to me now that a friend, just back from Europe, tells me that in Paris there is no building higher than 65 feet! Perhaps it is a good idea for European countries to keep the buildings low when aircraft and heavy bombing planes are developing so rapidly. Ambitious army circles. Buildings 65 feet high will not make nearly as big ruins as 650 ones! It is a satisfaction to know that aircraft of the future will have a hard time reducing your Craggies or Saddleback, Ernest. Man can destroy what man has made, and he has been doing this quite consistently and skillfully

down the centuries, but when he tackles the work and the plan of God, it becomes quite a different matter. Yet there's a time coming, Ernest, when man will come to know it is better to work with God than against him. Then our world can grow to new and permanent beauty—as promising as a sunrise, as beautiful as the pines and redwoods, as firmly founded as your Craggies.

"HARRISON, R.3, HEDGEGROW FARM," ARK.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA AND COUSINS: I have been reading the cousins' letters and thought I would like to chat a while. My home is in the beautiful Ozarks. We live on a farm of 140 acres, four and a half miles from Harrison, the county seat of Boone county. Papa is a railroad man and works at Harrison. Brother manages the farm. Mother and I care for our Jersey cows, chickens, turkeys, etc. We have a thirty-acre apple orchard which was lovely this spring when it was in bloom. The pears, cherries and peaches here budded early and were killed by the late cold weather of the spring.

"With a whistling wind that shrieked and shrilled. It swept the county and the fruit was killed. Yes, the fruit was frozen and as stiff as starch. On that day of the blizzard, the eighteenth of March!"

Maybe you are wondering what I look like, so here I am: Fair complexion, brown hair, violet blue eyes, fourteen years old.

We love COMFORT very much. Our family have been continuous subscribers for thirty-one years. Uncle Lisha, I hope you will print this.

Love to all, FRANKIE D. JONES.

Frankie, I like the name of your farm. All farms should be named. Every single acre has its individuality of climate, location or product which can make it more than just "the farm." To Christen the home acres appropriately is to make them more real and loveable and symbolize them as a little dearer place to live. But the right sort of a name must be chosen. I once knew a Nebraska farmer who chose to call his place "Suspenders Flats." He said it was sure flat and always more or less covered with suspenders.

Because I have such a mouth for fruit Frankie, I was the more sorry to hear of your trees being blighted by the frosty fingers of the late and chilly spring. Perhaps you can make a deal and sell some of that fruit frozen "as stiff as starch" to some soda fountain man who specializes in fruit sundaes. Frozen peaches go good with ice cream! Frank, I hope the Hedgegrow Farm will never be hit by such a freeze again during the next 31 years that your folks are COMFORT subscribers and that you sit out under the apple trees, reading the Cousins' letters while thirty acres of blossoms drip in soft fragrance on your brown hair. Can't you sell all those falling and wasting petals to some mattress factory, Frankie? Think of sleeping on an apple blossom mattress! Oh, boy! That would be the cat's mores, all right, all right!

KINGSPORT, 920 DALE ST., TENNESSEE.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA AND COUSINS: Here is a letter from among the hills of sunny east Tennessee. I am a boy of sixteen years of age, expecting to be seventeen in August. I am five feet, six inches tall; have blue eyes, brown hair, and weigh about 130 pounds. I am a sophomore in high school. My home is in Kyles Ford, Tennessee. I am here going to school. I have been here about three months and will stay two months longer. I would like to hear from all the cousins who care to write to me.

I study every night until about twelve o'clock. I burn a whole lot of what is called the midnight oil, but I make good grades all the time. I am just through taking monthly exams.

Well, I will ring off this time as it is late. If any of the cousins write, will they please address me at my home, Kyles Ford, Tennessee.

Sincerely, RAY W. ROGERS.

Ray, midnight oil, like elbow grease, is a commodity well worth buying and using. Unfortunately few places keep these things in stock, and they are certain never to be found for sale at local stores, barber shops or pool rooms. Often one can make his own midnight oil by boiling down a few pounds of perseverance and mixing with a little perspiration and push. Midnight oil, Ray, has given forth the brightest light this old world has ever seen. Wise men have always known this and insisted on burning it in preference to any easier and more artificial light obtained by pressing a button. Keep on using your precious product, Ray, and use the glow you gain to keep your path clear on the up grade. You'll never be sorry you used this way of gaining light on the Road of Life—which always stretches ahead a little dim and unknown when one "is sixteen and expecting to be seventeen."—Ray, my birthday is in August, too, and I am expecting to be.....

WEST WRIGHTSTOWN, WISCONSIN.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA AND COUSINS: Hello, folks! Here comes a letter from one of the best states in the Union—the Badger State. I have never traveled beyond the boundaries of Wisconsin. My motto has always been: "See Wisconsin First." So I'm going to tell you what I have learned about my state. The surface of Wisconsin is generally a great rolling plain. A low height of land extends through the state, north and south, a little east of the center and at a point about thirty miles south of Lake Superior. At this point it meets another elevation extending east and west. The Wisconsin River, which flows through the central part of the state, is the largest river wholly within the state boundaries. Through a part of its course this river has cut its way through the sand stone bluffs forming the Dalles, noted for their scenic beauty. In the southeastern, north central and northern parts of the state are numerous lakes which are favorite resorts for summer residents, and also for hunters and fishermen. The largest of these lakes is Lake Winnebago which is twenty miles south of Wrightstown. Large numbers of cattle, horses and swine are raised every year in Wisconsin, and as a dairy state it is one of the foremost in the United States. In recent years the manufacturing industries have developed with remarkable rapidity. The most important of these is the manufacture of lumber, and the paper and timber products. Wisconsin is a leading state.

Milwaukee is the chief center of trade on Lake Michigan and for the state at large, while Superior is the chief commercial city for the northwestern part of the state. Wisconsin also leads in the production of iron ore, the mines being located along the Menominee River valley and in the Gribble range in the north. In the southwestern part of the state are important deposits of lead and zinc, and granite is found in the central portion. Not least of all, Wisconsin maintains one of the best school systems in the Union.

Just a few more paragraphs and I will skidoo! I graduated from my home town high school in 1921. The following year I entered a training school for nurses at Racine. I was there but one year when I became ill. I am still convalescing from that illness and will continue to be a convalescent for a number of years. When I get well I am going to finish my training and specialize in surgery. I like my work so well that I get homesick for it. I am not allowed to have many visitors, so all I do to pass the time is to read and build air castles. I enjoy reading good books very much. I would like to hear from all the cousins that care to write. I will answer as many as I can, for I have nodies of time all my own to make pen replies.

I am five feet, seven inches tall; have brown hair, blue eyes, and suntanned cheeks plus a few freckles. My age is "over eighteen." I am not twenty-one yet, so guess!

With heaps of love to all the cousins—but keep most of it for yourself, Uncle Lisha, I am

Your homesick Wisconsin niece and cousin,

Nellie, the Badger State is all right! You have

lakes, woods and Holsteins—all good things. Your lakes can remain the same in number, your Jersey and Holstein milk fountains may increase, but your forests, alas, are dwindling and have dwindled. This is an old and sad story, Nellie, that of the destruction and waste of our country's great woodlands. A century ago it was Maine and the other states of New England that turned out the most of our lumber. Today, thirty per cent. of the lumber used in New England must be shipped in. When New England and the states of New York and Pennsylvania began to fail as bases of supply, the lake states—your Wisconsin and Michigan and Minnesota—began to echo to the sound of the axe, and the trees fell! By 1870, Wisconsin and Michigan had captured the lumber supremacy of the U. S. The forests melted away. In particular the vast quantities of white pine were soon drained. You can know how clean was the sweep of pine lumber, when I tell you that today your Badger State produces less white pine than is cut annually in the old and much-lumbered states of Maine and New Hampshire. The last stand of our forests—a last stand in more senses than one—is on the Pacific coast. At the edge of the ocean axe and saw must cease. No tall green tops tower above the waves. Yet by the end of ten or twelve years the big forests of the Pacific coast states will have been stripped of their most and best. Then we will all write long articles, draw long faces, adopt expensive policies framed by expensive commissions—and begin re-forestation on a scale little imagined now. But at present we keep a heavy duty on Canadian lumber—and cut our own trees four times as fast as they grow! I'm sorry you are ill, Nellie, but glad you are a cheerful convalescent with work you like awaiting your recovery. When we like our work, our work likes us, and things move smoothly and well along the grooves of the duties of the days.

MARSHALLVILLE, GEORGIA.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA AND COUSINS: Oh, how I would have liked it if you could have been with us March 22nd! We enjoyed a large fete called the big Peach Festival. Of course you might know I live in the largest peach belt of the country. The festival was staged at Fort Valley, Georgia. We had a barbecue and a big pageant. There were 25,000 visitors.

I live on a large peach farm of several thousand acres of nothing but peach trees. They are beautiful when in bloom—just a solid mass of pink and very pleasing to the eye. We have been working for a new county in Georgia. We are going to name it Peach County. As it was opposed in the state, we voted, and we lost our county; but in two years we expect to try again. I would thank every cousin in Georgia if they would all cast votes in favor of Peach County.

Next time I will describe myself. I would appreciate and answer every letter sent to me. With lots of love,

Your cousin, NELLIE HOLLEY.

Thanks for wanting us at your Peach Festival, Nellie. Well, I know that Bill and I would have been glad to have been there, particularly Bill. Think of the Peach Barbecue! Baked peaches are WONDERFUL! With ladles of CREAM! I suppose you barbecued some nice plump pound peach and sliced him up afterwards. Nellie, to live in a peach belt is nice, but I like my peaches under no belt. Anyway I think you must be having a peach of a life, dwelling amid thousands of acres of peach trees and having peach pie three meals a day. If you don't send me an advance invitation to your next year's Festival I shall never forgive you. What good does it do me to hear about it now in August? All I can do is chew on a

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 34.)

## Sugar, Creamer And Tray



MADE of "crushed" silver—the very latest idea. Sugar, Creamer and Tray are full standard size. The Tray is quadruple silver plated and both Sugar and Creamer are quadruple silver plated outside and gold lined inside. A very useful set and a beautiful ornament for the dining table or sideboard.

CLUB OFFER. We will send you this Crushed Silver Set free and prepaid for four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each. Reward No. 7894. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

## Comfort's Bedtime Stories For Little Folks

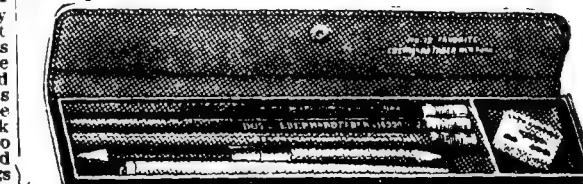


## 20 WONDERFUL TALES 20 In Story And Verse 20

TWO complete libraries of cute little books for the children, including many of the old-time favorites as well as newer and later stories. Library No. 7951 consists of Robinson Crusoe, Little Red Riding Hood, Cinderella, Mother Goose, Animal Pets, Playmates, The Three Bears, The Sleeping Beauty, Playful Pets, Tickle Mouse, Vol. 1. Library No. 7952 consists of Land of Tulips, Our Farm Yard, Our Country, Jappy Days, Story of Santa Claus, Chums, Tickle Mouse, Vol. 2. In the Jungle, Tickle Mouse, Vol. 3. The Big League. Each book is 4x5 1/4 inches in size, printed in large clear type and contains five beautiful full-page illustrations in colors.

Given To You! We will send you either Library of 10 Books free and prepaid for one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50 cents, or both Libraries (20 Books) for two one-year subscriptions at 50 cents each. Please mention number of Libraries wanted. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

## Only One Subscription Brings This Big Pencil Set

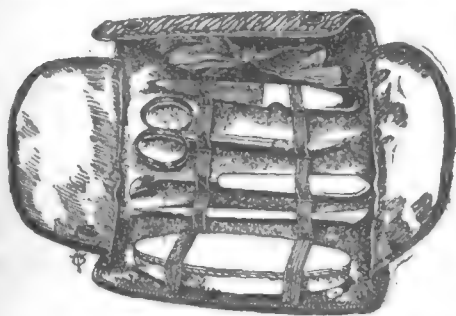


For everyday school use this compact, brightly colored leatherette case contains an especially useful writing and drawing assortment. Each box contains the following pencils: 1 Flashlight, 1 National, 1 Mongol, each 7 inches or more in length; 1 Double pencil, really two pencils in one; 1 pen and 1 penholder, and 1 soft rubber eraser. The entire assortment fits into neat compartments and is held securely in place by the patent snap clasps on the flaps. For one subscription this set represents a big, big value.

Given To You! For only one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50 cents, we will send you this Pencil Set free and postpaid. Reward No. 8881. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



## French Ivory Manicure Set In A Roll-Up Leather Case

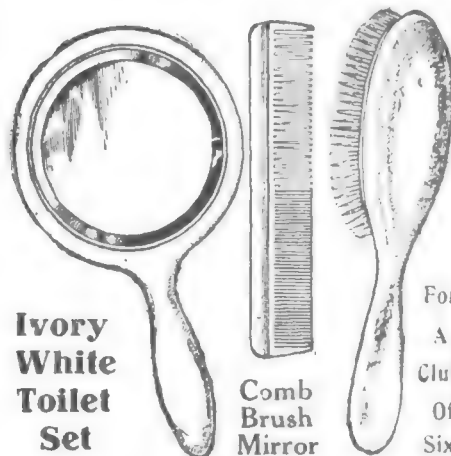


### Given For A Club Of Four!

A PRACTICAL and beautiful Set, containing everything necessary for the proper care of the nails. It consists of a 5-inch flexible polished steel nail file, a pair of 3½-inch polished steel curved nail scissors, a 4-inch cuticle knife with French Ivory handle, a 4-inch French Ivory nail stick, and a 4½-inch nail polisher or buffer with French Ivory Top. All these articles are neatly contained in a moire-lined, genuine leather case, measuring 6½ inches wide and 6 inches from end to end when opened. The case rolls up as shown in illustration, and fastens with two snap clasps. In this form it resembles a miniature pocketbook, and is just as convenient to carry, as it measures only 5½x2 inches and only 1 inch in thickness.

Although we offer this Manicure Set for an unusually small club, please understand that each and every piece is strictly high grade and regulation size. We know that every woman and girl who accepts this offer and earns one of these splendid Sets will be more than delighted with it. It is free on the terms of the following offer.

**Given To You!** For four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you this splendid French Ivory Manicure Set in a roll-up leather case free by parcel post prepaid. Reward No. 8124. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Ivory  
White  
Toilet  
Set

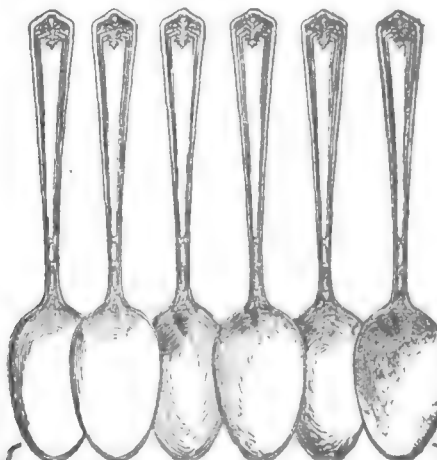
Comb  
Brush  
Mirror

For  
A  
Club  
Of  
Six

PURE white, with a fine smooth finish, this handsome Comb, Brush and Mirror Set equals in appearance the finest French Ivory. The Comb is 7½ inches long, very light and dainty, with both coarse and fine teeth. The Brush is 10 inches long and 2½ inches wide, with medium-length, finest, stiff bristles. The Mirror, which measures 10x5½ inches, is made of heavy, flawless, beveled French glass, 4½ inches in diameter. No lady could wish for a finer Toilet Set than this one. It has the air of refinement found in the highest grade Ivory Sets. It is just as durable and can be cleaned as often as desired without injury to its smooth Ivory white finish.

We will give you, free, this fine Ivory White Comb, Brush and Mirror Set in a fitted box upon the terms of the following special offer.

**Given To You!** For six one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each, we will send you this Comb, Brush and Mirror Set in a fitted box, free, by parcel post, prepaid. Reward No. 7796. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



## Six Silver Teaspoons

The Ever Popular "Avon" Design. BY buying in large quantities we are enabled to offer our readers this handsome set of six teaspoons for the ridiculously small club mentioned below. They are six inches long, made of pure nickel-silver, so there is no brass to show through, and they will never have that dingy or tarnished appearance even after years of constant use. The design is the beautiful "Avon" deeply embossed on the handles.

The rich design and splendid wearing qualities of these teaspoons combine to make this the most attractive premium offered in years. Our illustration does not do them justice. They must be seen to be appreciated. We know they will exceed your highest expectations.

**Given To You!** For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you six of these fine Nickel-Silver Teaspoons free by parcel post, prepaid. Reward No. 9682. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

# Shaggy Teddy Bear

Clean Shaggy  
Hair  
Stoutly  
Stitched  
10 inches  
Tall  
Fully Jointed



Gift No. 9992—For 2 Subscriptions.

When the man who buys COMFORT's gifts went to market this spring to get his annual stock of Teddy Bears the manufacturers told him that all the Teddy Bears had been sold and that if he wanted any he would have to pay twice as much as he ever did before. This wasn't very good news to COMFORT's buyer because he realized how many hundreds and hundreds of COMFORT's boys and girls would be disappointed by the failure to supply dear, happy, old Teddy.

But COMFORT's buyer said "We will get the Teddy Bears somehow." We are not going to disappoint a single boy or girl in the big COMFORT family if we can positively help it.

So after a good deal of hustling and hunting the buyer found a manufacturer in New York who knew how to make real, shaggy, lovable Teddy Bears. But the price was terribly high. The manufacturer said, "My Teddy Bears are not to be compared with bears from other factories. Look at this shaggy fur, see how well sewed they are and notice how natural and lifelike the arms, legs and face are. And just look at those sparkling, shiny eyes. Did you ever see a better made bear?" The man from COMFORT had to agree that it was the finest Teddy Bear he had ever seen.

Finally after a great deal of persuasion the manufacturer said: "Well, if you will buy the Teddies now—that was last April—I'll let you have them so that you can still offer them to COMFORT's subscribers for only two subscriptions." So we are ready to supply the finest, cutest, most lovable 10-inch Teddy that ever came to play with a little boy or girl. You will be delighted with this handsome fellow.

**Given To You!** For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you one of the fine, shaggy Teddy Bears free and postpaid. Reward No. 9992. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

## Queen Bess Handsome 13-inch dressed doll

For only Two Subscriptions

Gift No. 1822.

Oh what a big beautiful doll! That was our exclamation when first we saw her queenly loveliness peering from the big box in which she came.

And that will be what you'll exclaim, too, when you see her and place her in the loving embrace of your child. What child could resist the endearing charms of such a beautiful queen of the land!

Thirteen inches she stands and no bride would be dressed for the wedding day without her as an entrancing. We wish our artists could more accurately the handsome dress of every one with its cute lace yoke and soft, blue sash.

But you can perhaps picture in your mind's eye the dress and can imagine a face as sweet and refreshing as a morning in June and with a rosy flush on the round, full cheeks as dainty as the first gentle hint of dawn. And such handsome teeth! Like distending pearls between Cupid lips of rosy red.

Eyes that open and close with as dreamy blue as the azure depths of the heavens.

Hair—light brown—almost golden—and soft and fluffy as fine silk. It falls back from her forehead in long flowing curls that reach half way down her back.

Crowning her golden tresses is a dainty bonnet of straw in which is a bright feather entwined at a coquettish angle.

Send for this doll today and let your child have the pleasure of her company enthroned among the most treasured possessions of her play-room.

**Given To You!** If you will send us only two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each we will send you this beautiful Queen Bess Doll free and postpaid. Reward No. 1822.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



## Superb Shaving Set

Safety Razor, 3 Blades, Mennen's Shaving Cream and Powder—All for Two Subscriptions. Gift No. 1712.

Men who shave and who have to repeat that more or less torturous operation 365 times a year will smile with glowing satisfaction when they read how easy it is to obtain this superb shaving set. (Women, you owe it to your husbands to show them this ad.) See that razor, men. It's the he-man's safety razor, the same style of razor that has hoed the stubble off millions of rough and jagged chins and left them clean, smooth and velvety. Every man in the world, most, knows this razor.

And there are the blades—3 of them—all ready for business. To load up, simply slip a blade over the prongs on the bottom plate, drop on the safety slide and tighten up the handle. A slight twist of the handle gives you any desired adjustment. When you need new blades ask for Gillette's. They will fit and shave equally well.

Mennen's Cream adds comfort to your shave. Just to make the razor's job more pleasant for you men folks we are including a tube of Mennen's famous shaving cream. Every razor needs a little beard softening. Mennen's is the choice of millions of men. It's the kind that does not need any mussy rubbing in with the fingers. This wonderful cream works equally well with hot or cold water—soft or hard. The lather does not dry on the face but whips up instantly with a firm, creamy, moist mass of beard softening foam. There's cream enough for a month of the smoothest, quickest, most refreshing shaves a man ever enjoyed.

Finally in our offer there are two close fitted cans of Mennen powder, one with talcum for men, another of Kora-Konia, a cool, soothing antiseptic powder for tender skins.

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### The Family Doctor

The remedies and advice here given are intended only for simple cases; serious should be taken to your local doctor.

Address, The Family Doctor, COMFORT, Maine. Sign your true name and give address. Name will not be published.

E. N. Maynardville, Tenn.—Maybe your trouble is due to your floating kidney. Better have an abdominal support, or be operated on, is condition.

T. H. L. Pleasant Hill, Ill.—You must have catarrhal condition. Spray the nose three times with Dobell's solution (2) Also bathe the with a saturated solution of boric acid—use lution cold.

H. A. K. Burns, Col.—You probably have a ic rheumatic condition. Bathe the swollen parts aturated solution of Epsom salts and keep them ith this solution during the day and night as well five drops of a saturated solution of iodide of well diluted and avoid sweets and pastries of id. Drink plenty of water.

L. M. DeWitt, Ark.—For gall-stones one of the remedies is a preparation known as Holadin, one capsule after meals and with your meals eat f salad-oil. Of course avoid sweets and pastries kinds.

A. B. G. Cameron, N. C.—The condition is uned a traumatic cataract. An operation will e it. The spots in the other eye may be due to too much meat, eggs etc. Glasses are not indi until you have an operation.

J. L. M. Wattensaw, Ark.—Fats of all kinds are indicated in tubercular conditions.

R. E. S. Montrose, Neb.—You may have a ie fibroid tumor. Be examined and if this is the ave the uterus removed with growth.

J. J. Goodwin, Ark.—Have the mole removed e of the actual cautery. This is the only sure way

C. V. Pine City, Minn.—If the gall-stones are and obstructive, operation is the only cure. If are small, sometimes avoidance of sweets of all including pastries and taking a preparation n as Holadin will effect a cure. Take two cap after meals.

C. W. M. Temple, Texas—Your laceration ther conditions due to the laceration are the cause ur sterility at this time. Be operated on and have arts restored to normal and you will no doubt be pregnant again.

F. P. C. Chamita, New Mexico.—For the e take after meals for some time five drops of a ad solution of the iodide of potassium well, ad. Avoid meats and eggs.

D. E. O. Bald Knob, Ark.—Take for the sour ach, one bicarbonate of soda compound tablet meals.

J. B. Huron, South Dak.—The backache is ibly due to some unprepared laceration of the is. Be examined, and if this is the case, have the restored by operation at once.

F. L. Dallas, Texas—Have the last rupture operated on at once and after the child is cured, a properly fitted belt worn for some time to aid the minal muscles and prevent recurrence of the ire, or ruptures, again.

H. R. Bolton Center, Conn.—Try, for your ic constipation, two teaspoonfuls of cascara dia, fluid extract, morning and night. Also with meals take a tablespoonful of American Oil.

C. W. R. LeRoy, Minn.—You are somewhat weight and should avoid sweets of all kinds as well astries. (2) Take after meals, for the cough, a ounful of Pertussin.

H. E. H. Gassville, Ark.—You are nervous. After meals a five-grain pill of asafetida. Avoid e of all kinds. For the nasal condition, use Do solution as a spray.

R. P. W. Enka, Okla.—You are in a measure tic and introspective. Try taking a five-grain of asafetida after meals. Also massage the limbs arms before retiring to awaken the circulation and e the nerves as well.

G. E. S. Necessity, Texas—A two percent jon of resorcin in equal parts of alcohol and rose r will cure your dandruff if applied every other to the scalp.

H. V. S. Walnut, Neb.—Hodgkins disease is readily cured. You might have your father take e meals five drops of a saturated solution of the le of potassium, well diluted. Also have him d meats of all kinds, as well as eggs.

F. W. Valier, Ill.—Simply a poor physical ition due to multiple pregnancies. You need a e. Take after meals a tablespoonful of Basham's ure well diluted.

R. E. L. Grafton, Va.—You may have a high d pressure. Take after meals five drops of a sat ed solution of iodide of potassium, well diluted id sweets and pastries of all kinds and keep you elds free by use of some good constitutional cathar such as cascara sagrada in some form.

C. A. H. Clemull, Texas.—You should be exnd by your local doctor and find out whether or ou have (hernia) rupture. In the meantime can take two teaspoonfuls of Warburg's tincture diluted after meals; as a tonic.

C. P. K. West Union, Ohio.—Avoid the exive use of the ginger tea and substitute for it a pound bicarbonate of sodium tablet. Take the et after meals.

H. H. M. Creighton, South Dak.—Poor re a circulation is the cause of the trouble with your ur's legs. Have her wear an elastic bandage ing the day, and apply, to the eczematous areas, sar's paste at night.

B. K. Ella Gap, Ga.—You may have a chronic arial condition. Take after meals one teaspoonful Warburg's tincture, well diluted. For the womb dilution there is no cure outside of operation.

G. W. C. Ripley, West Va.—Any druggist get the Lassar's paste for you from some wholes drug house. Have your local druggist send for it.

B. F. Grand Locks, North Dak.—Rickets is sed by improper feeding. Give the baby with his als a teaspoonful of lime water.

D. L. Peacock, Texas.—Massage the cheek efully and in time the small scar will disappear.

A. F. D. Houston, Texas.—Soak the hair in linsed oil over night and, in the morning, wash e oil with some good tar soap; then apply to the te of the hair a two per cent. solution of resorcin solved in equal parts of alcohol and rose water.

C. W. A. Goshen, Oregon.—There is no remedy loss of smell. Better consult some good nose spelist and be treated for the condition of nasal mucous mbrane.

M. R. S. North Emporia, Va.—The enlarge ment of thyroid gland may be the cause of your many mptoms. Take after meals five drop doses well uted of iodide of potassium. Use a saturated solu n of the iodine. Also avoid meats and eggs.

A. J. S. Yukon, Okla.—You are chronically stipated. Take morning and night two teaspoon s of fluid extract of cascara sagrada, well diluted

V. P. Wood, Pa.—You have, may be, a chronic urisy. Take after meals a teaspoonful of pertussin il diluted and live mostly on milk and cereals. You ht also have your chest strapped with adhesive sters to limit motion of chest.

G. R. Oak Harbor, Ohio.—Think you and idren have a chronic malaria. Take after meals a spoonful of Warburg's tincture, well diluted.

L. S. T. Gades, S. C.—For your nervousness e five-grain pills of asafetida after meals. Of course t only such foods as are easily digested and agree t you.

N. D. Cairo, Ohio.—If your breasts have acal hard lumps and they—the lumps—adhere to the ternal skin, you better have them examined at once. e condition is well and enlarge at times you can neglect e condition as functional. For the kidney condition ke after meals a two-grain tablet of urotropin. You ould drink plenty of good spring water.

A. M. O. Muscatine, Iowa.—For your painful nation, take after meals five-grain tablets of uro pin, and drink plenty of water.

# Lucky Thirteen

By Richard G. Swaringen

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PENELOPE Dare and Jack Stafford had come to the movies, where they had seen Love conquer a multitude of difficulties and attain unto its own. Now, having returned to Penelope's home, they sat upon a sofa which they had drawn up before a companionable wood fire in the parlor. (Folks still have parlors in our town). Sat there and talked until at length the hour waxed late, and Jack awakened to the realization that a golden opportunity was slipping by. So in an intense voice he said:

"Penelope, as I've told you before, I love you! I ask nothing better than the privilege of devoting the rest of my life to the task of making you happy—which is saying as much as a man can say! For the twelfth time, I ask you, will you be my wife?"

"For the twelfth time," replied Penelope, "my answer is no!"

She said it kindly, for Penelope did not like to see anyone, or anything, suffer. But she also said it firmly. In her tone and manner was no hint of yielding. Penelope was that kind of person. She had the courage of her convictions. She possessed a round determined chin, cleft in the middle; a firm mouth; a slightly turned-up nose; and steady brown eyes. She was nearly as tall as Jack, and somewhat luxuriously upholstered. Jack had often mused on what a joy it would be to hug her warm, beautiful body; but he was careful to keep such musings to himself. For Penelope was not a girl whom one might hug lightly. She weighed a hundred and forty pounds.

Jack's intelligent face grew a shade paler and at least an inch longer, and he heaved an audible sigh. But, after two unsuccessful attempts, he presently succeeded in grinning.

"Now that's to do over again!" he complained humorously. "It's growing monotonous! Well, proposal number thirteen comes next."

"Why don't you quit it, Jack?" Penelope's eyes softened. "You know I'm not worth it. I wish for your sake, that I might return your love."

But even as she said it, Penelope knew that only half of her wished this. The other half was wishing it might have been another man—a certain other man—who was proposing to her.

"I can't quit," Jack said simply. "I have to keep trying as long as there's hope. And there's hope as long as we both live and you're not married or engaged to somebody else."

"I'm sorry!" Penelope's hand rested for a moment on his arm and her face was turned away. Penelope was not one to show emotion easily. When she turned her face toward him again there were tears in her eyes. "I think that is the finest compliment a man could pay a girl. So I suppose I ought to tell you that what you ask for already belongs to another man."

Jack was silent for several minutes; then he said steadily:

"I congratulate him. Do you mind telling me who he is?"

"I'd rather not," Penelope shook her head.

"But if you are going to marry him—"

"I fear I'm not, Jack!" Penelope's eyes looked for an instant like those of some wounded creature. "You see, my love seems to be wasted—like yours. He—he cares for someone else!" The brown eyes wavered; then the long dark lashes descended on cheeks that had grown whiter. Jack saw two tears steal out from under them.

"You poor girl!" he exclaimed compassionately. Apparently he forgot his own disappointment in concern for hers. With an air of brotherly tenderness, he slipped his arm around her waist; drew her head down upon his shoulder. "Poor girl! You know I'm sorry, dear. Just consider me your big brother, and cry all you want to. Tell me as much about your trouble as you like—and as little. I'll help you if I can."

And, availing herself of this permission, Penelope went upon his shoulder without restraint. She forgot that he, too, was a disappointed lover, and that she was the author of his disappointment; forgot that he was anything but a strong, tender friend. It was very comforting, she realized, to have a broad shoulder upon which to pour out her grief.

She wept quietly, with long quivering sighs. And Jack held her close, feeling for the first time the soft warmth of her in his arms, her hair against his cheek. How different this from the embrace of his dreams! But Jack was not thinking of that. He was grieving for the sorrow of his friend; wondering what he could do to help her.

"Penelope," he said suddenly and rather breathlessly, "I'm going to kiss you!"

Penelope stiffened and raised her head, surprised indignation bringing a momentary forgetfulness of her sorrow. "You are not!" she denied, trying to draw out of his encircling arms.

"I am, too!" declared Jack. And he did, first on one cheek, then on the other, then on the lips.

"You cheek, then on the other, then on the lips. And stood before him, magnificent in her wrath. Her cheeks burned poppy-red; her eyes flamed with scorn; her bosom rose and fell like a stormy sea. "Leave this house at once! And I hope I'll never see you again!"

Jack rose also. His face was pale and sad, but he managed to smile wistfully.

"There's no remedy for grief so sure and quick as anger!" he remarked. "I was only trying to help you. Think it over—Good-by, Penelope!"

He turned and walked to the door, his head up, his steps brisk and even. Without looking back, he opened the door and went out.

But once out in the cold, clear night, he looked up at stars that were brilliantly inscrutable, his mind trying to peer into a future that stretched before him in bleak desolation. Imagination revolted at the task of contemplating existence without Penelope. Jack found and lit his pipe; then set off to walk until he should feel like going to bed.

Standing where he had left her, Penelope stared fixedly at the door until long after he was gone. She was furiously angry, but already her indignation was beginning to give place to curiosity. What had he meant by those last words, she wondered, her face showing an odd mixture of rage and bewilderment. "There's no remedy for grief so sure and quick as anger," he had said; and now the words clung to her memory with irritating persistence.

At length, frowning more from thought than from anger, she resumed her seat on the sofa. For a long time she sat motionless, staring into the fire. Strangely, she was not thinking of the man she loved. She was thinking of Jack Stafford, his kindness through all the years she had known him, his unvarying honesty, his delicacy of feeling. Surely a girl never had a better friend. . . . But he had kissed her against her will; had insulted her! Her face flamed again at the memory. She told herself fiercely that she hated him.

"There's no remedy for grief so sure and quick as anger!" Again his words were in her ears. . . . And at last Penelope knew.

So that was it! He loved her—and yet he had been willing to let her misjudge him, hate him, if by that he could make her forget for a few moments! He loved her so much as that!

"Oh, Jack!" murmured Penelope; and tenderly pressed her hands against the burning cheeks he had kissed. "Dear Jack! Your love is bigger and better than mine!"

Then she fell to wondering if Arnold Gates, the man she loved, would have done such a thing—even for the girl he loved, Ellen Anderson, her own closest friend. And at last, trembling with so many emotions she could not analyze them, she threw herself face downward on the sofa, weeping softly. Though she could not have told whether her tears came more from pity for Jack Stafford or from pity for herself.

After what might have been hours for all Penelope knew to the contrary, there came a faint, insistent knocking on the outer door—repeated many times before the girl heard it and sat up, wondering who could be knocking at that un-

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Jack kissed her. Arm in arm, they slowly and silently walked the few remaining steps to her home, where Penelope mounted to the low porch, then turned to put her hands upon his shoulders and look her love down into his eyes. Taking her cheeks between his palms, Jack drew her lips down to his and kissed her once more.

"The luckiest number in the whole arithmetic is undoubtedly the number thirteen!" said he, with a return of his old gay spirit. "And his tired feet were light again as he turned and left her."

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Address Home Lawyer, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. Sign your true name and give your address. Name will not be published.

C. H., Iowa.—Under the laws of your state, we think the real estate of your husband's first wife upon her death, if she left no will, descended to her children subject to her husband's life estate is one-third of same.

Mrs. P. D., Minnesota.—If the company from which you purchased the device you mention refuses or neglects to return your money upon your return of the goods as provided in your agreement with them, we think it will be necessary for you to sue them for the recovery of your money.

B. P., Kansas.—We can form no opinion as to your sister's rights under the will you mention without an examination of such will, but if she received only a remainder interest in the property we do not think her creditor can get possession of any greater interest, and that a sale of such interest would only entitle the purchaser thereunder to come into possession of the property at the time the life estate therein is terminated; the interest charges on his claim or judgment will, of course, increase the amount of his claim during the time it remains unpaid.

Mrs. J. W., Oklahoma.—If the notes you mention are valid notes, we think the payment of them can be enforced against any property the maker, or his estate may own except such as is exempt by law from levy under execution, we think the rights of creditors except as above stated come before the inheritance rights of the heirs of a descendant's estate.

J. D. H., Tennessee.—We think that if your nephew resold to his father the property previously given him by his father, the property would, upon the father's death, belong to his estate, and your nephew would be entitled to collect as a claim against the estate any unpaid balance of the purchase price; we think, however, you should be careful to see that the records properly reflect the transaction.

Mrs. M. S., Oklahoma.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will, and having a surviving widow and more than one child, his widow, in addition to certain small allowances and homestead rights if any, would receive one-third of the estate, after payment of debts and expenses, the balance of the estate going to the children in equal shares, the descendant of any deceased child taking their parent's share.

Mrs. G. S. T., Texas.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that the signature of the wife is not necessary for the conveyance of the separate property of the husband when such property is the homestead property; we think he can also, during the marriage, convey all community property of the husband and wife, except such as is used as a homestead, without the wife's signature to the deed.

Mrs. E. H., Colorado.—If the boy you mention has always used his stepfather's name, we do not think his marriage under such name would invalidate his marriage.

Mrs. G. W. P., South Carolina.—We think the enforcement of the collection of the money loaned for the man you mention over twenty-one years ago would now be barred by the statute of limitations.

Mrs. A. E. C., Wisconsin.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will, his surviving widow in addition to certain small allowances from the personal property and her homestead rights, if decedent leaves a homestead, would receive dower of a one-third interest for life in the real estate and one-third of the personal estate absolutely except that if there is only one child left and no descendants of a deceased child, in which event she would receive one-half of the personalty. We think it is necessary for the wife to survive her husband to receive inheritance rights in his estate.

Mrs. W. W. M., Michigan.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that the consent of the parents or guardians is necessary for the marriage of females under 18 years of age.

Mrs. P. A. I., Minnesota.—Under the laws of Montana, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will, and leaving no child nor descendant, his surviving widow would be entitled to receive one-half of his estate after payment of debts and expenses the balance going to his parents, or brothers and sisters, depending upon who is left.

Mrs. Z. K., Missouri.—We think the laws of your state require the consent of parents or guardians for the marriage of females under 18 years of age.

Mrs. E. B., New Jersey.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that real property owned by the husband and wife as tenants by the entirety upon the death of one becomes the sole property of the survivor and can be sold or disposed of by such survivor without the consent of the children of the decedent.

Mrs. G. B. S., Florida.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will, and leaving a surviving widow and one child as his only heirs at law and next of kin, his estate would go to such widow and child in equal shares provided the widow within twelve months after the granting of letters of administration by the properly executed document elects to take a child's part in the real estate in place or in lieu of her dower rights in such real estate.

Mrs. V. N., Tennessee.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that you have no interest in the property formerly owned by your mother, but sold by her during her lifetime.

Mrs. G. E. C., Idaho.—We do not think you have



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any interest in your stepfather's estate unless some provision was made for you by will.

C. P. W., Illinois.—We think your claim for services performed for your parents 27 years ago would now be outlawed. We think that upon the death of your mother without a will, the court would appoint an administrator to administer her estate giving preference to the nearest of kin and a preference to a resident over a non-resident, where the next of kin are of equal degree of relationship; we think if the administrator improperly administers the estate any party in interest can object to his account when the same is filed, or if his conduct warrants such action can petition for his removal and for an accounting and that the questions in dispute will then be tried by the court in such proceeding.

Mrs. H. H. H., Kentucky.—If the will you mention gives you an absolute vested interest in fee in the property you mention, we think you can sell or dispose of same without your children's consent, but if you have only some limited estate in the property you can only dispose of such interest therein; we think an examination of the will would be necessary in order to determine your rights thereunder; we think the use of the words "to her heirs and assigns forever" in such will would indicate that the device was absolute.

Mrs. A. F. C., Oklahoma.—We do not think the father of the illegitimate child you mention has any right to the custody or control of such child; we think the mother of the child would be entitled to collect from the father such sums of money as she has loaned him together with interest thereon.

Mrs. J. T. W., Pennsylvania.—Under the laws of your state, we do not think a married woman can convey good title to her real estate without her husband's signature to such conveyance, nor do we think she can, by will, bar him from an interest in her estate in case he survives her. (2). We think it would not be wise for you to commence any litigation against your relatives who do not consider your ailments as serious as they seem to you; we think the best methods to reduce flesh is through dieting and exercise.

Mrs. W. A. D., Pennsylvania.—If you have been in default in the payments called for in your contract since 1887, it seems to us that you must have lost all your rights thereunder.

### Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31.)

leathery chunk of California dried peach and dream of your acres and acres of orchard.

I hope you get your Peach County, Nell. Why not call it Peach Shortcake County? I think that would draw more votes—among the cousins, anyway. Some day we may have a president from Peach Shortcake County, Georgia. Why this would be better, even, than getting a Chief Executive from Dade County, Missouri! I'm for Peach Shortcake County, Nellie, and the bigger the county is, the better I'll be pleased.

WELLSTON, OKLAHOMA.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA AND COUSINS: Hello, everybody! How would you like to hear from a girl from the wild and woolly state of Oklahoma? Now, Uncle, this is my first letter, so please, old dear, tell that Billy fellow to pick up his walking stick and move off. If he gets this, the first chance I get I'll just naturally "push his face in!"

I've been a reader of COMFORT for a long time and like it fine. What I call a long time is about ten years, although mother was a subscriber long before then. However, at that time I hardly knew the difference between the League of Cousins and a jellyfish. Now remember I said *fish* and not *bean*. I live on a ranch about eight miles from a small town that will soon be an oil town. It's a small burg all right, but they surely have the jelly beans there. I don't see where all these girl-hating cousins have reason to talk. I know there are some poor ignorant girls in the world, those silly painted dolls they call flappers, but all the girls are not flappers, so I'm not saying all the boys are jelly beans. But, igh, oh, those jelly beans, with their painted cheeks and lips, pencilled eyebrows, slick hair, velvet breeches and an—oh—oh, sweet mamma, pass the mush! Now, come on, girls, let's have your opinion of the jelly beans.

I have bobbed hair, but it's been bobbed ever since I was knee high to a good-sized duck. But the hair does not make me a flapper, does it? Anyhow, I'm letting it grow out now.

By the way, cousins, what do you think of the girls who smoke cigarettes? I'd like to see what you think of them. I tell you I think they are bad customers. What's your opinion, Uncle Lisha?

Say, Uncle, you like to ride horses, don't you? I know you do; most everyone does. You take a few days off and come here and I'll let you ride bronchos to your heart's content. You can go on wolf hunts n' everything. Some cowboys here caught a large gray wolf the other night—the first gray wolf I ever saw in Oklahoma. It sure was pretty.

Well, I guess you think my letter is long enough, so I will close. I would like to hear from some of the cousins or all that care to write. I will answer all that I possibly can. I will not sign my real name, but please just address to Wellston, Oklahoma, R. 1, Box 28, and I will get the letters—that is if they come. I am five feet, one inch tall; have brown curly hair, and was seventeen the eighth of May.

Your loving niece and cousin, Percy.

Percy, you five foot, bobbed hair scout, I'm glad you brought up this question of jelly beans, and I shall hope to hear full and copious remarks from southern cousins regarding the whyness, whereiness and whatness of these candy kids. I call 'em candy kids, because in my kindergarten days jelly beans were a soft, chewy, many-colored, many-flavored bean-shaped confection, marvelously to be purchased at a cent a cup. With a good appetite and if one did not give too many away, all of five cents' worth might be deliciously consumed during a recess period. But why a slick-haired young southern youth should be christened after these tiny candies of my school days I cannot imagine. Is it because this variety of southern boy is so soft and sweet, Percy? Surely you ought to know! Question: Why is a jelly bean? and what? Don't all answer at once.

Percy, every girl who smokes a cigarette is not "a bad customer," but she's not as good a customer as if she did not consume those smoke sticks. I'm agin cigarette smoking for my nieces, Perc, and just to show I'm without prejudice in the matter, I'll say I'm agin 'em for nephews, aunts, uncles, mothers, fathers and grandparents.

### League Shut-in and Mercy Work for August

"Inasmuch as you have done it unto the least of these you have done it unto Me."

Written references from doctor and postmaster must positively accompany all appeals from shut-ins. Every month brings to me many letters which disregard this simple and necessary rule. Appeals unaccompanied by the references required will be destroyed.

Sarah R. Deal, Stuart, Va. A crippled shut-in badly in need of money or clothes. Grateful for past aid, she again asks help. Charles R. Estes, 225 S. Jackson St., Brunswick, Mo. This crippled boy of seventeen, confined to a wheel chair, does not ask financial aid, but does ask for letters from our League members. He's a cherry chap who deserves cheer! Mrs. Mary Denton, Alluwe, Okla. Unable to leave her crippled son, yet this worthy mother is striving to obtain sufficient COMFORT subscriptions to entitle the boy to a wheel chair. She asks our Cousins to aid her in getting COMFORT subscriptions. Send the subs direct to COMFORT and in your letter mention that they are to be credited to his wheel-chair account. Mrs. Alice Stacy, Varnell's Station, Ga. An elderly widow with a feeble-minded son, this poor woman struggles with ill health and the battle of a living for both. Send her some real aid and comfort. Mrs. Addie Martin, R. 4, Stuart, Va. Left a widow with a girl of three years and a boy of twenty months, this young mother faces a hard path. She needs a boost of cash and clothes. Lafayette Swanson, R. 2, Box 62, Boomer, N. C. Helpless as a baby for the past twenty years, this shut-in has worn out one wheel chair and hopes to obtain a new one through COMFORT's Wheel-Chair Club. He asks that COMFORT friends help by sending subscriptions for his credit in the Wheel-Chair Club. Mary Dillon, Leaksville, N. C. This helpless woman of 73 years asks for clothes or quilt pieces, also letters of cheer. Mrs. Sallie Fittan, Whitehouse, Ky. A struggling widow with four children; a crippled girl of 18, another girl of 13, a boy of 10, and a little girl of 5. Help of any or all sorts is needed.

None of us could turn away if some needy one spoke in our ear such appeals as are voiced each month in the letters of the shut-in and poverty-

burdened members of our League. Remember and imagine as best you can all the background of suffering, only an echo of which is shown by the simple listing of names here. A dime, a dollar, serviceable clothes, a word of cheer—all these are answers to urgent need. Give and be happy in the giving.

Lovingly,

Uncle Lisha

### Comfort's League of Cousins

The League of Cousins was founded as a means of bringing the scattered members of COMFORT's immense circle of readers into one big, happy family. Its aim is to promote a feeling of kinship and relationship among all readers.

Membership is restricted to COMFORT subscribers and costs fifty-five cents, only five cents more than the regular subscription to COMFORT which is included. The fifty-five cents makes you a member of the League and gives you an attractive League button with the letters "C. L. C." a handsome certificate of membership with your name engraved thereon, and the privilege of having your name in the letter list, also a paid-in-advance subscription to COMFORT. You continue a League member as long as you keep up your subscription to COMFORT. There are no annual dues, so after you have once joined all you have to do to keep in good standing is to keep your subscription to COMFORT paid up.

#### How to become a Member

Send fifty-five cents to COMFORT's Subscription Department, Augusta, Maine, with your request to be admitted into COMFORT'S LEAGUE OF COUSINS, and you will at once receive the League button and your membership certificate and number; you will also receive COMFORT for one year if you are a new subscriber; but if you are already a subscriber your subscription will be renewed or extended one full year beyond date of expiration.

The League numbering over forty thousand members, undoubtedly is the greatest society of young people on earth.

Address all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, and they will promptly reach the heart of the department for which they are intended.

### Alicia Mary Goes A'Hinting

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24.)

seem disposed to go away; on the contrary, he remained right where he was, and he and Miss Anne Lyman talked and laughed so fast that Alicia Mary felt they had forgotten all about her. She stirred uneasily. She must do something desperate and do it right away.

She pinched Miss Lyman gently to attract her attention.

"What is it, dear?"

"You've got three pretty hats and Miss George has two pretty hats and my mother hasn't got any," said Alicia Mary.

"Great suffering cats!" exclaimed the young man, and then he leaned his head against the post and laughed so hard that he choked.

But Miss Anne Lyman didn't laugh at all. She slipped her hand under Alicia Mary's chin and smiled at her.

"Tell me about it," she said.

"Are you invited to the Woman's Club Reception?" asked Alicia Mary.

"No," said Miss Lyman. "I'm not invited."

Alicia Mary drew a breath of relief.

"My mother is," she said, "but she isn't going. Mrs. Wardwell's got lots of pretty dresses but she's got a sprained ankle so she can't go; and you've got lots of pretty hats, but you're not invited so you can't go; and my mother is invited but she hasn't any hat so she can't go."

At this the young man choked harder than ever.

But Miss Anne Lyman didn't seem at all concerned. She never even looked at him. She was silent a moment, then she said, "Alicia Mary, do you know that right up in my room there is just the sweetest hat that a cousin of mine sent to me and I can't wear it because it's too small for me! But I think it would be just right for your mother. And if I wrote her a little note and explained about it, I don't believe she would mind wearing it. Would you like to take a note and the box home with you?"

"Would she like to?" Alicia Mary drew a long, long breath. It was all over now and the dress and the hat were hers. As she started down the steps the young man spoke to her.

"Alicia Mary," he said, "I should like to shake hands with you."

She was rather surprised, but she dutifully shifted Gwendoline and the bandbox to the other arm and gravely placed her hand in his. He looked at her, his eyes twinkling.

"When I get to be president," he said, "I shall appoint you, Alicia Mary ambassador to the court of St. James."

And then he and Miss Anne Lyman both laughed, and Alicia Mary laughed, too, though she didn't know why.

On her way down the street she saw the Colonel riding by in his carriage. At once she dropped her bundles and waved her arms frantically.

"I remembered the note," she screamed, "and she's going."

It was past supper time when she turned in at her gate, and the family were out on the porch.

"Why, Alicia Mary," cried Grandmother Hollis, "where in the world have you been? Joey's been hunting everywhere for you. Run right in and have your supper."

But Alicia Mary stood stock still, her gaze fixed upon her mother, who sat tearfully smiling, holding in her lap a most ravishing cream-colored gown with little embroidered butterflies that seemed to be dancing for very joy.

A peculiar expression flitted across the face of Alicia Mary. She handed her mother the letter and the box.

"Miss Anne Lyman sent it to you," she explained briefly.

Very deliberately she walked into the dining-room, climbed into her chair, and tucked her napkin down her neck. It had been a hard day and she felt that she had earned her reward. She propped up Gwendoline against the teapot and attacked her bowl of bread and milk vigorously. Suddenly she paused, spoon in mid-air and listened intently. Through the open window came the sounds of crumpling tissue paper and cries of delight as the hat was lifted from the box. She looked solemnly at Gwendoline's blue china eye and nodded her head sagely.

"It pays to hint," whispered Alicia Mary.

### Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28.)

that is a help to me, but have never seen what I am looking for now.

I am troubled with diabetes and would like to do something to cure myself of it.

Do any of the sisters know of a sanitarium where this disease is cured by diet and rest? I have tried lots of different things but nothing helps. It is impossible for me to diet at home and work too. I am a busy farmer's wife but expect to leave the farm this fall and try to regain my health. I'd be willing to go anywhere if I could find a sure cure. We are the same as a great many other farmers, hard up for money so I can't go to any expensive place where you pay more for style than anything else.

I hope someone who has been cured of diabetes will write to me. I get very blue at times. I never feel well and can hardly do my work. It goes undone much more than I would like to have it.

I have no children living. Have had three but they all died at birth. I like to see the baby pictures in COMFORT even if I have none of my own.

I am 27 years old, short and fat with dark hair and blue gray eyes. Jolly if things are halfway right, otherwise I am just human.

A constant reader and friend of COMFORT  
Mrs. Harvey Starr,  
Springdale, Ark.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS: Mrs. C. W. Ridgeway of Logan, Okla., asks this question concerning dancing. "If one girl falls below the moral standard through dancing, is it not possible that many others will?" There are three reasons for the downfall of girls. First, lack of will power; second, a too trusting disposition; third, lack of teaching in sexual matters. There is no more reason why a girl should fall through dancing than through attending any other entertainment or church. According to the number that attend church there are just as many fall that attend church as there are that attend dances. It all

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**We give free suit and pay \$5 to \$25** introduce our line tailored to order suits \$3 to \$15 each sale. No experience. Details free. B. A. Allen, Mgr., 1000 St., Dept. 1235, Chicago.

**Patented Article.** Nothing like it. Sells on sight. Can use men Agents, part or full time. No cap. required. Write at once. Dept. 32, 1000 St., Dept. 1235, Chicago.

**Money and Fast Sales.** Every Owner of Initials for his auto. You charge like \$1.35. Ten orders daily easy. Write callers and free samples. American Mfg. Co., Dept. 61, East Orange, N. J.

**Large Income.** Large manu- of soaps, perfumes, toilet articles & products, etc., wishes representa- each locality. Manufacturer direct to. Big profits. Honest goods. Whole time. Cash or credit. Send at once callers. American Products Co., 9600 n Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio.

**Profit: Easy seller.** Kleanrite. clothes without rubbing. Samples free. Prod. Co., 1947-A Irving Park, Chicago.

**Shirts. Easy to sell.** Big demand here. Make \$15.00 daily. Underseil Complete line. Exclusive patterns. mple. Chicago Shirt Manufacturers, n & Van Buren, Factory 122, Chicago.

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**Sell Madison "Better-Made" Shirts** direct from our factory to wearers. No capital or experience required. Easily sold. Big profits. Write for free samples. Madison Mills, 503 Broadway, New York City.

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**Agents—\$50 a week** taking orders for guaranteed hosiery for men, women and chil- dren. Must wear 12 months or replaced free. All styles and finest line of silk hose. Write for sample outfit. Thomas Mfg. Co., Class 219, Dayton, Ohio.

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**Big money** introducing new style patented sanitary bloomerette. Most comfortable on market. Vulcan, 554-Y 7th Ave., New York.

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**Wanted, Women—Girls.** Learn Gown Making at home. \$35.00 week. Many openings. Earn while earning. Sample lessons free. Write immediately. Franklin Institute, Dept. A501, Rochester, N. Y.

**Ladies—\$10 to \$15 daily** possible selling a line of factory priced rubber goods specialties for women direct from manufacturer. Free catalogue. American Rubber Products Co., Dept. 806, Pittsburgh, Pa.

**Earn \$20 weekly** spare time at home. ad- dressing, mailing, music. circulars. Send 10c for music, information. American Music Co., 1668 Broadway, Dept. 3-T, N. Y.

**Ladies wanted everywhere:** opportunity earn money home spare time: particulars for stamp. Eller Company, D-3, 27 Warren St., New York.

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**\$25,000.** I made it small Mail Order Busi- ness. Booklet Free. Tells How Plan 25c Free 12 Articles worth \$3. A. C. Scott, Cohoes, N. Y.

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**Exchange Letters and Postcards.** Either sex. Write Correspondence Club, 1013-89th St., Woodhamp, N. Y. (Stamp).

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**Any woman** can sell Skat products part or full time to dealers around home. Good commissions paid. Write for particulars. The Skat Company, Hartford, Conn.

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**Insyde Tyres** inner armor for automobile tires. Prevent punctures and blowouts. Double tire mileage any tires. Tremendous demand. Big profits. Sample and details free. American Accessories Co., B-129, Cincinnati, Ohio.

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**Government Wants Railway Mail Clerks.** \$123 month. Steady. List positions free. Franklin Institute, Dept. A-12, Rochester, N. Y.

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**\$100 to \$300 a Week.** Men with slight knowledge of motors who can reach car owners can earn \$300 weekly without making a single sale. If they can also make sales their profits may reach \$25,000 yearly. Only proposition of its kind ever offered. T. L. Phillips, 1908 Broadway, New York.

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**All men, women, boys, girls, 17 to 60,** willing to accept Government Positions, \$117-\$300, traveling or stationary, write, Mr. Osment, 104, St. Louis, immediately.

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**Patents—Write for free Guide Book,** and Evidence of Conception Blank. Send model or sketch and description for free opinion of its patentable nature. Highest References. Prompt Service. Reasonable Terms. Victor J. Evans & Co., 641 Ninth, Washington, D. C.

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**Our Attachment Fits All Machines \$2.** with instructions and Special Emb. Needle. C. Rebus Co., Cohoes, N. Y.

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**Writers—Attention! Stories, poems, plays,** etc., are wanted for publication. Submit Man- or write Literary Bureau, Co. Hannibal, Mo.

**Earn \$25 Weekly,** writing for news- papers, magazines. Experience unnecessary; details free. Press Syndicate, 451 St. Louis, Mo.

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**Baby Chicks:** 12 best varieties 8c up. Post- paid and guaranteed. Catalog free. Missouri Chickeries, Box XC, Clinton, Mo.

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**Cash for old gold, silver, platinum points,** diamonds, false teeth, Liberty Bonds, unused stamps, and precious articles. Goods returned immediately if not satisfactory. Busch Pro- ducts, 144 Fifth Ave., New York.

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## PHOTOPLAYS, STORIES

**Wanted—Men and women ambitious to** make money writing Stories and Movie Plays. Send for wonderful Free Book that tells how. Address Authors' Press, Dept. H, Auburn, N. Y.

**For Ideas.** Photoplay Plays ac- cepted any form; revised, criticized, copy- righted, marketed. Advice free. Universal Scenario Corporation, 941 Western Mutual Life Bldg., Los Angeles, California.

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## PHOTO FINISHING

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## MISCELLANEOUS

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**A \$500 Cash Prize** is offered to the writer of the best second verse for our future song release "Where is Your Smile". Those wish- ing to compete may receive a free copy of song and rules of contest by addressing, Handy Bros. Music Co., 2573 Eighth Ave., New York.

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## Selected Solid Oak

**Three pieces of furniture in one:** Chiffonier, writing desk and wardrobe. Built entirely of specially selected solid oak in deep, rich gloss golden finish. Beautiful, convenient, useful, elegant. Measures 62 inches high, 40 inches wide and 18 inches deep. The selected wood is kiln-dried; can not warp or crack. Exterior panels, back, top, bottom, shelves and drawer bottoms are three-ply. Panel ends; heavy corner posts.

**Wardrobe** section measures 53 inches high, 21 inches wide and 17 inches deep *inside*. Heavy rod and hangers for coats and trousers. Large, roomy; closes tight; absolutely dust proof.

**Desk** section has 5 compartments with full width drawer above. Lid drops, giving ample writing space. When closed looks exactly like chiffonier drawer. Very convenient for papers, writing materials, etc. Just above the drawer is a roomy hat cupboard, 14 inches high, 17 inches deep and 16 inches wide. The door is fitted with a *plain French mirror*, 8 $\frac{3}{4}$  x 6 $\frac{3}{4}$  inches.

**Chiffonier** section has three large roomy drawers for folded clothing, 14 inches wide, 7 inches high and 17 inches deep. Entire combination Chifforobe is shipped carefully packed with best quality castors, from Indiana factory. Shipping weight 150 pounds.

Order by No. B7332JA. Send \$1.00 with coupon, \$2.70 monthly—total price, \$27.60

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Don't delay. Just send \$1 00 along with the coupon as a deposit. Use in every way for 30 full days before you decide. Then, you alone are the judge. If you wish to return the chifforobe after the trial, your

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Shows thousands of bargains in home furnishings, furniture, jewelry, carpets, rugs, curtains, silverware, phonographs, stoves, dishes, aluminum ware, porch and lawn furniture, etc. All sold on easy terms. Sent with or without order. See coupon.

**Straus & Schram, Dept. C304**

## Send NOW

dollar will be refunded, plus all freight charges that you have paid. Remember, this is a special, limited, reduced price offer. First come, first served; get your combination chifforobe while this offer lasts. 30 days trial. We take all the risk, no obligation Send coupon.

**Chicago, Ill.**

## Sensation

Send coupon below for sensational, price-slash gain. A spacious desk and wardrobe useful, as well as bed room furniture rock bottom reduced. Need not go another convenience of the furniture. Only \$1.00 your home on 30 days only if satisfied. Monthly terms. Offer below.

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Only \$1.00 down brings this *solid* wardrobe, desk and home for 30 days the roomy space wonderful convenience. Note, too, the so will last a lifetime golden oak finish. Wish to return the back at our expense fund your \$1.00 charges you paid you nothing.

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But if, after 30 days, you wonderfully convenient chifforobe only \$2.70 a month until —payments so low and so will scarcely feel them. At the rate of only a few cents fritters away every day. Only a limited number of *send now*. We trust home in the United States. One

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Enclosed find \$1.00. Ship special advance I am to have 30 days free trial. If I like monthly. If not satisfied, I am to refund my money and you are to refund my money and

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